This is a tale about a man, his vision is blurried and his worl d is spinning fast like a fan

A brand new day means a brand new problem and all things seem to fail just before he wanna start them. No explanation for this bullshit, brain is out of order, mouth is like a full clip of ordinary things that he wan na tell the world...

The man i talk about is me, the problem is a bad girl...

(and it goes some lil somethin like this)

Nah she's a foxy one and full of ginger, able to turn men into mice and