

V?mm?! Spellmannslag "Arrival"

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Somewhere blown loud floating low breaded out
Love a dark sister but ran through lights like medic
routes
Who here compare to ralph
Blacks by the double
Killimanjaro I get high by every para-i-mount
I'mma let that bitch breath fucker
And I'm doing find but them suits lying and I see you
suckers
Fear not I'm you cicadas bitch I'm still buzzin
And my wrist rocky cause I beat up a little clubber, too
Making moves with that made crew, shoot
And to think that I almost did trade school
Now I kick that little cane mixed with wayne a'rooney
First album sleepers, second album groupies
I'm bout to show you broke, my next one a movie
Cause third times the charm, that's word a sam bowie
And my ego will not change
But this shit so wack and the chips my stack, there will
be no frito lay
Ok I'm winning competition who isn't
Ralph in that new edition and that's no ralphy or
tripping
All my posse official and my policies simple
Keep your faith in your god, family over the business
Here niggas be at odds and get even with pistols
Air hakily nah, my partners is more official
And I'm at that mall again balling for that shit I been
through
And that large grip is just small shit, like that shit from
shih tzu
My pencil a get to everyday people when do
Got a nice crib but I'm outstanding like mr.window

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