

Pink Guy

"Pink Guy Raps"

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Feelin' classy today
Well, alright, let's go
I'm not evil, I'm just psycho
I'm so afraid that everybody looks at my lyrics to spot a
typo (Yeah) Money rate growin' in my pocket is the
minimal
Runnin' from the mobs of people who treat me like a
criminal
The pinnacle of raw entertainment in my basement
Throwin'»¿ rocks at main events
I unravel the havoc and take it easy in the hammock
Al Qaeda is the testimony, don't you ever wreck it for
me
Killable syllables and the pinnacle of innocence
I'm a creepy little rabbit comin' out the factory
Capture me, I will be the»¿ toughest rapper, actually,
Watch me as I drag my ass to the top gradually (Uh)
[I'm in the sleep]? I stay away and prey on the weak
and then I devour the freaks
and then I pray for the weak
I transmit gamma rays and break off the manta ray's
tail
I'll raise hell on a Saturday and stab the people
Yeah, another rapper watchin' the business
Don't look at me and my sick composition (Ha, sick)
I am done with this feeling
I'm»¿ am done with this feeling
All you suckers percieve this this

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