

311

"Rollin' Windows Down Kickback Trolen"Visit "[Rollin' Windows Down Kickback Trolen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And i, I notice the tapestries on the wall as well
And i, I stand up and hit my head on the mobile
And you, you look around too
And we, time passes easily

Ive opened up my mind
So you can step inside
You can expect to find
A scenic ride

Pointyhead pizzeria perfect penetration
Mezcal cuts off my brain communication
Belligerence, lost my intellegence
Talkin mess like shut up and listen to me
Because cuttin through the crap is my specialty
Like a bomb Im droppin yes a ton a lead
Youre tryin to figure out the last thing I said
Im a redwood, I love to be a tree yes Im a druid
My words theyre flowin out like a fluid
Never give in never conform
Ill be bustin out rhymes in a triplet form
Right now

In another room, I sit and contemplate
That winter night, my words were filled with hate
In second sight, I should have known my fate
But its allright, now were in a different state

Chorus

Expiate, to make amends for hostilities
Its easy to see that for me, in reality
Im not one of those fools
With an ecclesiastical whitewash
To set my ethical standards
Youll never cathc me lookin to ann landers
Or moses or the law or even buddha
If theres one thing I know
Its always be true to myself
And learn from experience
Educated by nights of violence, trips to jail,
Broken knuckles and friendships

But that gives me the power to write a groove that rips
Right now
I am

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