

# She Don't Know Why She Love It

Atmosphere

Liar, you don't live nothing like your photo  
Soft like a marshmallow, heart pumps cocoa  
I put my hood up to look like a cobra  
Minnesota make moves like a poker  
No joker, shake up the snow globe  
Blow me on a roller coaster at Como  
I'm at the grocery store in my bathrobe  
Bad bad daddy and I still ain't plateaued  
Southsider, pied piper  
Settin' traps for the rats in the choir  
Big Slug got love for hire  
With the turntables up on the drum riser  
Now let your momma admire this rhyme writer  
While I catch last dance at the Lamplighter  
Don't ever fight the desire to kill a spider  
If it bit the hand of a vampire

(She don't know why she love it)  
I'm on top of the world  
Watch the waves  
(She don't know why she love it)  
I'm at a truck stop, about to cop some shades  
(She don't know why she love it)  
I'm at the horse track, blacked out backstage  
(She don't know why she love it)  
There's a time and place to stop riding the brakes  
(She don't know why she love it)

Everything looks blurry to us  
We not certain what we workin' to touch  
Might remind you of an ordinary person but  
I'm the shit, I get followed by a courtesy flush  
Compel, the clientele  
To get in line and smell what I'm tryna to sell  
And if I cry it's not a cry for help  
I live my life like I'm alive and well  
So what if I, could justify the jump just to fly  
What if we don't get another try? Skydive to survive  
Hands up high we about to go live  
The first to hate it is just the last to taste it  
I'm tryna see past your makeshift  
Face mask made of cheap masking tape  
Sedate and then we amputate

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So you mad now?  
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I can see it in your eyes all that pain weighing heavy (Ha)  
Cause it's my way obvious, one fifty down the highway (Fuck it)  
She don't know why she love it