

# Put The Mic Down

Lowkey

Yeah, I don't even know about this rapper thing anymore, man.  
I don't even know if I'm on this 'ting man, listen up!  
It's not really me anymore, man...

Na'-what I mean? Yeah.

Yeah!

Ever since eleven this rap shit meant, everything!  
It was like the mic in my hand was a wedding ring.  
Don't get it twisted, it ain't my wife!  
It's bigger than that at some point, it became my life!  
Me and my friends used to argue over songs we'd preferred.  
As rappers back then, all we wanted, was to be heard.  
I spit for hours just to make sure you'd recognize.  
Hoping one-day I'd hear myself on 2-7-9,  
To tell the truth, I couldn't tell what was whack then,  
'Cause everyone rapped in American accents. (Holla!)  
But, still I wanted to blow in a hurry my friend.  
Looking back it's funny, Cuzzy, 'cause I was hungrier then!  
We aimed to change "The Game", lyrically raise-the-bar.  
Take over the whole industry, make-it-ours!  
Frequently I think about what this rap game means to me.  
But I can't lie (Can't lie), all of that changed recently...

Doc. Brown on the chorus:

When you feel you've seen it all before,  
All the music ain't raw no-more.

Feel to put the mic down[? ]

Feel to put it down.

When you bare your soul rapping a verse,  
And you gettin' nothing back in return, what's it worth?  
Need to take some time out!

Feel to put it down, feel to put it down, feel to put it down.

Feel to put it down, feel to put it down.

Blud, I'm going crazy right now. Like, I'm breaking right-down,

Need to take some time out, all the pain in my house, probably make me wile out.

Feel to change my life around and.

Place the mic down, come on!

Yo,

I was a raw spitter, before an award winner.

Before these fraudulent frauds(? not sure) were all in her.

Maybe the fact is, this rap shit distracted me.

Took away time I should of had with my family.

I can go do a show, but then it's back to reality.

Back to feeling alone and, trapped in insanity.

Now I can hear myself when I tune into Choice.

But, can't do fifty-minute shows without losing my voice!

I used to be so determined to earn respect!

Now I'm sitting here all messed up (Pfft!) a nervous wreck!

I haven't learnt my lessons (No!) I don't deserve success.

It doesn't matter as long as when I'm gone, my words are left.

I'm really only known truly by, certain heads.

Excluding them, f\*\*k what any other, person says! (f\*\*k 'em!)

'N f\*\*k a psychiatrist, or psychologist.

I don't need someone I don't know telling me what my problem is.

When you feel you've seen it all before,

All the music ain't raw no-more.

Feel to put the mic down[? ]

Feel to put it down.

When you bare your soul rapping a verse,  
And you gettin' nothing back in return, what's it worth?  
Need to take some time out!  
Feel to put it down, feel to put it down, feel to put it down.  
Feel to put it down, feel to put it down.  
Blud, I'm going crazy right now. Like, I'm breaking right-down,  
Need to take some time out, all the pain in my house, probably make me wile  
out.  
Feel to change my life around and.  
Place the mic down, come on!