

Big Boi "Gallery"

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Sometimes I feel like live in the gallery of empty
pictures,
Among them I'm motherless child.
The guide is their master he's wild, dress in the veil
Of the street wants make me one of his victims
So, come on baby fast like a flash and slow like night
So, come on baby when the night falling down.
I'm still waiting till "the driver" will say:
"Next stop the end!"
We're both on same bank, on same ship, between life
And death
Between heaven and hell in large gallery of pretend!

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