

The Network

Qwel

Don't you love it when I hate you and choke your brain
You know it's hip hop cause I spelled it wrong
Naw, glam glitter bitches hit the road to fame
Game's spinnin in a circle till it's locec insane
Flawed thought walked in the middle of the talked bought brought
Brang and taught as auction block
Nauseous slop
The marquee spot
The coffee's hot
The offer's not
The faulty top
In tangy malty froth
Come to salt these crops
Bobby socks change to Barbie stocks
With the stop dot dot dot dot plus go to commercial
Your work load fold, don't you turn the dial
Run a mile in a circle, unlearn a child
What you earn when you burn into ashes in urns
With the dirty cash, smirkin murder smile
That's when the party stops
In the Audi ox
Plus the blazin hot Bacardi stocks
Marky Mark rock the same chop block
(Way back in the day?)
Don't you hate it when I love you and probe your dreams
You know it's hip hop when it's out for self
Singing double thinking time
Slingin choking screams
Going once going twice
Oh, it's sold for cream
Sing along with the pawns of the broken king
Seen the check comin, runnin, then he sold his queen
To the piece with it's claws in the golden screen
Think long, think wrong, what the vultures teach
Floatin thousand dollar liquor, while your culture sinks
Beep beep in the jeep, why you focusing?
I never ever let you roaches see the lotus leaf
Who freed you from the mold so your soul can sing?
I showed you wealth, in a way, it's what you owe to me
If you leave now, please, now it's only me
Don't release that remote, where you going, B?
All alone I can't control my control machine
I thought you loved it when I hated you and sold you things
Don't leave me dog, I need you like this golden bling
Like a hole in the dome, and a phone in the jet
and a step to the edge, till I know you bleed

I got rims on the yacht
Spinners on the watch
Trigger on the cops
Dinner on the moon
Been around the world in a pearl balloon
saloon stocked, on the rocks, and you heard the tune