My mind is a runway lately
And you are my run-away
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They call us the shy kids
A little bit blinded, but they never cared
But you're my run-away baby
I always leave you, shaking

Tainted armor, life full of karma Runway lights fall brightly upon us Stoners and goners spending life in a corner Attached to a cellphone charger It's broken, ain't no fathers Houses empty back to the charters If it kills you, it makes you larger Whatever don't crush you makes you harder No Harvard still got honors Who's letting all these devils harm us It makes me feel why bother? I'd rather chase around light green dollars I'm being honest Death to the Tupac's birth to the Gaga's Bye to the morals, hi to the Prada's It's the truth, it's a muh fuckin' problem

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Recently I've been scared of the clock Blind to the facts so why would I watch? Speeding around without having to stop And no friends to share my passenger spot Messing around, and it happens a lot Guns in the drawer but the cabinet's locked I ain't talkin' 'bout crackin' a Scotch When I say I thought about having a shot Through my story I babel and jot Hoping to one day unravel the plot Guilty as charged on a passionate block While surrounded by these un-passionate cops Ain't no drugs though, ain't no sluts hoes Just a young kid who ain't feel no love yo I don't do the scene, 'cause I feel I'm above those Models and bottles and runways club shows

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I hope that no one could ever take, a day from me These thoughts will leave me lying awake, patiently