

Underrated

ChillinIT

Pack us up
Who's next anyway?
Hahaha prob'ly gonna hate me now, fuck 'em

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 (Urgh)

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 (Ragh!)

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
Smoke four-two-oh with 26 teens, fast forward four years that's 26 G's
Ha ha ha ha, fuckin' bitches while I'm puffin' swishers with the bud rocks
Double visions from the buds I'm hitting, keep a spliff of litty in my glove box

Everybody say they got the chronic, so we knock-a-knockin' at the drug spots
We just wanna get a couple nuggets, if they blocka blocka then we fucked off (Urgh)

Still I kick goals like Goodes, still I got stripes like Woods
Still I got a two-

pack rolled all night like Suge and I still get high through hoods

Still I'm on the road like two white stripes till I got a phone like two white Nikes

Still sip beers, I flipped and switched gears and I push 'em on a pedal, but I don't ride bikes

Don't tell lies, bad bitch I like, tell a bad bitch "I might"

Tell a bad bitch "Yeah, I ride for my day ones and I wake up and I blaze up, high"

I'm off chops like vegans do, I'm what 70 times 6 equals to
Head for the head, connect to get checked then I head for the head like a beanie do

I pop bars, rock stars like Beatles do, got pot, got pans like Peter do
I was ready for the war, ready for the war, the devil's at the door, I'ma leave with you (Urgh)

Butt-

heads like Beavis do, she beef with you, I don't know why I'm leavin' you
'Cause, my girl, I can't watch you cry (Argh), but I swear I'll bleed for you, bleed for you!

(Switch it up) Where I'm from I learnt to keep it hunned
When I buss it, buss it for these up and comers you can't see me comin' like you Stevie Wonder

This is Oklahoma, this is City Thunder, brudda, brudda, brudda, did I stutter?

This is gutter, gutter for you motherfuckers, bading and boom and I just does it, does it (Woo!)

Now you breddas love it, bit of weed then I get in dozens

Press the buttons, get me many brothers, I could bender, bender like I'm Benny Cousins

Lightyear, now I'm plenty buzzin', now I sip it, sip it from the Henny cup and

Right here, I was steady puffin', you can come and get it, I ain't ever runnin'

I ain't never ever goin' nowhere, homie, we don't care

Love it or hate it, 'cause we underrated and out of Australia, ah-yeah
And I ain't never ever goin' nowhere, homie, I don't care
Love it or hate it, 'cause we underrated and out of Australia, ah-yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah, I'm a fiend for the mic, bleed for the beats but it keep me alive
Demons arise if you're weak in the mind, but you need a disguise, I can see
through the lies

Won't go dull with the dreamers, I wonder why flow's so cold, I could freeze
in the summertime

I said flow's so cold I could freeze in the summertime!

Yeah, Wombat is a black sheep, couldn't give a fuck if I crash, laid back in
the back seat

Think you lads couldn't match me, not by the gaps in my cracked teeth, spaz
on a trap beat

What, they're eager to test? They believe they're a threat, but they're ten
steps back

And they're trapped 'cause we're redbacks weavin' a web, they'll regret that
they penned tracks, leave 'em a mess

I reside in the south, I'm about, the cunt's back, drivin' around, there's a
n ounce of bud that

Surrounds my nutsack, hyped when I'm out, but if sirens-
a sound then I'm out like "Fuck that!"

It's evident, got a vendetta, pen's venomous, Avatar, I can bend elements
We're felonious, they're dreadin' us, ten seconds and they're dead, it's just
they're jealous 'cause they're delicate

Gas up my engine, travel dimensions, back in a flash like astral projection
Smashin' a set, no lads in contention, they're no match but they have to con-
test

You can try though, but I dice flows with the mic closed, right flows on a t
ightrope in a cyclone

Got my eyes wide open, a psycho, when I hide from the 5-0 gotta lie low
Sick of bringin' us down, well don't count on it, quick, I'm not kiddin' aro
und, I've grown out of the shit

Been surrounded by pricks, but I'm pickin' em out, so in a minute I'm bound
to go down with the ship

Spinnin' around, thinkin' about spittin' it foul, figured out how to be soun
din' this sick

So the crowd's gonna bounce in a fit, give it up, give us the crown, it's no
doubt we're the kings

What it is, what it is, man, I said "it is what it is, man"

But I can't get a grip like I'm sinkin' in quicksand, startin' to think I ai
n't shit but a dickhead

Dancin' with Lucifer, I'm goin' all out, now it's gettin' nuclear, we have t
o fall out

We bouta to fall out, yeah

War like a Shaolin, talk of the town, get around it, surrounded by thoughts
you can drown in

Fought for the crown, never dwarf of the town, and were fromin

But I gotta fight this abyss like I'll die in a blink, it was like an epiph
any

Lightin' the spliff, man this life is a mystery, gotta thrive till we ride f
or the victory

And I'm not social I'm unapproachable, don't think that I'll choke 'cause I'
m ropolable

It's no joke, don't go get emotional, like "why is everything we flow so quo
table?"

Most of all, when I mention the top, better check when connectin' the dots,
when I stepped in the spot

I shocked all the vets, I'm like lots of electrical watts, let me stress, we
're the best of the flock

But I'm sick of these silly cunts shit, I'm the bitter one, spit like a Mini

gun

With a bit of luck, like a bitch I be living lush, 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