

Gavin Rossdale

"Psychodelic Vision"

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Intro:

Lalalala-lala-lalala

x4

[Verse 1]

I'll admit, I was a wild seed when I was a kid
Slangin dope, poppin Shroomz and droppin lots of 'cid
Psychodelic visions would ensue my view
Feelin the alter-states as they altered my fate
But our sordid due, all that distorted shit brought it up
I came short and couldn't afford to store it up
So I began to record it on audio
The autobiography of Luis Mario
Something that's unbelievable, inconceivable
That half the shit I set out to do was achievable
But alas, look at all the shit come to pass
While we remained strong, others broke like glass
Cos you lack style, and you need all the help brother
Cos you're fragile, and it should say it on your cover:
This side up, for the celebrity
Who lacks intelligence, integrity, intensity
Oh it's true, I got you in that angle like Kurt
But don't go gettin your fuckin feelings hurt
I spit many bars of heat, that burn like a furnace, I pour
rhymes out like
Coffee spillin out your 'dermis

[Hook]

(Lalalala-lala-lalala)

I got my 9mm at my waist, papa
I got my shotgun in the escalate, papa
You feel groggy then jump and get sprayed, papa
I don't wanna but you dug your own grave, papa
x2

[Verse 2]

You know me and you've grown with me
And if I had a big enough pad, I'd take you all home
with me
I don't walk around with bodyguards, that's not me
I'm hangin out with the people as my posse

Used to have a lot of enemies with bad intentions
Spreading gossip like disease, creating lots of tension
People turn around when you become a star it seems
But others hate you all cos you've fulfilled all your
dreams
They smile in your face and act like nothing's wrong
When you turn your back, they hate, and play one of
your songs
Why don't you take your mask off, look me in the eye?
You afraid I might blast-off and call you on your life?
Take a deep one, and peep son
Retribution comes around more than once, like a re-run
You're a cheap one, the hill's so steep, son
You're just another one who gets thrown in the quay,
son

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

You know they smile in your face
You know they try to take space
I let you punks know you ain't safe
Cos you know you're just dead-weight
But at the present day they gettin stalled out for some
reason
But not from me, because it's punk-hunt season
Charged with high-treason, I'm easin the blow never
The body that you're leasin, ain't gonna roll forever
So think about that, is it worth the pain?
When you flirt with pain, bitch it'll hurt your brain
But you're thick-headed, numbskull and rig-setted
It was the moment you feared, when my venom
spreaded

[Hook]

You know they smile in your face
You know they try to take space
I let you punks know you ain't safe
Cos you know you're just dead-weight
x2

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