

80 Bars Pt. III

Chris Miles

I'm Back!

Never stopping 'til my pockets are big as losers
Man I spit it like a chopper then rock you with 60 bullets (bang)
Since a youngun I've been hungry for success
Now I'm steadily getting it, so my nemesis are stress
I get the pen and I'mma rest, gotta get this off my chest
Keep it real to my last breath, I'm sick of sitting at a desk
Like, like, I ain't even named bars in
But I'm still going harder than all you retards
Let me just

Lyrical Mohamed flow faster than a comet
Comments upon my video, silly dude you preposterous
Real talk, about a burner learn mathematics
Cause I already got my road planned out like it's map quest
Forget your past and follow your own trail
I wanna date a super star, looking like Gomez, oh yes, yes
I spit dirty like I pollute, rappers don't want the beef
So instead I give em soul food

No dude can step to me, sever beasts with the melodies
These amateurs all, trying be me, I feed em remedies
Yeah, I cannot stand these haters, disabilities
Stacking all this freaking cheese, make my wallet look disease
Bro you were not fit to be, anything that's close to me
Hopefully, my door opens with increase
I guess suppose to be, they saw me buzzin
Now the girlss trying get close to me
Y'all you can fall back, I don't care bout what your motives be

Hi, my name is Chris Miles, hit 'em with 6 styles now I'm on your ipod
Look, I get them fingers snappin', I'm sick with the rappin'
Don't you understand, got you pumping and jamming
On my tracks now they comprehend
Yeah, the youngest kid to straight up spit it hard
Never was the type of dude to care bout your opinion, brah
So be so sinister, step up and I'm killing bars
I'm something you ca not see, call my ish a synagogue

With my homies I be broke, got the realest in my circle
And I'm born and raised that east coast but I got fans all universal
Trick I never stop I get it octagon your team full of lames like comic con
Got the ride or die and no fake friends
Stacking [?] no Raybans, I see through out this world like R2D2
Yeah man this track was just light work
So just wait for what I really do
Never finna move yeah I stay here
They love me like I'm raymond
Hop up in my space ship, then my low be gone so matrix

Enable the brain, play through the vein
Aim for the lames, I ain't choosing
Man I'm staying the same
Goodness sake I'm deranged when I'm driving the range with no license
Better know I'm bringing the pain, I feel stressed in my head
Man I'm hanging by threads I'm just hearing these voices so deep in my texts
I'm just seeking success I kept grinding coming crazy psychotic

I just get up in the moment and I'm killing opponents
Got my clique by my side then you clowns are just nothing, nothing
Yeah man that's end of discussion
I can see my future coming
I can feel it in my stomach
I got cash on my, my membrane
And my pen games be on your pow

I'm the freaking man, you don't get it, do you
Rubber style while I'm trying to get my team mula
That's the motto homie you know what I'm bout to do
Trying to get these carrots in my ring no rabbit food
From NY to Malibu they know I got them dope tracks
Yeah, now I'm doing more hooks than a coat rack
Mother rep for coke-sign will do it on her own
And we were never duck so why would you throw you X upon? You got me wrong!
You think I'm stuck up and cocky
[?] be driving so I'm chilling riding shotty
I got [?] maserati's
And your girl called me a hottie
I told her please let go go me
Cause I'm getting claustrophobic
Small kid but I get it big
And every track got 'em duckin like a limbo stick
It's been a minute since I'm passing competition
I'm suggesting that you dudes step your game up

Really I'm a badass like Joey, homie
Fans wanna kick it I'm goaly, OG
Doing all this shit for my brodie? I am going, just a young-
ass kid but you know it, let's go
Got XXL with the best excel
'bout to do it big like XXL
Can't see it myself, but I decline
Trying to make a million with a pencil, get me
Like geckos hit 'em with the best flow, let's go
Never gonna rest until my test broke
Tell 'em all wake up expresso!
I've been grinding for so long that
I can't even see it straight
Studio 'til 6 in the morning, even on week days

Youngs wanna do it, you haters was never able
Now they see me buzzin and trying to ask me favours
Like we cool or something
You trying to mess with my mind
And man I ain't acting cocky, but I'm one of a kind
On some real ish I take the grind too psychotic
So why you expect me to front over a youtube comment
When I got bigger things to care about
My whole team embarrass y'all
All I do is me homie tell me what you mad about

I show up to the club like whatup, I'm not allowed in
The foulest kid to get doubted but now they bowing
Finally reach the top when I'm topping your favorite rapper
I better pocket the profit and get fans by the thousands
[?] I'm grinding got it down to a science
I be me, like pollen, posers are nada
I flow like hydraulics, been hot like the tropics
You comment that nonsense, you not even acknowledged, I'm gone!