

## Faith Evens

### "Brains Party"

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[Abyss as Premadon-A talking and singing]

[Verse: Abyss as Premadon-A]

I'm tired of looking good and bein half broke  
Do you got cuz I got? But we can't smoke  
Wooden nickel ho's tryin to run silly love jokes  
But it ain't comedy when one of they arms get broke  
Almost gave up for paper; gave Zack hope  
I used to sell hell sex love, lies and dope  
What do I mean I used to? I just wrote this song  
I put my pride aside, my inhibitions are gone

[Bridge]

I've been thinkin, girl, you sexy, and I know it's wrong  
But in a short years of time we can get cash, that's long  
You know why? (You know why?)  
You know why? (You know why?)  
You know why? (You know why!)  
You know why? (You know why!)

[Chorus: Abyss singing]

I've got the brains  
You've got the looks  
Let's make lots of money (Yea, yea!)

We are the game  
We are the crooks  
Let's take all their money (Whoa, whoa!)

[Verse: Abyss]

Remember, with great power comes great  
responsibility  
So you on punishment forever girl, are you feelin me?  
I ain't dressed up tonight to argue and fight (uh)  
Bartender, pass the drinks. Honey, pass the light  
Cuz after you get this money, we puffin grass all night  
Til we look irresponsible like we ain't got no job (ah)  
I've got male hustlers that get blow jobs from the mob  
(what?)  
Rip me off with my cut, ain't no sex involved (right!)  
Complete hustler on the paper out there, I gotta touch

some  
I ain't down with the dick, but there's some tricks who  
wanna rub some  
So I send them four hour to get paper and a lump sum  
These tricks is holdin on my man, thinkin they get love,  
son!

[Bridge]  
So who am I to ask why or try to judge?  
Yeah, their issues are deep, but so are their pockets  
And you know I don't give a fuck as long as they got it  
You know why? (Why?)  
You know why? (Why?)  
You know why!

[Chorus]

[Verse]  
I gotta keep myself layered in skins made for players  
It's dirt bikes and Blazers, doin 90 toward the majors  
If you bettin against the kid, I don't recommend a  
wager  
Sure as sooky, that booky goin be lookin for his paper  
And when you lose all your booze, then your crew gon'  
hate you  
So much they probably lace ya dutch and then rape you  
(ouch!)  
Talkin bein bitch, just think of it as lurid  
When you come home, your mother's like  
"You know how your friends is!"  
Splendid, now y'all are startin to get the gist  
That you might as well slit your wrists if you get Zack  
pissed  
I'm like a ghost in your attic, straight pitchin the bits  
If you hand me money in the face, I don't know who it is

[Bridge]  
(Jackson, Benjamin, Franklin!) come on down!  
So we can count you in stacks when nobodys around  
You know why? (Why!)  
You know why? (Why!)  
You know why? (Why!)  
You know why? (Why!)

[Chorus]

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