

KGB, The "Captain Max"

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I've got little bottle rockets hiding in my sweaty pockets
Plotting Commy plots to wreck the mix and turn us all
into Communists
Killing crickets in the blitz with Agent 56
Smokin all our vodka drinkin all our red red cigarettes
And I'm not gettin through
I thought y'all knew
Will you drop the one into my cage in the Oakland
Zoooooooooooo

I'm out coolin with the Captain Max
I'm out coolin with the Captain Max
Ahoooooo
Till the love comes back (Alright)

Life in Technicolor times another sucker down the line
Another day another dime another page another line
And I'm still comin up
Yeah I just don't give a fuck naw
This KGB thing baby is gonna fuck you up
You gotta rock rock shimmy shimmy pop pop gimme
gimme
Bang bang baby come on we got to get it on
I met my connection and I'ma roll my way back home
(Oh look out y'all)

I'm out coolin with the Captain Max
I'm out coolin with the Captain Max
I must move and let the hype refract
I'm out coolin with the Captain Max
Ahoooooo
Till the love comes back (Alright)

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