

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

---

### Sea Legs

Par Run The Jewels

*Album : RTJ*

---

ICIBILLET.COM

Really fell off the lane with this shit

Man, print this shit, I'm a misfit

Got a style from the guts of the most irrational beast in the district

Born to the next gen system

Slow water drip to the temple to live in a prison

When the walls don't appear to your vision

One floor down from that mall's that prison

Where shower stalls get all y'all missin'

Pardon me, I got half-wit vision

But fuck I know, I just crawled here, cap'n

Pass me the baton, the rest a y'all batten the hatches

In fact, better scam, I'm a bastard

On the lam in a hatchback blasting some rap shit, trying not to slam into traffic

With my feet on the wheel and my hands through the moon roof laughing

Let's crash this

See the truth from the womb is a fool-proof

Plan to be doomed while the damned do they dances

So I move through the room like an animal fooling a master

But I don't got love for the hand with the food, matter fact I am drooling at that shit

I don't only bite but I'm rabid

Try to pet my fucking head again and I'mma put

A tooth through the flesh of the palm that you jack with

This city just screams black magic, and the threat to my heart got traction

Maybe should've never started this path

Every time I get a chance to advance it's backwards

No thanks to my very own actions

Get a couple good drinks in the kid

I can flip on a friend, take a drug, fuck a chick that I shouldn't

Oh god, I am one of those mad men

Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped

But I been out on them choppy waves

And it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops

I got sea legs, I got sea legs, I got sea legs

ICIBILLET.COM

Real shit, I came for the jewels

I'm the killer of kings and fools

I'm the reason the season for treason starts this evening

And this evening the odds ain't even

People praying to the gods but the gods ain't even listening

Don't matter if you're Muslim, Hebrew, Christian

When death run in the distance there will be no Mercy me's

There will be no reprieve for the thieves

There will be no respect for The Thrones

No master mastered these bones

Your idols all are my rivals

I rival all of your idols

I stand on towers like Eiffel, I rifle down all your idols

Niggas will perish in Paris, niggas is nothing but parrots

I write for the writers that write for the liars that impress you and your parents

Is this real or another dimension?

Am I trippin' here in the kitchen?

Am I a victim of my convictions?

I feel my sanity slippin'

And I think I like the freedom

Cannibal, animal, rappers I eat 'em

Even in Dubai I smoke like it's legal

Bitch so exotic she rode on a zebra

Made in America home of the (Eagle)

Home of the (Anger), home of the (Evil)

Do what I do for the good of my people

Holding my lane, smoke jane in a Regal

Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped

But I been out on them choppy waves

And it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops

I got sea legs, I got sea legs, I got sea legs

Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped

But I been out on them choppy waves

And it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops

I got sea legs, I got sea legs, I got sea legs