

Flapjack, Ready to Die

Seasons change, everybody wants to range, That's normal.

I'm transforming into the liquid

form now, ejaculating new sounds,

I create some new styles But I Be losing anyhow, cuz the sin's the virtue, hatred's the virtue,

I can't find my direction

Have a sip for the better times take a breathe for the best times (have a sip for my rhymes, buddy) pistol,

I'm making a pit stop, My God is my witness, sounds we're playin' make shit decayin' but well,

I got lesson to bring up your, your oughta receive'em alright.

You keep dreamin'. That's watcha do when you roll...

You're just dreamin' You have to correct it, or you gonna be

infected, rejected, hope to be resurrected soon let it burn,

no more lessons to learn, so

beware for a blast, think 'bout finishin' your game on the right time - I'll have

a sip for the better times, here comes the paradise - kinda magic dice.

... And Don't be worried -

It's Better to be ready to die in every moment of your goddamn

life. It's better to ready to die.