

# Blind Tiger

## L'Orange & Stik Figa

Where the drum roll, numskull  
Ain't you seen the white horse, ain't you seen the gun smoke  
Funds low these bums broke, chatting with Colombo  
Peeling back the moon roof, and now my skin is sun soaked  
Ain't no rocket science, but I need space  
Ain't been to compliant, mama saying that I need faith  
Being self-reliant we just ash when they cremate  
Go ahead and pick a star, which one would you replace  
Balls full of gas, they don't even need names  
Earth's about the cash, working on a pre-paid  
Flame to the glass, inhale and then relieve pain  
Life a lot of things, she ain't never been no cheap date  
Slave in a free state, discovering the cub bards dry  
Listen to the engine putter brother give another try  
Pop mutters, baby sucking on her mother's for another night  
Gunfire is another lullaby

[Verse 2]

And from the end is where this poem starts  
No regards, watering the rose and still we grow apart  
Hopeless hearts, anxious dip your toes with sharks  
I'm floating in the ocean on top of shards of Noah's Ark  
Ride the wave cautious, and then I set sail  
Arrived on dry land, walking, on an egg shell  
With lead bells, blowing the whistle man I just left hell  
Nothing to regret well except maybe that death smell  
Behind the red veil enjoying the best seats  
The rest grieve, nothing to show for it but prestige  
Wonder what success brings, I go against the jet stream  
Knowing one man's night mare is another's wet dream

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>