

## Molotov Solution

### "Allure"

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Young! For life  
Once again it's the life, yesss  
(I don't know why, I... get so high on)  
It's intoxicatin man, y'all don't know why you do what  
You do  
(Get so high on, get so high - high off the life)

[Verse One]

The allure of breakin the law  
Is always too much for me to ever ignore  
I gotta thing for them big body Benzes, it dulls my  
Senses  
In love with a V-Dub engine  
Man I'm high off life, fuck it I'm wasted  
Bathing Ape kicks, or them Marvin Kaye wrists  
My women friend get tennis bracelets  
Trips to Venice, get they winters replaced with  
The sun, it ain't even fun no more I'm jaded  
Man, it's just a game, I just play it to play it  
I put my feet in the footprints left to me  
Without sayin a word, the ghetto's got a mental  
Telepathy  
Man my brother hustled so, naturally  
Up next is me, but what perplexes me  
Shit I know how this movie ends, still I play  
The starrin role in "Hovito's Way"

[Chorus]

It's just life, I solemnly swear  
To change my approach, stop shavin coke  
Stay away from hoes, put down the toast  
Cause I be doin the most... oh no!  
But every time I felt that was that, it called me right  
Back  
It called me right back, man it called me right back -  
Oh no!

[Verse Two]

I'm like a Russian mobster, drinkin distilled vodka  
'Til I'm under the field with Hoffa, it's real  
Pillow-top him like a toupee

Mix the water, with the soda  
Turn the pot up make a soufflee  
All of y'all can get it like group-ays in your 2-way  
I'm livin proof that crime do pay  
Say hooray to the bad guy, and all the broads  
Puttin cars in they name for the stars of the game  
Puttin 'caine in they bras and their tomorrows on the  
Train  
All in the name of love  
Just to see that love locked in chains and the family  
Came  
Over the house to take back, everything that they  
Claimed  
Or even the worst pain is the distress  
Learnin you're the mistress only after that love gets  
Slain  
And the anger and the sorrow mixed up leads to  
mistrust  
Now it gets tough to ever love a-gain  
But the allure of the game, keeps callin your name  
To all the Lauras of the world, I feel your pain  
To all the Christies in every cities and Tiffany Lanes  
We all hustlers, in love with the same thang

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I never felt more alive than ridin shotgun  
In Cline's green 5 until the cops pulled guns  
And I tried to smoke weed to give me the fix I need  
What the game did to my pulse, with no results  
And you can treat your nose and still won't come close  
The game is a lightbulb with eleventy-million volts  
And I'm just a mark, addicted to the floss  
And doors lift from the floor and the tops come off  
By any means necessary, whatever the cost  
Even if it means lives is lost...  
And I can't explain why, I just love to get high  
Drink life, smoke the blueberry sky, blink twice  
I'm in the blueberry 5, you blink three times  
I may not even be alive  
How mean James Dean couldn't escape the allure  
Dyin young, leavin a good lookin corpse  
Of course

[Chorus]

Once again it's the life  
I said it's the life  
Once again it's the life - oh no!  
(I don't why I) why I (get so high on)

Get so (get so high on) uh-huh  
(Get so high - high off the life! )  
Hahahahahaha - woo!

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