

Talkin' bout love

My mind is made out of cold forged metal.

My think skills are on another level.

But that girl goes crazy and I barely get it.

What's the matter?

Is it my brain, is it just the weather?

In this moment, am I crazy already?

Have to save the world but, I'm not ready.

I aint wrong, it's the people out there.

They're proven wrong and still keep shouting.

They're full of hate cause they can't without it.

Aint there nothin I could do about it?

Babe, when I see you, the world stands still and,

You're the only thing that lets me feel I,

Am alive, this shit is real man, hope, instead of tears,

Damn!

I love you, how should I ever fight against you?

Try to find something else, and try to get thru?

I'm sitting here and trying to write about my thoughts.

The shit I use to think about, the shit that I got taught.

But I aint got no flow man, and I struggle with my rhymes.

All I know is I can't stop think of you some times.

I'm not that good with words, but what I try to tell you is:

I don't want to just wait for you, but don't know if you exist.

And every time I think of you, in the middle of the day,

I really hope to meet you girl, before I pass away.