

# El Peyote Asesino, Lyrics

I got dem lyrics, mimics, quizzical stuff  
It's just the motion laws  
You know I never get the key to the toys of the backroom boys  
You know I speed it up  
You get never release from my crew  
You're born with me but I die with you  
Yo no lo hice  
lo llevo prestado  
Inea tras Inea ta todo inventado  
I feel the spirit, this shit is healing  
I get the physical bond  
This is a chinga  
a sign of the times  
all this confusion set up in my mind  
se acaba el mundo  
no tengo brazos  
no tengo piernas soy un bicho inmundo  
I see dem limits, I get dem feelings  
I miss the critical spot  
Just let the emotions flow