

Familie Förster

"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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