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## 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, l'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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