

# LaGrecia, According To My Notes

Its getting kinda late  
And my rhymes getting fake  
As Im drooling for another town  
Graver to the lips  
Boaster to the hip  
Hurray for this breakdown  
This cars curiosity  
Is killing like incriminate accident of circumstance  
Scratching up the eyes  
The sleepless nights  
Like a ravishing murder  
This is the last thing I needed  
But I guess thats a written rule  
Im in bed with the villains, working with the suits  
And the rest is a creative wreck  
This is such a sad investigation  
But I cant seem to find a clue  
And the ones that follow me  
I dont wanna see em  
That will never do  
Open your heart, I can claim  
All the things that youre trying to take from me  
Gotta tell ya, ya got me right where you want me  
Oh, I hate the way that youre making me beg  
For the strength to get out of your way  
Open up and your heart  
Why oh why do you love me?  
Why am I today still the dreams  
Of temptation  
And why am I not trying to feel it  
Like Im on the run  
I think you got the wrong guy for these jobs  
Youre easily persuaded and you think Im not  
Just tell me, tell me  
Cos its killing me  
Open your heart, I can claim  
All the things that youre trying to take from me  
Gotta tell ya, ya got me right where you want me  
Oh, I hate the way that youre making me beg  
For the strength to stay out of your way  
Open up and your heart  
Why oh why do you love me?  
Next I got it slate  
And my rhyme seems faint  
And Ill be in other town  
Between this on the lips  
Maybe on the hips  
And I hop up the break down  
Open your heart, I gotta claim  
All the things youre trying to take from me  
I gotta know: why oh why do you love me?