

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 Gadaffi
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