

# Smoke Rings

## The Dirty Heads

You're right, I am a rotten bastard. I admit it. But I'll tell you something  
.  
Even though I've got a lot of hate inside, I've got some friends who ain't got hate inside.  
They're filled with nothing but love.  
Their only crime is growing their hair long, smoking a little grass and getting in' high, lookin' to the stars at night.

This is ridiculous, I have a sickness  
The grass is always greener, I said fuck it burn the picket fence  
Pestilence, eyes rolled back, pure masculine  
Moody little bitches I'm force-feeding you some estrogen  
Always keep you wet see, mermaid pussy  
Ever seen the movie kids, no legs don't push me  
I am making sculptures, you are using plaster  
Screaming while your dreaming mc's need a dream catcher  
You're not in my mind, you can't get the concept  
You're not on my level, you might need a dubstep  
Walking to the death, not walking with a cleft,  
Lip, sharp as an arrow tip, I'm just so sick of it  
The smell is your upper lip,  
And I'm jacking off a sparrow while I'm Crashing a pirate ship,  
Slow as molasses, quick as a whip  
This beat's a filthy toilet, and I'm the fucking shit

Rollin' up some grass on this beat, huh  
Nothin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh  
Nothin' but love gettin' high up as the stars tonight

My feet rock steady, my heart beat savvy  
My well ran dry, had no luck at the levy  
I'm lyrically a genius like Fergie and Jesus  
It's like a lightning bolt hit the tip of my penis  
The opposite of clean is, parallel with my style  
One sip away from runnin' round with my pants down  
Apparently I'm underground, sound breaking barriers  
Everybody take cover, danger area  
I got a feelin this beat's been to hell and back  
You can see the hole stickin straight through my radar cap  
Smoke rings billow out the window of my Cadillac  
This beat is the weed, and I'm the fucking cataract

Rollin' up some grass on this beat, huh  
Nothin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh  
Nothin' but love gettin' high up as the stars tonight  
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Thieves are like rap rock. Our mascot is sasquatch  
Rap for the have-nots, thieves get a padlock  
That, all a black ball of narc hall backlot  
Imma slap box with your ass while I snap shots  
Dunces that think outside the box and outfox proud cops  
As soon as the style drops, I'll leave your towel mopped  
I'm wild high, more arms than an octopus  
More buttons than I could push, to ignite the kush  
I manufacture the type of goods that keep the Africans bootlegging the new P resident,

New resident in the White House  
Like a night out with the lights out, provide your white route  
Parasites pounce and nibble on whatever they can fiddle with  
Which ain't much, cuz they illiterate  
Hit ya like a dirty syringe from a personal friend  
Dirty shovin' cans, inserting inside of your skin

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