

Time

"X Marks The Spot"

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[Extra Kool:]

(Let me get a boca burger with extra bacon)

[Extra Kool:]

Being straight edge ain't easy but it's fun for the girls
We feed them rufies and downers just to watch their
heads swirl

[Time:]

Sometimes we get a kiss on the cheek but nothing that
leaves our lips moist
And the not having sex part isn't by choice

Now I wouldn't go that far to tattoo x's on my hands
But this permanent markers fading and that thing
spinning is my only fan

I don't want a sip peer pressures for high schoolers
I'm not thirsty not even for a wine cooler
Had to deal with reality since my alveoli sacks filled
Stressed out both my eyes feeling cracked out and
swelled

But I still see things I and obey if they ask me to follow
Passed out like a transient hugging a Zima bottle
I smoke with my second hand using neither my left or
my right

(Yo don't even ask me for a light)

Things get intense, when I ignite a nag champa and
get shitfaced from the
Incense

(Yo is this guy sober)

I'm positive like my breathalyzer
Running red lights and octagons and I'm your
designated driver

[Extra Kool:]

Smile for me please you make me wanna taste your
suicide

Just an ugly set of teeth, little boy sad with an epileptic
lifestyle

[Time:]

Been engaged for a while now my wife's denial

Were planning on having kids I'm gonna name him
Justin Love
Just in case I have to pull this plug and unscrew my
smile from their face

[Extra Kool:]

I'm tired of being mommies little monster the black
sheep
Hopelessly straight edge and no one knows these
limbs are too damn cheap
God's a sheep and I think it's time we dodge these
lullabies
Hands on heads the holes are centered,
And now's the time for everything to die, must I try?
But her bruises are just so damn tasty
I only want her hands in my heart, so why does she
hate me?
I only took advantage when her legs fell off
I celebrated with a Curly shuffle
And a stomach full of rocks. I am Jack's colon, I get
cancer and kill Jack.
Well that about sums it up, it use to be the handcuffs
But what about the bullets in the back?

[Extra Kool:]

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[Time:]

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[Extra Kool:]

The enemy is Syphilis, it's just a Grimy contribution
Time is the amphetamine, smiles as the head gently
starts to loosen
Mr. Crispy Extra Kool, the silent half of Optik Fusion
Pardon me, but I'm pretty sure my head has already
abandoned my body
It's go time, and these groggy frames are starting to
make me feel naughty
Like here kitty, kitty, if only you'd let me in, please?
I'm just a broken heart sparked, the one who loves to
watch the knees bleed
Feed me huh! because I'm getting a little anxious
(You're just not fun any more)
That's just because these veins show no traces
goodness
Gracious, how could I let the cigarette burns spark my

interest?

The straighter the edge the more the wall paper turns
These works are a product of deep breaths
Intense yes, but that's just the way the cookie crumbles
Oh how silly of me please come and tempt death
Won't you come and taste my disease
These words are killing me softly
So there's no time to watch me crumble
I don't want to play connect the dots with the track
marks
And this addiction is already causing me enough
trouble
And now it's time to let the angel out of the closet
Because I'm tired of him taunting me
The cat is out of the bag, so now it's time to kill the little
kitty
So no matter what the addiction I'll always remain
faithful
These are my favorite horns spewed from a grimy
tongue spoken through
Fables

[Time:]

8 glasses a day whether it's tap water or river
8 packs a day whether it's for your lungs or liver
Skipping through alleys, talking to myself sober as hell
Following track marks for miles, skiing down noses
Cause it's up to the government if drugs are in style
Put nicotine in my gum and liquor stores on my corner
In the couch potatoes inject dumb and call the coroner
The television hides the drink, while the billboards
advertise national
Disorder

[Time & Extra Kool:]

We don't smoke but the pollution'll probably give us
emphysema
Ah fuck it let's go attack and tap that keg of Zima

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