

Doomtree

"Gander Back"

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[Mictlan]

Hardliner (streak), crack the felt-tip
Clock-winder (tweak), patch the velvet
Cap-un Air-Soft electric
Eat the face off a centipede
I'll Metroid your section
A bitter cold heart from a bit of a slow start
Pivot on a shitter shitting out a Wonka Gold Card
Inka-drinka bottle of Aquanet
Hock a loogie at lookie-lous
And you? Jockin' it

[P.O.S.]

Promise of stressin' out
Them long days could snap
Then split wrists with style like slap bracelets
Stack cases not murder raps but cases
Fulla MPC's, guitars, basses
Drum machines, pedals, and crap to murder rap
Yeah, I don't take a sec to breathe I ain't heard of that
I'm just here to press through
Continue to rep Doom
And splinter mess from blow up the spot to wreck
rooms

[Sims]

Sims hoppin in
Mid-continent occupant
Cold spot non-stoppin it
From the stock locked old cops cocking it
Who works for who is so obvious
So bend the barrel back
Send the Herald that
Nothing but news for the numb with the thumb on
snooze for the young
Booze for the rest just to keep on pressing
You're looking fresh but who you impressing?

[Hook]

Relax, ease back, breathe fast, read maps, breeze past
speed traps
We don't want that

We don't take that
We don't need that
Save that act
You play the part, we play the blade
We scrape your heart
We came to take the mark

[Sims]

And it seems that the heart is the heart of the problem
You want the view from the roof
Don't want to build from the bottom
Truth is we got 'em
Brick by brick over fist with or without 'em
The road is slick but I steer through
Push the pedal with the red-and-blues spinning in the
rearview
Top Ramen jar-sipper, bar-ripper
I dig to build, they dig to fill the sifter

[P.O.S.]

We'll prolly never grow up into a Cosby sweater
Hobby better
Yet ever quit
Well prolly never
This is not a switch
This is in my blood simple as spit
Never rich, never stressed, never poor, never sick
When's that?
Prolly never
I'll stick to simple shit
Like the beat never left I'ma walk with a little bit of
rhythm in my step

[Mictlan]

We pocket the Polly, sully, then ollie the ox
Rocket the broccoli probably obvi', we didn't poli' the
cost
Poppin' off the collar?
Chilled heat
Call me Sake Bomb
Holla for hobby, all for the offer now talk to me calm
The Boom-Diggi-Doom
The groove's in me so move
If you with me then prove
Break bread fam
Who emptied the room?
We brought plenty to move
We were too heavy for wombs and cracked
diaphragms

Hook

[P.O.S.]

From the frost-bit center of America's map

A couple cats tryna get a couple hands to clap

Tryna eat, tryna live a little

Gander back

From the frost-bit center of America's map

A couple cats tryna shake a little stress with rap

But hold up

We don't breathe enough

Tryna beat these days but they're creeping up

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