

Cunninlynguists f/ Mac Lethal

"Broken Van"

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"Sittin' on a highway again in a broken van Thinkin' of you again" [Verse One] [Deacon the Villain] In a high haze, looking at my eyes glazed With night rain, nice Jane, and the highway The hindsight come and hit you from the blind side Deep in the heart, the inner parts, where you find pride Heavy thinking about the shit we should of did Instead of sitting sideways like some lunatics We done took a beating that done put us on our knees And don't even hear the click click when I turn the keys Neglected all the checklists, proper maintenance Spark plugs, wires, the bleedin' brakes and shit Stupid We was too busy screamin' Radiator hot, then motherfucka steamin' Transmission locked up, lack communication And radio done take the music out of conversation Got me sittin' looking silly on the side of the road I rather keep it moving hitch a ride in the cold [Chorus] Thinkin' of you again Thinkin' of you [Verse Two] [Natti] Her ambition faulty as my transmission When pulled off the fluid her ass'll keep shiftin' One touch, is a clutch, I had to keep stickin' And my feelings died out, the spark is just missin' This bitch won't put it in park and just listen I keep reminiscing 'bout how she first started Before it all turned to scrap, I'm broken hearted now When the rubbers gone I slide to new targets What fueled our desire put a hole in the sky She was bound to the ground and I wanted to fly Drove me crazy how she fronted like she wanted to die Needing a jump, in her life so she'd break down and cry But I still look for girls with pipes just like her Junk in the trunk, and headlights just like her Now, when I walk to the bus stop in the rain I pause and catch myself thinking of her game Mayne [Chorus] Thinkin' of you again Thinkin' of you [Verse Three] [Mac Lethal] With every single penny that I put into this transmission It's a wonder that you're screechin' and you can't listen The ambition of this salesperson pricin' me her quote was high Still with primer for a coat, I'd buy ya Like let's make a deal, shake hands I'm missing the engine but still such a great van Her piston is hiss'n' with 80's drama and the whole nine On top of that, my baby's mama had to cosign If a piss stain can locate a fire I

can reshape the bent frame and rotate the tires While
hand signals switch lanes Though it's not a terrible
perk The radio is only AM and barely works Still, for a
few weeks You could see me leaned back, smilin',
excited on the blue streets But now you're on E,
something in your inside's blown And I'ma have to hitch
hike home Goddamn it [Chorus] Thinkin' of you again
Thinkin' of you

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