Tesla

Flying Lotus

Hold up, hold up
I bet you thinking that we dead
Hold up, hold up
I have this bullet in my head
Hold up, hold up
Mama what's them words you said?
Hold up, hold up
Why you make us think you're dead?Oh they, oh they
Oh they, oh they
Oh they, oh they
Oh they, oh they
Oh they, oh they
Oh they, oh they
Think we deadHold up, hold up
We 'bout to blow some trees
Hold up, pass the Austin and the Freddie Mercury
Don't need nobody, we bouncin' on that Astral Plane
Hold up, hold up
I think I just forgot my name
(That's cause you're dead)
Nickel plated nine
Bang bang blow your mind
Beep beep flatline
Gotta get your's, I been had mine
Hold my hand, laying in the bed
Family crying, they think he dead
No jokes no hoax
Felt his palm, he had no pulse
Could've been the drank, it might've been the smoke
In light of all that he was considered dope
And now I'm left to keep you strong
And I kept you Flying Lotus and I step too
You can't run, just gonna get you
I was live when I met you
Now this seems to upset you
This what the shit gon' get you: Death
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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