

Unwritten Law, Hellborn

High as a kite on a flight soarin through the night
Droppin new shit from the fuckin mothership
And I feel like the spine of a jellyfish
God damn it makes me sick
But I'm movin slowly, movin slowly
Stoned and rolling
Barely holding on
And you want some yeah motherfuckers, come on I need some
Well I'm a sucker
Cause I'm still getting
High as a star, as they are shining from afar
So call your hot line
See ya at the finish line
Cause this mind has been warped and bent
And this body has been used and spent moving slowly, movin slowly
Stoned and rolling
Barely holding on
And you want some yeah motherfuckers, come on I need some
Well I'm a sucker
Come on Salvation, Creation
From the mother fuckin master plantation
Do you feel right
Does it feel tight
From the mother fuckin radio satellite
I'm still getting high
Come on now
I'm still gettin high
Oh yeah I'm still gettin
High as the sun will rise into these red, singed eyes
Cant stop until I fly
Cause I'm still getting
High as the sun will rise into these red, singed eyes
Cant stop until I fly
Cause I'm still getting high
Come on now I'm still gettin high
Oh lord yeah I'm still gettin
Salvation, Creation
From the mother fuckin master plantation
Do you feel right
Does it feel tight
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Salvation, Creation
From the mother fuckin master plantation
Do you feel right
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I'm still getting high
Come on yeah I'm still getting high Come on yeah I'm still getting high