

Surreal Rhyme

Quarashi

Look at this, look at that y'all. Coming through the door y'all, there's a skateboard on my feet on the floor. Straight out I know where that came the base. Who is the punk that blew up the place? Shiver had me nervous can dreaming that I was a board. Thought I saw a five and I want to be invisible. Fuck me up if I don't know the time. This is a test in the surreal rhyme.

Move over fine my name it's now time. Shoot down the sun and put it on trial. This is it. This is it. Quit. Continue talking and I'll make that hit. Everybody's everywhere listening to it (no care). Beh beh beh beh. There goes mamma bear. Being is a state I made in my brain. I get so sick. Can I dig a barricade.

A barricade.

Tell, tell, tell me who you want to be the name of the game of the fame. I skate the my place is where I start the way out. I'm almost someone's allergy. I tour reality. Completely the theme judge is making a lot..... of noise. Screaming and kicking and stepping. And turn to us to make a pass over crowds and into the care. When I should be living, there's a lesson for the sin.

Pick me up. Get me on time. Pick me up and I'll walk that line. Pick me up. Put me to bed. Pick me up, ah, you don't even know what the fuck I said.

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