

# Quarashi, Jivin' About

Well I'm constantly divin' down, driving out, jivin' about, Is cause suckers two-faced self assured sickos. I don't get it seconds are wasted. As for the name of the game that I tasted, This is the last one, this is the end. A messenger dead and no message to send. Great wall white whale I strike the sun now it's done, done, done, the word is now undone. Transparent parent, mister master, driving a boy from his youth to disaster. Bad, bad, bad brain day and I'm blessed with the word. It comes to my head in the shape of a bird. Do it again where I am in the air. Getting so drunk in my head that I care. Id est I, et Ego est he, in a low key, so what do you wanna be.

I want it all again. x4

Here we're coming, speaking to the gente, going to the loco in the quarashi juego pass me the mirror and I'll cut you a line this is a sequel, I check out and shine. Now come on and every body lets get high. I'm above the clouds living a goddamn lie. But later on, I'm back at last their grabbing my t-shirt come on take a rest. Doing this ya'll, doing that ya'll, until I stand up against something I fall. Bring out the best every day's a test, 47 temperature the last one is best.

I want it all again. x4

Here I am my friends like never before. Out in the back I'm watching the score. It's twisted, it's true but I love the sick mother. Keeping her good like there was no other, Brother, there must be a way, to get through the day, without getting stuck in the role of the prey. I am still no one locked in the cage trying to get back the hand that I gave.

I want it all again. x4