

All Bets Are Off

Oliver Tree

Tell me what you want
What you need
Tell me what you want to give
How much blood would you bleed

I'ma tell you I'm a miss-conceiver
I'm a believer
Someone better kick my fever
Tell me its a 100 degrees
Underneath my own flesh
Everyone tells me it's a bit of a mess

Someone tell the risk
I was never at the hit
I would never get this shit
Off my chest though, I'm forgetful
Someone better tell me
I was always on the edge
Overstate your bearings
I would never underestimate

All barely my bets are off
Everything was better off
All barely my bets are off
Everything was better off

Take your eyes off me, you don't want to
You'll see me when I'm gone
Moral of the story was you're wrong
Everything I gave and everything I lost
Good things come at a cost (Come on)

I left it on your head and when you ever overstate it
Your thoughts are never everything wanted when you were
I'ma take it in the head with the signs of the disturbed
I'ma leave it on the style
On the christ when I bet on the set
Let me speak on behalf of the dead
I'ma leave, I'ma speak, I'm sick in the head
Come on, come on

All barely my bets are off

Everything was better off
All barely my bets are off
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Tell the risk
I was never at the hit
I would never get this shit
Off my chest though, I'm forgetful
Someone better tell me
I was always on the edge
Overstate your bearings
I would never underestimate

All barely my bets are off
Everything was better off
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