

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