

Time f/ Extra Kool

"X Marks the Spot"

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(Extra Kool) (Let me get a boca burger with extra
bacon) (Extra Kool) Being straight edge ain't easy but
its fun for the girls We feed them rufies and downers
just to watch their heads swirl (Time) Sometimes we
get a kiss on the cheek but nothing that leaves our lips
moist And the not having sex part isnt by choice Now I
wouldn't go that far to tattoo x's on my hands But this
permanent markers fading and that thing spinning is
my only fan I don't want a sip peer pressures for high
schoolers I'm not thirsty not even for a wine cooler Had
to deal with reality since my alveoli sacks filled
Stressed out both my eyes feeling cracked out and
swelled But I still see things I and obey if they ask me
to follow Passed out like a transient hugging a Zima
bottle I smoke with my second hand using neither my
left or my right (Yo don't even ask me for a light)
Things get intense, when i ignite a nag champa and
get shitfaced from the incense (Yo is this guy sober)
I'm positive like my breathalyzer Running red lights and
octagons and I'm your designated driver (Kool) smile
for me please you make me wanna taste your suicide
just an ugly set of teeth, little boy sad with an epileptic
lifestyle (Time) Been engaged for a while now my
wife's denial Were planning on having kids I'm gonna
name him Justin Love Just in case I have to pull this plug
and unscrew my smile from their face (Kool) I'm tired
of being mommies little monster the black sheep
Hopelessly straight edge and no one knows these
limbs are too damn cheap God's a sheep and I think it's
time we dodge these lullabies Hands on heads the
holes are centered, And now's the time for everything
to die, must I try? But her bruises are just so damn
tasty I only want her hands in my heart, so why does
she hate me? I only took advantage when her legs fell
off I celebrated with a Curly shuffle And a stomach full
of rocks. I am Jack's colon, I get cancer and kill Jack.
Well that about sums it up, it use to be the handcuffs
But what about the bullets in the back? (Extra Kool)
Being straight edge ain't easy but it's fun for the girls
We feed them rufies and downers just to watch their
heads swirl (Time) Sometimes we get a kiss on the

cheek but nothing that leaves our lips moist And the not
having sex part isn't by choice (Kool) The enemy is
Syphilis, it's just a Grimy contribution Time is the
amphetamine, smiles as the head gently starts to
loosen Mr. Crispy Extra Kool, the silent half of Optik
Fusion Pardon me, but I'm pretty sure my head has
already abandoned my body It's go time, and these
groggy frames are starting to make me feel naughty
Like here kitty, kitty, if only you'd let me in, please? I'm
just a broken heart sparked, the one who loves to watch
the knees bleed Feed me huh! because I'm getting a
little anxious (You're just not fun any more) That's just
because these veins show no traces goodness
Gracious, how could I let the cigarette burns spark my
interest? The straighter the edge the more the wall
paper turns These works are a product of deep breaths
Intense yes, but that's just the way the cookie crumbles
Oh how silly of me please come and tempt death Won't
you come and taste my disease These words are killing
me softly So there's no time to watch me crumble I
don't want to play connect the dots with the track marks
And this addiction is already causing me enough
trouble And now it's time to let the angel out of the
closet Because I'm tired of him taunting me The cat is
out of the bag, so now it's time to kill the little kitty So
no matter what the addiction I'll always remain faithful
These are my favorite horns spewed from a grimy
tongue spoken through fables (Time) 8 glasses a day
whether its tap water or river 8 packs a day whether it's
for your lungs or liver Skipping through alleys, talking
to myself sober as hell Following track marks for miles,
skiing down noses Cause it's up to the government if
drugs are in style Put nicotine in my gum and liquor
stores on my corner In the couch potatoes inject dumb
and call the coroner The television hides the drink,
while the billboards advertise national disorder (Time
and Kool) We don't smoke but the pollution'll probably
give us emphysema Ah fuck it let's go attack and tap
that keg of Zima

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