

Put 'Em up

Discrepancies

Corny ass rappers getting hyped up by mascots
Claiming that they have guap
I call em have nots
Put em in a super soldier figure four until they give me mad props
Things get intense in CAPS LOCK

Lately I feel a bit offline
But I gotta get it it's all mine
100% and it's all grind
It's really been feeling like war times

These critics are drilling me I'm not the enemy I'm just a victim of hard times
Our message is vivid it might take a minute cause we gotta fit it in small minds

I try to keep it classy cause I'm not into fashion
They see your chain and get to snatching
That's a chain reaction
They don't like the way we mix it up they want to send me packing
Not for nothing never happen I'll be forever rapping

If you're ready to feel the rush that's what's up
Feel the adrenalin building up hit the clutch
Even if you think everything sucks put em up
Cause if you don't really give a damn we don't give a

Flows back so protect your neck
I put em in a figure four till I get mad respect
And I keep on bending till I break a leg
I like to rap over rock cause they bang their head
Crank the music so loud that it wakes the dead
I bonged the beers and we drank all the keg
We're gonna rock crowd we're gonna rock it loud
We're gonna rock your town after we paint it red

So mosh with me get lost in all of these thoughts
Whatever the cost may be cause we all crazy

So where my beautiful minds at
To you few I'm tipping my hat
Pain and pleasure chain and tethered that line came together
Like a mutual climax

If you wanna hear mics get crushed you're in luck
Cause it's Discrepancies plus Dub put em up
Even if you feeling down in the slumps show us love
Cause If you don't really give a damn we don't give a

Fuck all of ya'll who don't fuck with my team
We dusted the scene
And all of you fuckers who utter I'm stuck in a dream
Fuck do you mean

Fuck what you thought you fuckin fuckers I ought
To fuck you right up on the spot
You got me fucked up you must of forgot

I don't give any fucks by the flock

But luckily I'm not that uppity enough with the fuckary
Shit is disgusting it's nothing but puppetry
Ya'll should look up to me ya'll are the supper
The beat is the cutlery first you was hard

But suddenly you fuckers be softer than butter
We melt on our buttery bread
That we break with our brothers
You fuckers be lucky to get any crumbs that we fucking eat

Haters approach what do they want
They say they want smoke we know that they don't
Enough with the games not searching for fame
They say I'm a change you know that I won't
I'm crazy like Kim Jung reverting to Islam
Hopping on a plan and flying to Crenshaw
Dropping the N bomb

I speak this heat don't mean to be rash
Quick to eat I dine and I dash
Had to get that chick up out of my pad
She didn't know the name of this band

That's a discrepancy rep to the death of me
That's a necessity we go the recipe
We on a mission, we came to get it
Don't ever step to me flexing my weaponry but

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