

## Leak Bros

### "Got Wet"

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[Cage]

I got a monkey on my back with two gats  
Bipolar and a headless angel laying dead on my  
shoulder  
The hairs in my lungs are my dying kids  
That don't eat, until I put the leak to my lips  
I'm spiraling down till this thing pop off  
Like grandad in the sky with his wing shot off  
You can't stop the scam  
My blunts be in the water more than Aquaman's blunts  
Like a little kid that staid with Juice  
And this magazine will be red/read when I spray it  
loose  
Who got this chicks lips speaking wrong to us  
Chew four letter words like Cheech & Chong on dust  
Oh this cocaine's rigged off the wall  
For ten years like Kurt Cobain's Wigg  
Our click depend on no applauds  
Out my claim, this bird jackin what's in my balls out

[Yak Ballz]

Got Wet? I'll give you wet  
Out of my head and I'm high as a jet  
So you wanna get wrecked?  
I'm the connect, and we can see death through a  
dipped cigarette  
A dip sick of ray to the brain like a tech  
Nine as I climb through my mind in the mess  
I said I wanna see death through these eyes when I'm  
bent  
These lines in my head and a bottle of wet

[Tame One]

Wet to death, high as red mixed with meth  
To get off my cigarette's vex need 12 different steps  
To the left with it  
My visits to left leave liquid to pick with  
My dipsicks hit like pick-6  
Bangin like a hallow tip  
I'm leaking like when the bottle tips  
It's to whom it may concern apocalypse

From loonie bin  
kin toxic twin with the hot shit from the moshpit  
Rimling in the cockpit, hard to handle as chopsticks  
Aqua fresh from one dip in the flesh, yes  
I be screaming on records like DJ SNS  
I'm a mess, with the classical drug story like Scarface  
Cigarr's laced with that fresh out of the jar case  
My liquid diet's a riot, try it and see  
Narcotic product endorsement, enforced some vitamin  
C  
The leak-leak-leak-lottary probably need a break  
Consider this something special to puff like cheesecake

[Yak Ballz]

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[Cage]

Trapped in a jar with a jetski, dusty dazy  
Things are mesky, contrary to where I'm buried and  
resting  
Time stands still, hands on my clock piss battery acid  
While I spit paint from the same cavity basket  
Watery, puddery, stuttering  
What the fuck are we when the planet gets cold  
I got a fresh bundle to cover me  
Then suddently, a mortal open a portal then diving  
through it  
You ain't gotta lie to do it  
Just have alittle lighter fluid

[Tame One]

Squeezing my beadies and get nuff liters of leaky  
And what I written be drippin like insufficient grafitti  
People see me or hear me completely lost in the fog  
Blackin and barkin like all the parts in Atomic Dog  
PCP funk offstar like I was Bootsy  
The most narcotic product that ever get on a loosie  
I'm charismatic, the baddest out of the addicts  
With wet so savage you smell it through two layers of  
cabbage

[Yak Ballz]

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