

The Apex Theory, Sssh..(Hope Diggy)

Hope diggy da
Triggy Diggy da
Ras-Pi-Rante

Some people have the tendency
of sucking the life out of me
Try and fill me with forthcoming
Excess is the way of the wise
Even when they are left alone
One hand on rye
A thousand rambles in a second
Tiny tip is tired and will not tolerate toilet tokens
until he is topsy turvy
So stop the torment you traitors

I can't take the squeaks anymore
Than I can't take you
I'm sure you're sick of me
Well I'm sick of you too
Haven't gone far enough my friend
If you send we'll understand
Enter the choice and avoid the void
You're safe with the flag

Local lopsided judges lure lunacy
Over loony loud lumpy loopholes
With lingo that's loathsome
And shady shameless shamsters
Shake and shape shaggy
Young people with sharp teeth
On shelves of ship shaped
Sharp eyed shop owners
While customers consume large quantities
Of curiously cultivated curtains
Alongside crowds of crude oils
Crossed and crooked
Atop of a crushed icemaker

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I can't take the squeaks anymore
Than I can't take you
I'm sure you're sick of me
Well I'm sick of you too
Haven't gone far enough my friend
If you send we'll understand
Enter the choice and avoid the void
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