

# Big Boy Bars

ChillinIT

Can't breathe no air in my lane  
Look in the eyes, you can stare in the pain  
My brain feels scary again  
Cause all I see is Mary and Jane  
What's that  
Who's this  
Ask questions but you don't know shit  
My flow make fans jump up and down on a spot like a pogo stick  
Just like the yo-yo did  
Every second kid do that yo-yo shit  
Tryna fuck with the money and the fame like Austin  
You lost your mojo bitch  
Why you hating?  
If you grinding then why you skating?  
And I got more lines than central station

Seize like a samurai  
Schemes that I memorise  
Eager to feast on these Emcee's  
Gotta get a [?] yeh the levels high  
Keeping their head in line  
Bleed with this scene that I terrorise  
See through their web of lies  
I'ma beast like an enterprise  
Creep in the dead of night  
Weed that we set a light  
Sleep as I dream of a better life  
See where the demons and devils lie  
Wombat's smashed better know  
Yacked out the back of the show  
Go pack me a cone  
Nah actually no  
Let me come back with a rack to the nose  
As I spaz with the flows  
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Yacked out the back of the show  
Go pack me a cone  
Nah actually no  
Let me come back with a rack to the nose  
As I spaz with the flows

Okay  
I don't play soccer but the bars I'll loan ya (Barcelona)  
Prolly why I kick goals on the net  
Boxed in the corner with dark aromas  
Kush gets pushed till it's rollin ya head  
Like ugh, tell em that I'm all straight up  
Give em what they want like Russ  
Never been fussed what the whole world thinks of us  
From a place where we call mates cunt  
Being straight up  
Huh  
Swearing to God  
Right now you could get aired on a rock  
Bear when I drop the Grylls ya so grope your drugs like bugs on the hair of a dog  
That's ticks

Luggage  
Over ya head  
High off nuggets  
Stoned to the death  
Bros to the right  
Hoes to the left  
Me and Wombat putting smoke in the chest

Bruh  
What's that it's a Wombat  
Never gotta second to froth because I'm off tap  
Every single record and I'm on track  
And I bomb that  
I reckon that they reckon I've gone back  
And I combat  
And I'm not gonna stop  
I drop a hot rap dog  
Gotcha popping along  
And you nodding a lot  
And I'm dropping 'em off  
On a rocket off to the top  
And I'm not gonna drop  
Lock  
I'm a rain like I run the realm  
The thunder fell  
No love and I come from hell  
The underworld  
Their bars don't function well  
We run the realm  
You cunts go fuck yourselves  
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I got dreams of a jet black Chrysler, inside colours of a red back spider  
Start of 2018 with a 5 stack, get it heavy, get it 10 racks higher  
I feel like the shit, Ronaldo brother, I'm real like Madrid  
Get Messi like Lionel, spin on your vinyl  
Wax, I cut facts  
I'm DJ Khaled, I'm the best  
Steve Waugh in the slips, still Shane Warne with a bitch  
Still raw with the spit, still spin words on a pitch  
Still hit verses for 6, try catch this  
Bust raps with a recipe like Crusty Crab  
The stars under the rock like Patrick  
And the bar straight over your head  
So I spit this olympic flow, it's gymnastic  
Your bars like the lips and tits of Kim, Kylie and Kris  
Legit, they all plastic  
Said he raps good, but he rap shit  
Brother looking like an MC Catfish  
Can't be stopped, can't be dropped  
Like I'm Roy Jones Jr., I'm the carbon copy  
Hard to stop, the juggernaut packs a punch  
The kill streaks, run around like a Nazi zombie

Yeh, but I'm sick of these silly cunts  
Shit I'm the bitter one  
Spit like a Minigun

With a bit of luck [?]  
Got a mini buzz  
Pick it up like a ciggie butt  
Kick it in the middle of a city that is in a rush  
We don't fuss  
Think I give a shit?  
Couldn't give a fuck  
Tick us up  
Gotta get a mix of the sticky bud  
So they wanna mimic us  
But the jig is up

I'm lost in the Safari with writers block  
I light the pot, still got chrome for the beef, lad  
Fuck with the party  
You're Microsoft  
I'm Firefox  
I Mac your books on a beat, lad  
I space bars apart to try shift, control, alt, delete that  
On keyboards I blow like C4  
I tell 'em I spit raw, the whole crowd repeats that  
Catch that shit like a virus, smokin' a Billy Ray Cyrus  
I'm the Osiris  
You don't wanna touch my style  
It's hench  
Get clenched like pliers  
I'll race car drive ya  
Back into 2016  
One of my bars worth 20 16's  
26 grams 26 teens  
Fast forward four years here's 26 G's

Cause I'm set to collide with the beat like a meteorite  
Jeez I'm a beast I could eat 'em alive  
As I'm fiend and feasting my piece of the pie  
Now show me who's even competing with I  
Show you who's a vegan [?]  
To the meat on the side like it's easy to find  
Wombat's deep in the grime with the speed  
And you see we compete  
You we leaving behind  
Oh you say  
They got flows for days  
You don't notice  
So they're  
So overplayed  
Go home  
I'm the dopest  
There's no debate  
You can't fuck with it  
Go mark a bit  
Cause I'm calm as I spark the spliff don't start ya shit  
Yeh  
Cause I'm calm as I spark the spliff don't start ya shit

Raindrop, drop top  
I got Migos to pass the weed  
I'm not offset, but I set off with the takeoff  
Probably why the hottie gotta body like Cardi B  
Bob Marley, I pass the weed  
Pass the tree, 'cause my lyrics are a masterpiece  
You can find me in the house like I'm Ali G  
And I got a motherfuckin' ounce like I'm Charlie Sheen

Fuck my ex, I can't stand her, argh  
Fuck my friends, I ain't Chandler, argh  
First names Blake, not Adam  
See me travellin' the longest yards, I'm A. Sandler, argh  
I was in a hotel loungin'  
Me and Baggsy were smokin' cones  
And now I'm tryna get a bag on my broken bone  
I'm livin' like a rockstar like I'm Post Malone

Wombat's back better know  
Wombat's back better know  
I get ready for the cycle, gotta hand steady  
Ned Kelly with the rifle  
Give me a second to set  
Get it right cool  
Heading for ya belly and I'm ready for survival  
Wrecking any others  
They're my enemies and rival's  
I'm not ya regular fella I'm headed for their vitals  
By now should definitely heard of me  
By now it's an urgent emergency  
Right now I'm determined to murder the scene  
Til' I'm murked and I'm burnt to the third degree  
Cause the serpents have heard that it's surgery  
You wanna talk back but they boy can't rap  
They will get gassed like a surgery  
When the verse gets trapped in ya circuitry

Blake be hard when I spray the bar  
Jump on the mic get strung like a bass guitar  
Chase the art till I make my mark  
While the crews chopsticks like an asian bar  
New bars pop tops like Toohey's  
Jump on a beat get chopped  
Suey  
Rock and I roll till the systems are down  
I'm it like the clown run it up like Fui  
Moi Moi smoke to my lungs  
Never had a brother that has broken my trust  
I'd head back to nerve's with ten packs of bourbon  
And rack up with girls that were smokin the buds  
Nah  
Passion like fruit  
Weed in the back of my boot  
Still back at my dudes  
Can't stop with the ragabond dues  
Till we hit primetime on the channel 9 news

Uh  
What's that  
Wombat ain't nothin' but a bong rat  
I've been kickin' back sniff a bit of rack with the comrades  
Wiff it in a flash then I'm off track  
Still gettin' skippy with the rap  
Got em' thinkin' that I'm pippin' off of crack but alas I'm not on that  
I gotta hit em' with the facts... Drop back  
What ya thinkin' that we're whack  
Stop that  
Wait wait  
Don't try with me  
Man I burn CD's like piracy  
Said I burn CD's as I burn these trees  
I just burnt 3 g's with Flylacine

When I murk these beats I be killing it  
Man I burn CD's for the thrill of it  
Said I burn CD's as I burn these trees  
I just burnt 3 g's as I'm kicking it with ChillnIt

Still pull shots off like Ponting  
Bad bitch with the pound of the Qonting  
I scream like Bubble o Bill  
When I bubble up bills that's the sound of the bong rips  
Still sip knots in the mosh pit  
Drop tunes like I'm Dr. Sushi  
But me and Wombat go Dr. Dre  
Rock the Jay  
While the bitch sip Vodka Cruisers  
My name is not Don  
Chill chill the fuck are you from  
Kill bill the team is locked on  
Offside you get ya knocked on  
Ain't rugby league but I fucked the team  
Thrown over the sideline knocked out  
Fifty cups get kicked for touch and found dead while I try get dropped out  
But brudda I'm way better give a fuck like I'm running it up like Dave Klemmer  
No cheese but I'm cutting it up to make cheddar  
Got the bitch in the back of the car like aye brudda  
In Canberra might Raid ya  
Not even the ref's gon' save ya  
Front page on a metro paper  
With pupils bigger than a techno raver

Bruh  
I've been gettin' gassed up  
Chat shit ya get smacked up  
Wombat calm down for a sec just relax brah  
Fuck that I'll go spaz cunt  
Nah I'm just kiddin' man I've been in a jam since I went and hit the piss again and been sniffin' grams  
But I've gotten' crook as well but ya couldn't tell  
Murder the riddim in a hearse lookin' shook as hell  
Merlin the wizard spit a verse with a book of spells

Get away in a fast car like Tracy Chapman  
So fast I broke the cars rictor  
Still drop bars that could make you backflip  
We blaze up so cops they try pinch ya  
Pop 2 M's but A, they can't clinch ya  
Land lord Evicted, cold since last winter  
Whenever man drops the beat, the bars hit ya  
Fans go stomp there feet, like barmtizfah  
Cheques are due (jew) but I'm Hitler  
The whole crowed gets gassed  
Double Entendre, I run the genre  
Monster with the Ink like Mike Wizowski  
Mics around me, Cameras and lights surround me  
I MIGHT BE CRAZY, MIGHT BE LAZY  
I SLEEP DAILY, but nights are rowdy  
Til' ya bitch gets slept like Ronda Rousey  
When she fuck with the strains like a physiotherapist  
Neck rocks till it breaks ya spine  
Hey Hater, Why you be lookin like K Slater  
Surf my vibes for the wave to ride  
I make paper, never rest, make the climb  
I use weed as the medicine, make the vibes

What do U F's C me, Dana White  
I blaze a mic and set ya whole place alight  
CHILL CHILL

Wombat's back with the flow  
Pack me a cone  
Stacked a whole rack up my nose  
Hacking the coke stashed and the packets are dope  
Back with the match crank gas and the blow  
Now I'm travelling back up the coast  
[?] and the shackles are broke  
And my habits are gross  
Knackered but having a go  
Cause these rappers are actors alone  
Man I hate the scene, cause the flows are  
Sicker than the mozart picking up a painter scheme  
We stay blazing green when I smoke up with us but choke up  
Hittin' on Asian weed  
You're not a blazer  
You're a whack cunt  
Wombat and chill coming back on the spaz one  
Spit it [?]  
Living in a rut thinking fuck like  
Stick it in a cunt like a blunt knife

My grandpops caught a one way flight  
Straight out of Beirut  
Now your grandson live a one way life  
Probably making your bae root  
I got MDMA In a plastic draw  
And plastic caps I wrap in elastic balls  
You wanna be a hero fantastic four  
It's my party, top of the rope like Jeff hardy  
Get hyped on the mic recording I'm a lyrical  
Thriller it's Armageddon gorillas in time I get it I get it  
Cause' my life is boring and I play with the ball like Michael Jordan  
Aye aye 420 family  
Aye aye 420 family  
Aye aye 420 family  
Aye aye 420 family