Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle "Follow Me Snippet Verse"

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The secretive type

I like to creep in the night

But I speak under my breath to be polite

I'm talking about you

Unconspicuous keep killing that sweet feeling

The mystique's building

I only speak to the freakishly sheep children

For some cheap thrill thing

I'll be willing to make purchases on my credit card

As long as its of discrete billing

I am expected to get murdered by bombs

So I open up my mailbox with surgical tongs

Rubbing antibacterial paste on my virginal palms

Let me guess the littlest complex in Oedipus works for my momz

I've heard of the song by the guy

What's his face who say's those things

I love that song

I think its called ambiguity

And the music be

Handed to you and me

In the form of animal cruelty

I'm heading to the labratory

To free some mice today

Heading back to the lab

To prove the skin color of Jesus Christ is gray

Impressionable minds have nothing even nice to say

Your brain is putty in my hands

My man it seems just like some clay

See I'm strange

I'll take my time to rearrange

Your frame of mind

You'll want to be the Sage wait in line

With the rest of them grape vines

Swinging idiots

You ain't busting no grape and making wine

You ain't duplicating my rhyming bitch

I'm older and dirtier than that bastard baby Jesus is

Masterbating penises in a alley way where she just is

Thinking that's enough and it is

Asking can I live

Is the way these asinine kids imply that they are dead Already they are
Get in your car
Release the breaks
Put it in neutral
I won't steer you wrong
This way to the future
Follow along
Come follow me

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