

Deuce Deuce

Attila

Every day we are force fed with compiling stress
But not a single worry will ever cross me
Choices mean vices we all have our thing
The party's in session so crown me the king

Do you like to lose control?
Sex, drugs, and death metal
Fill out the form and sign below, so
Choices mean vices, we all have our thing
The party's in session so crown me the king

What the fuck is up?
When everybody fucking talks shit
Everybody fucking talks shit
What the fuck, what the fuck is up
When everybody fucking talks shit
Everybody fucking talks shit
What the fuck

Yeah were gonna break it down like nobody ever has before
Cuz were young and fucked up, poppin' da blunts up, high in the
dirty south
Until the breath is taken from my lungs
I'll be spittin' a fat-track attack like a rapper on crack

Lies gargle through my veins
Minds start to go insane
Where do we put the blame?
Emotion is just a fucking game

Oh, pieces are shattered
None of this mattered
Disregard the fine print

So do you like to lose control?
Sex, drugs, and death metal
Fill out the form and sign below
So choices mean vices, we all have our thing
The party's in session so crown me the king

Oh, it's apparent, haven't you figured us out by now?
Oh, where my bitches? Haven't you figured us out by now?
Oh, it's apparent, haven't you figured us out by now?
Oh, where my bitches? Haven't you figured us out by now?