Basic

Songer

What we sayin' then, time for Dream workz? I've been away for a minute, I've been working man. It's time to set the levels. Couple tracks that didn't make the take. Let's get it

When I was about knee-height I was always told I had away with words
Now I bun zoots and I write lyrics
Get high, get away with words
As the pages turn, and I say these words
Gets rid of the pain that hurts
And I shout them lyrics so loud 'till the ears of your neighbors burst
And these lyrics seem strange at first
But the bars too sick and the flows unreal
I am not cocky, but if you don't believe you're the best then no one will
None of them stories you told is real
You are not bad cause you're holding pills
Cause if you get caught then I now you'll squeel
Your gold ain't real that's golden steel
Man's too cold and I'm frozen still
Everything that I ever wrote I feel and spoke it's real
Fam that's how I cope and heal
See, I do not want no deal
Write no in the brown, envelope and seal
Why, same way dem man are smoking still when the box says smoking kills
See nobody can control us
From young in the lane of my own
Got a diary at home where the pages alone tell stories about this pain I own
On my team we got winners, sinners, singers, serious billers
Whose coco pops, then sell K before rave, no serial killers

Lay a ten ten verse them man is out
Don't say shit when all of dem man about
Cop another gram of loud
Four pints in then the packets out
Oh fuck let me done another round
Mana get mana get mana get wasted
So fucked when I sip beer can't taste it
Face it, when I spit bars, man ace it
Girls throwing up mana callin that basic
Lay a ten ten verse them man is out
Don't say shit when all of dem man about
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Mana got mana got mana got math flows
Mudda and brudda and uncle and dad knows
Fucked with a kid, nah cuzi go back home
You ain't got you ain't got you ain't got back home
Mana been sick since day one
If you got a problemo then say one
Want more paper? A4? A1?
Talentless cunt? Nah cuzi I ain't one
Mana been cold since primary

Tryna find flow come finally
If I ain't hard enlighten me
That's what I thought where's lighter G
Kick back, chill, bill a fat one
Don't want that flow fam I want that one
Might piss about then cook a new mad one
Ain't got beers left look left grab one
Girls wanna know that I heard that I rap
And I'm sitting on talent the girl on my lap
I'ma earn me a stack, was burning a pack
And gurning shack isn't working for man
Gonna pick up a pen and get sterling and racks
Got enough gas for the journey and back
Gun fingers
Return of the MAC
Quick time flows, yeah the burners are back
Big man get smart
Allow with the talk, fix up look sharp
Allow with the shanks stop road get bars
Easy to tour when a man get large
Hypocrite, at least I give a shit
Lowkey killin' it
Highkey billin' it
Peroni sippin it
Fuck, keep spillin' it
Privacy don't exist, they got rid of it

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