

Leak Bros, Got Wet

(Cage)

I got a monkey on my back with two gats
Bipolar and a headless angel laying dead on my shoulder
The hairs in my lungs are my dying kids
That don't eat, until I put the leak to my lips
I'm spiraling down till this thing pop off
Like grandad in the sky with his wing shot off
You can't stop the scam
My blunts be in the water more than Aquaman's blunts
Like a little kid that staid with Juice
And this magazine will be red/read when I spray it loose
Who got this chicks lips speaking wrong to us
Chew four letter words like Cheech & Chong on dust
Oh this cocaine's rigged off the wall
For ten years like Kurt Cobain's Wigg
Our click depend on no applauds
Out my claim, this bird jackin what's in my balls out

(Yak Ballz)

Got Wet? I'll give you wet
Out of my head and I'm high as a jet
So you wanna get wrecked?
I'm the connect, and we can see death through a dipped cigarette
A dip sick of ray to the brain like a tech
Nine as I climb through my mind in the mess
I said I wanna see death through these eyes when I'm bent
These lines in my head and a bottle of wet

(Tame One)

Wet to death, high as red mixed with meth
To get off my cigarette's vex need 12 different steps
To the left with it
My visits to left leave liquid to pick with
My dipsicks hit like pick-6
Bangin like a hallow tip
I'm leaking like when the bottle tips
It's to whom it may concern apocalypse
From loonie bin
kin toxic twin with the hot shit from the moshpit
Rimling in the cockpit, hard to handle as chopsticks
Aqua fresh from one dip in the flesh, yes
I be screaming on records like DJ SNS
I'm a mess, with the classical drug story like Scarface
Cigarr's laced with that fresh out of the jar case
My liquid diet's a riot, try it and see
Narcotic product endorsement, enforced some vitamin C
The leak-leak-leak-lottary probably need a break
Consider this something special to puff like cheesecake

(Yak Ballz)

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(Cage)

Trapped in a jar with a jetski, dusty dazy
Things are mesky, contrary to where I'm buried and resting
Time stands still, hands on my clock piss battery acid
While I spit paint from the same cavity basket

Watery, puddery, stuttering
What the fuck are we when the planet gets cold
I got a fresh bundle to cover me
Then suddenly, a mortal open a portal then diving through it
You ain't gotta lie to do it
Just have alittle lighter fluid

(Tame One)

Squeezing my beadies and get nuff liters of leaky
And what I written be drippin like insufficient grafitti
People see me or hear me completely lost in the fog
Blackin and barkin like all the parts in Atomic Dog
PCP funk offstar like I was Bootsy
The most narcotic product that ever get on a loosie
I'm charismatic, the baddest out of the addicts
With wet so savage you smell it through two layers of cabbage

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