

## Kimbra

### "Still Driftin"

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\* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

Still driftin', this time I'm in a stolen Lincoln  
Remains in the backseat inside stinkin'  
I'm thinkin', gotta go find me a sink and  
Clean up, I'm beat up, I'm covered in blood  
It ain't easy, blood on my hands makes the steering  
wheel greasy  
Dead bodies vomit gas and fecies  
It's nasty, aw shit a cop just passed me  
Better get rid of this shit, real fast G  
Pull over to the side just abandon the ride  
Wait until they find the surprise I left inside  
I'm a hunter, searching for my prey I'm on the highway  
Meanwhile these kids are just cruisin' on a Friday  
Not a care in the world, but it ain't what it seems  
See me covered in blood wit a cold stare in the high  
beams  
Lost control, smashed into the divider  
Killed three mo and yo I didn't even try ta

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I ain't stopped yo I'm still driftin'  
State to state still tryin' to kill victims  
Thought I was dead, naw I'm still livin'  
Still wicked and yeah I'm still killin'

[Verse 2]

An elderly couple at a red light, late at night  
Ain't no cars and nobody in sight  
I pull out my knife, I run up I open the rear door  
Hop in, two quick slices and they're gone  
Real quick, slice the neck then I jet  
Out the opposite door, now I'm off to the next  
Walkin' through the darkness covered in stains  
I got scared, I heard this bum like "hey got any spare  
change?"  
Some homeless crackhead lookin' for some rocks  
Wit a shoppin' cart livin' out a cardboard box  
Punched his rat face, and I wouldn't stop beatin'

Watchin' him swell up, his head was mad bleedin'  
Stomped on his chest crushed his lungs and his ribs  
Beat him to death don't need no weapons for this  
A witness, a prostitute seen the whole shit  
I seen her walkin' up, yeah ya better go bitch  
I chased her, caught her, yo, ya dead hoe  
How the fuck you think you gonna run in stilettos  
Rip her pointy ass shoes right off her feet  
Stuck the heel in her neck till that bitch couldn't breathe

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Real late at night I still ain't done killin'  
Seeing a man deliverin' some kung pow chicken  
He's comin' my way on his bike  
I stuck out my arm, I clothes lined him, be careful at  
night  
He's on the ground covered in chow main and duck  
sauce  
Cut his face the fuck off, killed him and he got tossed  
Into an alley where I cut him and I gut him  
Took the splattered remains and then I fuckin' stuck'em  
Into the little take out carton  
I mixed it wit some noodles and the shit stinks it's  
rotten  
Looked at the paper I went to the address  
Knocked on the door, "Jade Dragon Express"  
Open the door it was this dude, he gave me the loot  
I watched through his window as he ate his food,  
ewwwww  
He kinda looked at it weird  
Then he had some pieces of lung stuck to his beard  
While he went to go vomit I went in his house  
Kneeled down as I crouched behind the couch  
He's sick, he came back but before he could sit  
I popped up with a grip on a holder from a candlestick  
Smash his face with the base  
Beat his skull till it opened  
Little pieces of bone kid  
Left on the floor then I chilled in his house  
Finished up the rest of the Asian take out

[Chorus] - 1.5X

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