

Fall, The "Crap Rap 2/like To Blow"

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We are the Fall
Northern white crap that talks back
We are not black. Tall.
No boxes for us.
Do not fuck us.
We are frigid stars.
We were spitting, we were snapping "Cop Out, Cop
Out!"
as if from heaven.

Sucker X 9

No stars in the zone
I stay at home
I live on snacks
Potatoes in packs

I like to blow...
I like to blow....
I like to blow
Concentration zone

The years go in circles,
the years go in circles
Hopes goes, I'm gone
Smoke comes, i go

A spurs fan, a warrior,
happy no-hoper
Dull, manage,
I think slow.

Sucker, blow.

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