

Tame One, Get A Jar

(It's dip bitch!)

Three sheets to the wind bringing it...
Sixteen spit

(Verse One)

You could wind up in a mind fuck situation
Lacing cigs with dip kids who flip
Its a different trip follow the drip
As the bottle tips the mixture hits ya
Knock your frame from out the picture
Straight until the funny farmers come and get ya
Both of my lungs is like sponges for this pungent fungus
More leak than plumbers

.....summer

I take fluid like oil change in the buick
Making my music game ruthless
Producers come in the booth with
This toxic avenger uncensored tougher than wetter
Heemy houdini on stage playing tricks with water pressure
As I hit the dip ideas start to flip
Next the formation of the words that fit
As the bottle untwists the cigarette filter rips
When the leak hits the paper.... ahhhh shit

(Hook)

Dip dip dip dip dip dip dip dip
Dip dip dip dip dip dip dip dip
Get a jar
Get a jar jar get a get a jar
Get a jar
Get a jar jar get a get a jar

(Verse Two)

From some of the most morbid distorted of thoughts ever recorded
Thats more awkward than being metaphoric
Nongenetic rhyme critic cd skip and song stutter
I'm hectic with the dianetics of L. Ron Hubbard's
Fuck what's on, no play but I'm just as strong
I run with the weathermen brethren and some dusted dons
You haters get stole on like chicks with chinchilla furr
When I get drunk and crunk I be swilling my burrr
You love it how I do this right hurrr
I be the first to put it out like thurr
I black out quick fast and dispurr
Motherfucker tame one can you hurrr

(Hook)

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(Verse Three)

Of bundles and jars, I can spit hundreds of bars
So here's someone

..... then red rum your eardrums
Leak leak on how you geek geek (?) talking of furniture
Freaking out like you think your best peeps is trying to murder ya
It's a thin line between first time and the fiend
I've seen people trying to walk it off and fall clean
So at what point does a joint in front of weed
Change from a want to a need?
Buzzing like you was fucking with bees
Pcp'll have you thinking that you wanna buss but aint
Bugging out like hippies huffing paint
On angel dust a how you fucked up everything all day

Copping out on hallways a raw way but y'all pay
Back in the days as a highschool cat
I went from cigarettes to sess to them childproof caps
From nicotine to phencyclidine, backyard boogie to dro'
Since the eighties fuck a motherfucking just say no

(hook)

Fuck a motherfucking just say no!