

Terror Wrist

Riff Raff

All my friends are black, but my wives are white
All the syrup in my slice, more ice than a Klondike, bar
I see stars, I see minijatwa's
My car landed in on Mars, my hash cigar
Looks darker than tar, darker than an abyss
Darker than a midnight fist, darker than a black hole mixed
With a galaxy gap, ducked off in a safe duct tape to an Arabian
stick shift
I don't have a fever, but my flows are sick
In my parking spot, I'm in the parking lot, in public
My bank account accumulates money quick
My bank accounted speaks Arabic, nothing to play
Your number's already been erased, nothing to say
I'm sitting sideways at a Chinese buffet
Swinging through Saint Tropez, I done poured a four in my cherr
y marmalade
Riff