

Magnolius "Tinman Sangue"

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Derek D: Yeah I used to constantly babble on like back and forth (now)/ I only travel on the path of heart (how?)/ Lonely and battling this evil that IÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ m in go go go go get outta my face, donÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t need you I need food/ To keep moods from flashinÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ into disasters naturally/ Might earthquake and typhoon you/ If I donÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t get a full spoon of love, fight night-type doom, strike like Mike and bite dudes/ Some dudes, they donÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t give a fuck about your suffering, nothing brotherly, look at all them vultures hovering/ WonÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t fall for another thing, unless itÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ s your girlÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ s ass / IÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ m in love with the way it shook my richter scale, and IÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ m quick to tell you how to: go ahead and kick the pale/ No Lao Tzu for a second, IÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ m still foaming at the mouth, pour me a second

Shan VdP: We cut the cuffs and ropes and found this/ Your luck is up all hope is grounded/ EnoughÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ s enough, no you wonÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t denounce this/ What the fuck do you know about risk-king It all for the passion, a path that might soar/ With the chance that you might land the white horse/ Hey! How you doinÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ ? Umm, oh yeah, sure!/ Let me dance for you on demand like a chore/ I want to be your lapdog, a little trick whore/ YouÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ re such an expert, please do tell more/ Tell me what IÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ m doing wrong, and how to write for/ The right type of crowd with a sight like yours/ I wanna know how, put me on the right course/ Ooooh, thatÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ s good, I never heard that before/ I got views too, but I donÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t want to be a bore/ But would you like to know what I think about yours?/ Suck my dick, and eat my shorts/ Feast on your tongue before your ride forth/ These two tinmen might just slice yours/ Their heart donÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t bleed, they built like cyborgs/ WonÃfÂçâ, ¬Â™ t think twice to leave you one eye short/ Snatch out the beast, leave out the sidedoor!

It gets crush, they say you gotta have it unless Dust to
dust just happened and a mortician must tap-in/
Derek D: Been a while since you felt some love (lub-
dub-lub-dub)/ It's been a long time since
you hung with the bruvz like what-the-
fuck's-up?/ Either way, the bass in your
chest plate is irreplaceable/ Don't run
around town with a bunch of negative internal levels
like a kettle full of venom, it's inevitable
(boom) better keep the pace and go!

Shan VdP: Hey Mr. Tinman, can you hear me?/ I got this
joke and a can of theories/ Just need hand and a man
to bury/ Looped and let a loose, you/ And your fellow
goons, who/ Get up on the yellow brick to get a better
view/ Crews read up on the metal shit and settled for a
two/ Who's pulling out the full metal
automatic Boom!/ Had em in a panic with a
Panoramic view/

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