

Shy Kidz

YONAS

My mind is a runway lately
And you are my run-away
My mind is a runway lately
And you are my run-away
They call us the shy kids
A little bit blinded, but they never cared
But you're my run-away baby
I always leave you, shaking

Tainted armor, life full of karma
Runway lights fall brightly upon us
Stoners and goners spending life in a corner
Attached to a cellphone charger
It's broken, ain't no fathers
Houses empty back to the charters
If it kills you, it makes you larger
Whatever don't crush you makes you harder
No Harvard still got honors
Who's letting all these devils harm us
It makes me feel why bother?
I'd rather chase around light green dollars
I'm being honest
Death to the Tupac's birth to the Gaga's
Bye to the morals, hi to the Prada's
It's the truth, it's a muh fuckin' problem

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Recently I've been scared of the clock
Blind to the facts so why would I watch?
Speeding around without having to stop
And no friends to share my passenger spot
Messing around, and it happens a lot
Guns in the drawer but the cabinet's locked
I ain't talkin' 'bout crackin' a Scotch
When I say I thought about having a shot
Through my story I babel and jot
Hoping to one day unravel the plot
Guilty as charged on a passionate block
While surrounded by these un-passionate cops
Ain't no drugs though, ain't no sluts hoes
Just a young kid who ain't feel no love yo
I don't do the scene, 'cause I feel I'm above those
Models and bottles and runways club shows

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I hope that no one could ever take, a day from me
These thoughts will leave me lying awake, patiently