

# Quarashi, Transparent Parents

(Well, well, well)

Well I'm constantly divin' down, driving out, jivin' about, Is cause suckers two-faced self assured sickos. I don't get it seconds are wasted. As for the name of the game that I tasted, This is the last one, this is the end. A messenger dead and no message to send. Great wall white whale I strike the sun now it's done, done, done, the word is now undone. Transparent parent, mister master, driving a boy from his youth to disaster. Bad, bad, bad brain day and I'm blessed with the word. It comes to my head in the shape of a bird. (Yeah, yeah) Do it again where I am in the air. Getting so drunk in my head that I care. Id est I, et Ego est he, in a low key, (woo)so what do you wanna be.

I want it all again. x4

(Yes check it out, check, check it out)

Here we're coming, speaking to the gente, going to the loco in the quarashi juego pass me the mirror and I'll cut you a line this is a sequel, I check out and shine. Now come on and every body lets get high. I'm above the clouds living a goddamn lie. But later on, I'm back at last their grabbing my t-shirt come on take a rest. Doing this ya'll, doing that ya'll, until I stand up against something I fall. Bring out the best every day's a test, 47 temperature the last one is best.

I want it all again. x4

(One, one two, check this out)

Here I am my friends like never before. Out in the back I'm watching the score. It's twisted, it's true but I love the sick mother. Keeping her good like there was no other, Brother, there must be a way, to get through the day, without getting stuck in the role of the prey. I am still no one locked in the cage trying to get back the hand that I gave.

I want it all again.