

Stemm

"King Of The Fus"

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Honestly look at me, got a number for the mind to feed
One in the pile the king am I, stacked to the top w/ 555
Honestly I'm a fus, perfect ness oh fuckin' look
Find the courage to wait it out, any noise made is
beautiful
Sound,
I'm about to get crowned
But her eye distracted me down
And I'm back where I was
I'm the king of the fus
Honestly look at me, simple little phone call requiring
To be myself and I'm afraid if that got out you might
see my face
Honestly I'm a fus, perfect ness I wanna touch
Do with you what I want for now, then I wake up and
face the violins sound
I kiss the moon the moon kisses mine, I kiss the face
that turned to the right
Before you get on I get sick of myself and that's the
point of the rain check: sickest sound
Why can't I just get what I want, oh please once, get
what I want
We try so hard to look like we don't and you become
second chance I let go, let go

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