

Quarashi, Mr. Jinx

Now it's your type o mad Jinx the mad sucker with a tail.
I've got my life worked up it ain't as cheap as one thinks.
I've got links on it, the same internet porn,
ain't as deep as I've been now I've got Justin in my corner.
I creep up but they don't want me back in you know my love is so big
I think my head is cracking, smacking my face and always giving me the baseline,
dead in a days time, give back what's mine.
This ain't no rhyme about a junky on run another punk with a gun.
Now when you get it, meet the mad fun.
So get on your feet and get in pack with the deal
the beats on the wheel,
now how do you feel.
The cool vibe from my lyrical solo
I beat on your chest when I'm bouncing like yoyo.
This story is old just like the tales I've told.
But mark my words it will turn into gold.

All right, we've got it right all right.
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We dig around fanatics, tall and fallen manics
and the planets breaking down with god the only mechanic around,
faking firm ground, fucking up the program
so now I'm working on my devious master plan.
It's all about these crazy comic relieves you know
Wooster and Jeeves and modern prophets you never believe,
we get them all on a boat leave out all the rules,
the white pigeons, and sail the ship of fools.

All right, we've got it right all right.
We've got it right all right.
We've got it right all right. x3