## Sewerperson - lebowski

8 track on my body i pulled up in this vintage

Its the hot line pull this number out the bank Tryna kill time i drop this 4 inside of my drank Oh ya tryna get mines i could see it in my dreams Stare out at the coastline feel this sand beneath my feet Ya and i roll up this blunt while shawty steer put it behind my ear I had got way to antsy oh my gosh i gotta smoke in here Turnt up in the back seat Traffic blowing past me I keep demons loaded in my mind they tryna grab me

## Tracks

Shutting down don mills and u could smell the fucking gas U could smell the pavement on the ground turning black U could smell the rubber burning off on the cat U turn me up And i might break the fucking ground oh lets go Booting me up And i might separate from the ground on my own Some time i think i just need to be alone Most the time its usually im just missing home 8 track on my body i pulled up in this vintage Bad bitch right beside me u know jealousy is a sickness I promise i am not lying when i say what im feeling This shit crossing a line u too fine its amazing Im tryna rip you out that house and throw that On some nothing to worry about vibe i already made the payments First time since my heart died i feel something changing I just had to face it Really its crazy what the pain did

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