

The Dirty Heads "Smoke Rings"

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This is ridiculous
I have a sickness
The grass is always greener
I said fuck it burn the picket fence
Pestilence, eyes rolled back, pure mescaline
Moody little bitches I'm force feeding you some
estrogen
Always keep you wet see mermaid pussy
Ever seen the movie kids, no legs don't push me
I am making sculptures you are using plaster
Screamin' while you're dreaming MCs need a
dream catcher
You're not in my mind you don't get the
concept
You're not on my level you might need a dub step
Walking to the death not Joaquin with a cleft lip
Sharp as an arrow tip I'm just so sick of it
The smell is your upper lip
And I'm jacking off a sparrow while I'm
crashing a pirate ship
Slow as molasses quick as a whip
This beats a filthy toilet and I'm the fucking shit

Rollin up some grass
Call it weed huh
Landing on your feet call it speed huh
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at night

My feet walk steady, my heart beats heavy
My well ran dry, had no luck at the levy
I'm lyrically a genius like Fergie and Jesus
It's like a lightning bolt just hit the tip of my penis
The opposite of cleanest, Parallel with passed out
One sip away from running around with my pants down
Heavenly I'm underground sound breaking barriers
Everybody take cover, danger area
I got a feeling this beats been to hell and back
You can see the horns sticking straight through my
Raider cap
Smoke rings bellow out the windows of my Cadillac
This beats the weed and I'm the fucking cataract

Rollin up some grass call it weed huh
Landing on your feet call it speed huh
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at night
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at night

I rap rock my mascot is Sasquatch â€”Rap for the have
nots
Thieves get a pad lockâ€”
that outta black ball
If not call Mattlock
â€”I'm a slap box
With yoâ€™™ ass while I snap shots
â€”Dunces!
I think outside the box
And outfox proud cocks
As soon as the style drops
â€”to leave the tile mopped
I'm wild hot
More arms than an octopus/
More buttons than I can push
â€”to ignite your tush
I manufacture the type of goodsâ€”
to keep The Africans bootlegging/
The new presidentâ€”new resident in the white house
â€”like a night owl with the lights out
Provide the right route
â€”Parasites pounce and nibble on
Whatever they can fiddle with
Which ain't much cause they illiterate
â€”Hit ya like a dirty syringe from a personal friendâ€”
Thirty shurikens inserting inside yo skin

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