

# Running for Your Life

## The Dirty Heads

Like a rouge wave let the water spill  
My friends are crazy 88 call it kill bill  
Ask me read or blue, I took both pills  
Now paint is dripping off the fog like a pent drill  
We got 4 bottles hey  
Smash it on the ground you can smash it to your face  
Never running low you know we stack it by the case  
Like an old bridge let it bury you  
Tell the reaper to his face, I ain't scared of you  
Tonight is the night we gonna carry you  
With the spirit with the spirit like a parachute  
We're bombing out today  
Massive when we're coming and forever gonna rage  
Look up to the lights, put it down on a stage  
Tonight you live for something so you better celebrate

Red lights racing  
Going for a ride  
No breaks, yeah  
Running for your life  
Don't waste it  
The moment's never right  
So make it  
Running for your life  
Running for your life, yeah  
Running for your life  
The moment's never right, yeah  
Running for your life

Tied up and tangled, no sense in resisting  
What sound does my voice make if nobody's listening  
All I can hear is the wind as it's whistling  
All my life I've been searching  
Just looking for something  
Can't find nothing if you don't go hunting  
Man, dive into the flames, you can do it if the devil can  
And imma make my mark, yeah  
But imma start with a spark, yeah  
And I'll explode to peace sign  
Tie dye flag wave higher than the sky line  
When a beast is reality  
Dreaming is easy, life's just a quandary  
Take a wrong turn you get lost in jumanji  
Forget about the past yo that shit's dirty laundry

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Well it's the crazy 88, check 'em bobbin' on your face  
We out her smashing grapes, Alexander living great  
I'm enrolling living roman and I'm toking in my toga  
Keep on rollin' the aroma, now I'm living in a coma  
High as f\*\*\*k can't feel my face, I kinda wish that I was sober  
30 seconds off from mars and I rolled that on the rover  
Propaganda's on the wall, I made her paint over the poster  
Muzzle on the fat lady the party's never over  
Listen up kemosabi, hands up, it's a robbery  
Find me at the brothel pants down in the lobby  
Six shooter high nooner [?] can't stop me  
Ain't counterfeit spit of some shit you can't copy

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