

Drop The Mike

Weatherbox

With my feet on the grass And my heart beating just a
little too fast
I met your other self
Oh we were so mixed up
So that's two of you I have to cut
With my hands now untied
I've got a million more new words to write
But I met my other self
In the lounge of a song
He is raw and wild but he's awfully strong
And he kicked me off my chair
And he tarred feathers in my hair
With my legs stretching out
And my body pressing against the couch
I lift myself up again with the palms of my hands
Cause its morning now and I'm free to dance
And he kicked me off my chair
And he tarred feathers in my hair
And I lift myself from the couch
And I walk my words and I spit him out
Listen to me there's no epic feeling
Don't you think it's best if we just leave it to rest?
Like why am I rapping like do we have no ideas left?

Like look at his chest look at his f**king Weatherbox
vest
With his hands flying a W like Weezer's up next
Yeah but you like being chased all over the side of you
place
Like demons with masks on and your mind erased
I tried to save the color the face
The color of your face
But you still tried to replace me with a different bass
player
You thought I was layered white with black underneath
Coming for you in your sleep a million years in the
future
Cops in your computer
So here you are again man number 2 got the same hands
Just a step back from that trap don't give me any of
that
It ends like that
No it's not that bad (It is that bad)
No it's not
No it's not that bad
No it's not
No it's not that bad
And he kicked me off my chair
And he tarred feathers in my hair
With my head in the clouds
And my body always laying against the ground
I lift my self up again with the palms of my hands
Cause its morning now and I'm free to dance