

Janie always said I was a mess  
Sorry bout that mess  
I made her bleed  
I'm planting my seed  
Still I knew it could take it if I opened up the rhythm  
I knew it could make it  
I hope her parents love her  
So feelin the acid on the brain  
Still I got that frame I made  
Her bleed yeah she wants that lovin you see  
Well if you live you wanna give or get old  
And if you never knew that we get old you live it up  
You get old believe me when I say  
It's the same shit everyday  
But I got to know my place  
And if you don't it smacks you in your face  
I know I know her parents love her  
So billyed back in 1983 what did you do for me  
I made her bleed  
I'm planting my seed  
I knew we could make it  
I only knew that the bitch would break it I hope her parents love her  
So my God look at me  
If he had to go I know  
I know I'm barely lovin' my holy creed  
You never knew that was what you need  
Oh my god honestly believe it or not its a disease.