

Northern State, Dying In Stereo

I'm free balling,
yeah, I'm free falling,
my cellie blowin' up from the numbers that I'm calling,
go from 9 to 5, then from 5 to 9
I got DJ Sprout on the line
In my other ear I got Hesta Pynn and you know that little girl be wheelin' and dealin'
Pynn up all night tryin to work the plane, me and Sprout stuck again in a traffic jam
We do it how we do it and we don't need permission, we like it how we rock it
Intuition in our pocket, so please and thank you and don't apologize
I'm saying what I'm saying looking you right in the eyes, you're dying in stereo.
There's nothing to left to say and everything I knew, I knew yesterday, what's a girl like me supposed
what's a girl like me supposed to say? I'm on the mic cause I like it that way.
It's like you're dying in stereo, can't believe my ears, every single night, I cast you out, you're servin
I knew you all along and you didn't ever surprise me. I cast you out and then I cast you in, put that
Edmund Hillary couldn't climb this, parsley sage rosemary and thyme this, step off, your flow is weak