

# Tweakin'

Vic Mensa

Yup

Savemoney fuck nigga fuck shawty  
HP, INANNET

You could-you could hear my trunk bangin' hangin' out the windows  
Swangin' down your block with the birdy in my lap  
You can hear my smoke, burnin' loud I'm back to business  
Early in the morn niggas-niggas still rollin'  
And I think it's that weed got me, I'm tweakin'  
Maybe that lean got me I'm tweakin'  
Pullin' donuts in the beam, homie I'm tweakin'  
Bitch nigga you don't know me, stop tweakin'

Sound like Ray J and Chris Brown on Celebrity Deathmatch  
Where the latter of the two get his neck slashed  
Or slapping a paraplegic with a pair of crutches  
Or wiping my ass with Rosie O'Donnell's mustache  
I got Martha Stewart cooking yola  
Molly in the cherry cola, rub it on your areolas  
She let me cactus the cat backwards  
And vacuumed the seeds from out of my black backwood  
I'm an author without the aardvark  
Pull tricks like Card Shark, thumbs up to the camera like Nardwuar  
Warhol & a Narwhal in an ark  
Park the yacht in the water hit your daughter in a smart car  
Heart colder than body parts frozen in ice  
Chopped the digits leave the five fingers for the mice  
Might pull a suicide mission and dip with the doors up  
African elephants in my tour bus

Where do babies come from? Porkin' the stork  
Poorly parked pullin' into your Porsche with a Ford  
44 on the dash, put a dent in your door, close your mouth  
The witnesses never make it to court  
Borderline stir crazy, crepes and beignet that's tasty  
Especially drippin' with liquid rabies  
Rail a adderall pill and cook mushrooms in my gravy  
Put a hit on every YouTube commenter who hates me  
I don't want to fight  
I just want a quiet life and a nice little suburban place to cry at night  
And an eye dropper filled to the top with cyanide  
So my psychiatrist dies soon as she tries the Sprite  
Psyche! I love everyone  
Goodnight, thanks for having me, hope your mom's not mad at me  
At Penn State yellin', "Free Sandusky!"  
Does he know what he's doin'? He's tweakin'

I think the Illuminati is real  
And your body's the peel and your soul is the fruit  
And they goal is to steal and control all the juice  
I seen way too many pyramids, that's from from Kufu  
Foofoo niggas out here snakin' on the reggo  
You should ask a snake where it's legs go  
But then again I'm smokin' on the medical  
Got the white owl look like an egg roll  
And that was Scooby snacks, Petco  
I'm a lunatic belong inside a loony bin

I burned it down for you because I love you, now I'm movin' in  
Ooh a condominium, condom in ya enema  
Bumpin' Kanye like it just came out  
No songs with Kendrick, we just hang out  
They say a smart man looks like a mad man to a dumb man  
But one man... wait I'm tweakin'

Sawed-off shotgun, hand on the pump  
Sippin' on a 40, smokin' on a blunt  
Bust my gat the Internet didn't jump  
La la la la la