

Dolomiten Sextett

"Years and Years"

Visit "[Years and Years](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One]

I think I'm gonna snap one of these days
One of these days, I'ma snap into a rage, in half
I think I'm gonna snap somebody, for real
I feel I gotta slap somebody
And I don't know, if I'm losin my patience
or the world's gettin more difficult than it was before
But people seem dumber, prices are higher
My wallet got thin and now the straights are dire
And it's all really startin to get to me
I feel like one ingredient inside the recipe
And the rest of me, is fallin off to the bone
like leprosy, everything starts to pester me
So I hide behind stacks of bills
And the cracked windshield of my automobile
That's why everything gets more distorted than it
seems
My girl tellin me that I'm havin hoop dreams
Now we're arguin again (damn) I take a hit
and turn the volume up to ten and run with no direction
And only hopes of an escape
But it's like runnin in circles on a twelve inch plate
They say, to be insane is when you do the same
and get the same results and still do it again
They say, to be insane is when you do the same
and get the same results, check it, check check it out

[Chorus]

Turned on my VCR, same one I had for years
Turned on my stereo the static hurts my ears
I sit in my old car, same one I had for years
Battery's been runnin down for years and years and
years

[Verse Two: Takbir]

Yo, I'm sick of bein confused and always gettin my
hopes up
Spin the barrel twice and put it back in my holster
Diamond in my confidence watch three (?) as
I'm blockin in my passion for rappin it's all provocative
This is how it is if you hate havin jobs

If you wait then you strong if you fake then you gone
The fiasco of cash flow, makin me laugh
So I throw on my costume while swingin my lasso
Steak for the butcher shop, weightin to slay
A nice meal 'til they cookin raw paper mache
So last but not peace I dropped a few lines
in the book of thought ingredients passin through time

[Chorus]

Let me hear you say fuck, that, shit
If you can't deal, with, it
Let me hear you say fuck, that, shit
If you can't deal, with, it

[Verse Three]

Yo, yo, yo
It's been a long time since my brain felt peace
It's this and it's that but not me
Or is it, all the think to thought makes me (?)
With my fingernails with no guilt makes a visit
I wish I was ten years old again (why?)
Cause back then I wasn't so picky about my friends
Plus I'd rather worry about which toy I want next
than havin to worry about my rent check
See man, don't you understand?
You have to beat the system, before you make
demands
And that's all fine and dandy for the time being
But I'm sick of payin bills with money I'm never seein
(help!)
Damn computer screen makes my eyes hurt
I hate givin up my time, that's why I'm always late for
work
At least fifteen minutes (hurry up)
Cause I need the snooze bar the way Popeye needs his
spinach
I hate when the little things become big things
and the big things become bigger things
That's when I simply shut my eyes, and cover my ears
Same thing I've done for years

[Chorus]

[repeat 2X]

Let me hear you say fuck, that, shit
If you can't deal, with, it
Let me hear you say fuck, that, shit
If you can't deal, with, it

