

Strings

"Wash Your Face in My Sink"

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You wash your face in my sink
In my sink
You wash your face in my sink
In my sink (sink)
You wash your face in my sink
In my sink (sink)
You wash your face in my sink

Simplicity with synchronicity make a mind meld
Revealed if possible like a walk in a mind field
Sadly, you get up to bat and take a swing thing
Should I
Shouldn't I try?
Too late
You sunk into the sink that I wash my face

You wash your face in my sink
In my sink

Tougher
That's what I'm getting
I'm getting rougher
And you beat me?
Suffer
The attempt of an attempt well tried
Well your side tried
But my side will never be denied
Cause I'm swinging it stinging neglecton
With an injection of truth
I've come to untwist the twisted youth
How does it feel now that I've got you all to think?
Yeah, and wash your face in my sink

You wash your face in my sink

Here I go I here I go I here I go again
I have a little place to send a little false friend
Who tried to mess me up with little negative thoughts
A little negative taught
Me to never ever leave my fame into the hands of
incompetence

That makes sense
So now I change the tune for the tune allows changes
For you to take a breath while your brain rearranges
What I just spoke into a language called speech
You try to catch it but you just can't reach
For you leave a ring around the basin
When you wash your face in
In my sink

You wash your face in my sink

Now the basin is clean to the gleam of the eye
You constantly lie "when dove's cry"
Out that you are not about what you say
The image of the field you reveal and portray
For never ever will I fall fall to the effects of
bandwagonism
So please listen
Up not down
For down is the devil
So roll like a boulder and not like a pebble
You roll like a rock, you roll like a rebel
For this is pure pain
Pick ax and a shovel
Hear no command
Hear just warning
If you wake up in the morning
And wash your face in my sink

You wash your face in my sink

Swing on the grounds of the play ground
The wire to the amp to improve the sound
I mean give me an M-I-C that is clean
And witness the warriors of the dream
For the bigger the orange
Is the bigger the peel
Thieves who steal
Get a wheel for real
A spin to infin or until I give a pardon
Me, I never promised you a rose garden
Or nourishment just punishment for a fink
Who thinks he can wash his face in our sink

You wash your face in my sink

Open up the door
Step across the wet floor
You can make it
You can tape it
This rhyme forevermore

Peer into the drain as the water goes down
Why do you frown is the end of the sound
* * *

But bring back the rhyme
For the rhyme is evaporated
And all of the sucker MCs
To the Jones is saying
They would
They could
They think
But never ever never dare try
To wash their face in my sink

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