

Plate Tectonics

Spose

Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah
Motivation, yeah

Uh. Peter. Sparks. It's P Dank. We Smoked It All 2

Uh, uh! And maybe you feel the same
I would rather be Nathaniel Hawthorne than Lil' Wayne
Either way I'll be that next one, no question
I got no time for champagne or a chest bump, son
The world we're livin' in, is quite depressin'
Cause my daughter's only two and she's talking about texting
And I'll be stressin' when she's thinking about sexin'
Socks off, beer gut, on the couch watchin' wrestlin'
And these times are darker than coal mines
All the countries got beef like imported bovine
"This way to Armageddon" read the road signs
But I got them cracking up, I'm on this to a fault line
I promise
No fibs when the kid's on it runnin' with it like a population runnin'
g from a comet
You know who it is, C Dog on the bonnet
He who never moves slow like plate tectonics
In fact some cats might think I'm just a blur
A fictitious figure, tall tale of the 'Burbs
I'm moving so fast, you're sittin' on the curbs
I'm at a speed that these fleas never seen, so superb
Uh!
And youtube views up a couple mill
And that's sweet but Pete won't stop til
I'm known for skills with the quill, dollar bills won't quell
That desire to build, I'm perspiring still
So I spew kung fu for you
And every bitch you wish you didn't hit on the list of bitches ran th
rough
I usually don't say bitch so much, I'm polite
But I grew up on rap music and watching my parents fight
Bitch!

Bitch!

Uh, bitch
P Dank. That's all