

Crossfaded

Mann

Young and lost
Living by different laws
Baby, baby, baby...
We lifting off
Drifting off, getting cross
Faded, faded

Life consist of living, dreaming and dying, no denying
So sometimes I indulge in experimenting and trying
New things, get high and visit
All the places that I've been
Without moving, mind traveling
No time happening, tapping in
Never tapping out, what you rappin' 'bout?
Problem, where the mollys? Pass 'em out 'til we passin' out
Maxin' out with a pretty thang, hit her with a bit of game
Did she give me brain?
I forgot, last night we could of done anything
I'm livin' so lawless
Trying to keep it all the way righteous, but a nigga aint flawless
Crack it, sprinkle it all up in her drank, the liquor dissolves it
Aw shit, we gettin' it started
My niggas some smokers
Her friends alcoholics, so we all lit
All the drugs mixed in our system, we feel the difference
Blurry visions, perception twisted, we went the distance
In love we live in moments where I would've felt resistance
Now welcomes me in, I basically melted in it, MANN

Natural blondes droppin' N-bombs, but I aint trippin'
Puffin' that bomb, tippin' that dom, what I've been sippin'
I hit this bad broad named Molly and she paid a visit
The way we live it, specific, faded, is it
Twisted sip it, twisted sip it
Twist it, sip it, is it time to wake up?
Is it, twist it, sip it, twist it, sip it
Twist it, is it time to wake up?

Can't expect a man that's this high to not show emotions
I'm quick to flash like cameramen, but never losin' focus
The ignorance inside of... I had to learn to cope with
So I use my mind to grow my grind without ever doin' hoe shit
Like French straddlin', dick ridin', shit jump, no fist pump
Just stand tall, no switch-sidin'
Mountaintop, my clique climbin' - fly, we unparalleled
I parasail, I'm zip-linin', yellin' "fuck pussies with a ripped condom"
When I fuck pussies, need a big condom 'cause it's 'bout to be on
All that scared shit, stop it, girl, get ready to pop it
'Cause them thangs almost gone
And it ain't about knowledge, but it's like college
Shit, I'm all in my zone
When I'm ballin', old bitches beggin' me to call 'em
Enemies just pray that we stall 'em
(What?) No Twitter, but if it's on, we at it
When I'm molly-poppin', everybody droppin'
My thoughts start gettin' erratic
And I told Mann that one yam wanted him to hit, so he bat it

And knocked it out the park, knocked it out the park
I grabbed a glove and snagged it

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