

Serengeti

"Chill"

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Good morning to the world, artist is so chaotic,
Stop being gloomy and recycle paper products,
And why not, pardon me the cool girl,
It ain't only misery the question in the world.
This orange soup you had, my living is in vain
Finishing dressers growing your own grains.
Become a dentist typo with triple drills,
Exact your vengeance, become more skilled,
In vinking, drinking and taking films,
Enjoy a nice novel on the top of a rotto.
Watch the sunset and return to the hostel,
Drop off your novel, return to the platform and chill.

Hey, laying up here, drop your problems to a pole
Make him sell 'em, when you get mad call him
Get stoned, burn everything you want,
Carb little noms, have a little stones.
How's that? Off the drip to search the athos.
You can move to atasville and rule a city college.
Become a chef, take tiny little big steps,
Study music, fall in love with shovel creep,
It don't matter, be careful what you're milking at her,
Improve your magic set, slip pair of goggles,
It feels right? Heavy in light, move to Auglin and live
into the night.
And chill, motherfucker.
Take a load off for me.

Chill, relax, do away your stuff,
Get a job indoor, it won't be enough to
Have it with Spanish with a chick is bare bet to win,
Lovely late friend that you met in the nedalin.
The long you travel turn you to eat apples
Stay by the turkey ever since you turn dirty.
Changing the needle, bumping in tennis,
Disappoint your parents from your disappointing
parents,
Sue your beduin friend, have feeling of remorse,
Have sex with a horse, make consider a divorce.
Chill, chill.
I'm so happy you can slap me, you can fuck me and I'm

still happy.

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