

# 311, Thriving To The Scene

Everything seems turning  
And the jam starts to break circles  
And red and not pink

I know its not my place  
But something to face  
My economy seems to be  
It's worse than actually

Thriving to the scene  
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Then Im acting pissed  
I couldnt share my fist  
The very word is coming  
But its a boy that I have missed  
Hit it

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