

Mortisabstract

"Warning Shot"

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We love each other hate each other sleep Then we hate
each other love each other sleep (Chorus) Science your
silence, babe, 'cause I don't understand Put it in a way
we can communicate The silent treatment doesn't bode
well with my naive state Science your silence, babe,
just explain You thought I was mean? Well you're not
kind either I guess we'll walk in circles 'cause I ain't a
mind reader V1: We balance each other out with our
polar opposite grounds my sweet maiden sacred to my
sound we love hip-hop to death cruising cars abusing
radio knobs we do dispute 'til death about which emcee
to put on blast the trap is her vocal capture a
persuasive abrasive master Maxing out decibels in my
passive vessel vestibules Indie rap vs. Afro centric cats
I dig them all so I let her shot call Love her more
through short compliment cankers So sweet these blue
eyes that sedate my inner anger An unrestricted gaze
An adoration faze not In my heart is where two strong
pains fought Inadequacy and love tussle for head
room I let my soul pick Couldn't refuse that smile that
makes my core emit zeal Take to the air pass a mass of
murky fluff Sharing a love that swung a nonstop
product Then Something slips my mind disputing
recruits evade Butting heads over nothing in actualities
haze A realm at the helm of satan I HATE delays in
wordplay exercising the silent treatment A season
without agreement Appeasing transforms to hostile
Now a baffled stare from a smile Compile ways to
repair the disparity gap and ask "what the hell just
happened?" (Chorus) V2: It's cool that she's over
protective but in sections I want I don't wanna seem
pissed 'cause I'm really not It's more or a confused
facial lacking a waring shot Was it something I did?
Was it something I didn't do? I need help in identifying
the crap to you I do We both agree that getting mad
isn't as bad as disappointment While the ointment of
time heals slow I can hide the mower but the grass still
grows WHOA If there's something wrong please let a
brother know because this pokey lip bit I just act
ignorant with it Sit back and bask in my tasmanian
angel's actions Two separate first classes consecrated

by compliments in mass Opening her car door bending
over backwards but expected treatment for a queen
Miss "Happy in her skin" an obnoxious outburst once
again An interim annoyance I've learned to deal with
With each day peeling back a lab of our walls Learning
more and more that she's the one my soul has called
Yeah, we're at odds from time to time with candid
banter Playing the game of stubborn Putting veils over
pride trying to get the other to see your side I'll admit
we fight for the driver seat when we should let Christ
drive I steadily strive to be the man in Psalms 1:1-3 and
she makes efforts in perfection even gets dirty quick
honing her soul to that Proverbs 31 chick But it's a long
way until we're pious like and you still gotta figure out
how to science your plight (Chorus)

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