

Tricky, Bad Dreams

Starts off in the hips
Move to my lips
For all those who want to analyze me
Start it off in the hips
Move to my lips
For all those who want to analyze me
For all those who want to analyze me
My mother committed suicide when I was four or five
I love Mike-O was killed by a psycho
But I'm not sad or sorry cause we be tomorrow
Will it be on hot sand or on hot land
Maybe a concrete corner - December
Red zones in my head phones
The Devil's tools - inside us fools
Love shall leave me alone
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