

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
Nothin' but love gettin' high up as the stars tonight

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

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

Nothin' but love gettin' high up as the stars tonight