

## Road Rage (JDZmedia)

ChillinIT

I get away in a fast car like Tracy Chapman  
It's my bar but I change my accent  
Fuck my bitch and I break the mattress  
Escape the blackness, retrace and back step

Rap 'til the stage collapses  
Hugh tryna chase and jack men  
I got the X-Men I don't wanna move and pack them  
Must rather use and rack them, Ugh Ugh!

Weed in a grey Mercedes  
I'm cheeky like Asian babies  
Everybody talk 'bout how they got the guns and drugs  
But don't got none I came here to change the station be myself

You can't be me  
Jump on tracks and write raps to beef me  
Don't talk smack if ya Ironlaks graffiti  
Think back rewind that believe me

Easy, twenty minutes after four  
Cops rock and we all stop last resort  
Young Adlar jumps on the backyard  
Throws up 420 fam on the guardy door

Killed satan, Go ask the lord  
Find out what I ordered a casket for  
Throw frees online that's basketball  
In a alley like oops, Pass the ball

I could dunk these pills in a heartbeat  
I just stacked 10 bills in my last week  
If you wanna get skills come ask me  
Got enough bars I could buy you a bar G

Write you a bar but you couldn't out bar me  
Underrated, In safaris  
With the warfare, Like Gadafi  
So there ain't no Mahatma Ghandi!

I run the army, Ten G's there abouts  
Cops askin my Mum for my where abouts  
Tell em 420 fam til I wear it out  
Weighin' 420 grams and I aired it out

Ugh! Adidas tracksuit Nike top  
And the brand new Izzie on my iPod  
And I'm still gettin dizzy on my nights off  
Still gettin jiggy with a biddy and the lights off

Cause emcees wanna touch my spot  
Tell an emcee they can fuck right off  
Puff my pot, fuck my thots  
Bare emcee he can fuck right off

Party we like to party  
We ain't no venga boys we bend the boys

I still don't surrender boys defending boys  
I kill shots send deploy, attention oi

I get the coins  
Heads fucked up sesh to avenge the boys  
Deniro ya actor pretendin' boy  
Need logies, Don't act like ya know me

Blow me, spit real from the dome lad  
Wake up winfields and a cone packed  
I spit raw rapping for the throwback  
Then I make it triple orgasm on a Kodak

I get jaw spasms from a coke bag  
Keep raw cabbage for a smoke patch  
I roll in peace, Rap God's got a hold of me  
Lord take me away, Lord take me away  
Lord take me away...

The bud's sweet like chilli that's Red Rock Deli  
So the brotha got the head shot ready for the head top, Ugh  
Claimin' he rep the 420  
But the meth rock makin him shake just like jelly

I'm a real one, I don't fuck with ice  
Too smart for the shard or to fuck my life  
Wanna go home stoned do the hundred type  
And make money on roads while I fuck my wife

She goes crazy, 'cause I fucks her right  
We make babies, yeah the blunts are nice  
I feel wavy, yellow cup with ice  
Off chops this a hell of a life

Like, any second we could die now  
Prolly why I'm gettin' high now  
Prolly why I keep the swisher on me  
'Til I'm hittin' chronic and I ride out

Right now, off and on, off and on, on long flights now  
Need to lie down, pressure on my mind swear to God sick of lies now  
Don't lie now, fuck me fuck me fuck me real good, this is my town  
Australia where ya mates are cunts and we blaze it up 420 fam see what I'm a  
bout