

# Claustroflowbic

MellowHype

Fifty pull-ups on the pull up bar  
When I hit award shows I wanna pull up a star  
Tank on E, got no time to bump  
So I'm running on fumes cause I live life once  
Duct tape in the trunk of, my corrupted mental  
Mood swinging lyrics like a woman on the menstrual  
Gold line sleeping, Union Station, Metro  
Skateboard push sneaks, high top retros  
Special but can't blend in like a gecko  
Fans running up asking me about my next show  
Like, let me grab my friends and let's go  
Rap is my passion, fuck tryna impress hoes  
I reach for the stars like NASA moon walking  
While you running ya mouths with ya goons talking  
Backstage with Left Brain in my own 'Preme  
And the haters is going to sleep, they gon' dream soon

I can't breathe I'm claustroflowbic  
Give me space I'm claustroflowbic  
Fame is a closet and I'm claustroflowbic  
My breath, I lost it cause nigga I'm claustroflowbic

Left pinky in the brain  
News to the strain, doggy to the dane, great  
Tony the Tiger cereal boxes, I ate  
Flip the quarter, it's two faced, two rows, two gates  
Whichever I choose is a new fate  
New love isn't new hate, she got a cute face  
Bad attitude with a "How that cute taste"  
Getting at her, spitting at her, yeah, how the boot taste  
Gingivitis, toothache, mouthwash, toothpaste, breathing on 'em  
Spitting hot flows like the heat is on 'em  
Pretty hood like I Dickie wife beated on 'em  
Teeming material like a cousin skeeted on 'em  
Don't lie, don't hide, won't lie, won't die cause my music is a  
live  
Don't lie, don't hide, won't lie, won't die cause my music is a  
live

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Inhale, exhale  
Inhale, exhale