

Orange 9mm "Innocence"

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Certain sides of temptation start to sprout,
Wait I'm too clean for this leave me out
From those depths comes the part of me,
That's too fearless to back down
Time to incinerate hesitation
Flip my mode to devastation
Liquid moves, no contemplation
Pumped fascinations,
Need no persuasions
Automatic internalizations
That's what I really stand for
You should know
If fate pulls a trick on me
You should know
Vaporizes foes till death of me
You cry slow
If my brain blows a fuse then,
I'd go into hiding for my safety
Don't make me turn this thing on and go crazy
Dust off my crazy
This became the rainy day for which I saved all my sick
heat
I attack like a break-beat
To save myself from these silhouettes,
That stand and shroud me on my right and left
Tension builds at this address
Don't contest my will to live
That's a serious make me furious offense
Do your thing God Bless,
I transform out of nervous to the sickest cell that I
possess
It procreates like a threat
When shit is life or death my body screams
Monstrous to build obscene montras,
In the tongues of Gods and Mongers who used war
Like a fucking sculptor sculpts shit and lies it
Can a madman be an artist?
I lay you down to bed like your father as my thoughts
grow darker

Wait I'm too clean for this leave me out
My thoughts grow darker

What saves you from yourself?
I consumed by years of passivity turned activity in split
seconds
My newest weapon is my state of calm
Lowered alarms, I feel more peaceful adrenaline has
it's charms
Wait I'm too clean for this leave me out
From these depths I'm relentless, fearless, priceless,
senseless, anxious
On the edge of this ledge I sit,
Boundless I thank you that I found this
Force me to these grounds with threats and motive,
Now I'm focused approachless
I would have given a man my kingdom a year ago just
to feel this
My thoughts grow darker

Who's that?
Neipom's code name is propane
Shake the game like loose change, giving to bums for
their true pain
From these two things, to my shoestrings I'm good
things
Like a shot of Hennerock on my hoop dreams
It ain't a new thing
I'm the sling slang kind
To make a fool dance make his deuce-deuce sing
What ya'll chattin bout,
In a flash I'm out
Poof Thanks
Nothing but smoke, hating but you, loving it though
Squatting on top of the globe
Busting snot in your snow
Yeah Neipom
They should put my flow in jars, pop the top, enjoy the
God
And if I'm ice pull my toes apart for frozen bars
That's the only way ya'll eat me, or dispose of Porn

Our thoughts grow darker
Wait, we're too clean for this leave us out
Our thoughts grow darker

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