

# Triks Of The Trade

Trik Turner

Everything that exists in your perfect world  
Is a web that you weave  
Making victims of anything or anyone  
You never make sense cause you speak in tongues  
He who thinks he knows all will someday fall  
And someday will eat the words they say  
Expectations are set so high if you must  
Degrade me then I wonder why? Is it me or is  
It something I did or is it because your simply  
just jealous of us you know you've seen many  
different styles come and go and you know  
you cannot get with the way Trik Turner rocks  
the show you see what comes around goes around  
goes down what comes around goes around goes down  
yes you know what comes around goes around goes  
down what comes around goes around goes down no  
matter what the consequence is trends change as  
fast as the four winds when push comes to shove  
I'll be the one who gets it done cause I never  
Forget man where I come from

It's just a process of elimination I'd like to peel your eyelids  
Back to see, you always torment my own intentions  
Credibility is what you strip from me  
Someday when I come up I want you to feel  
What I had to feel on the other side

Livin' on the dark side yellin' at the moon  
Seven shades grey your in the temple of the boom  
We drop bombs with some peckerwood shit  
Fuck bounce to this, we gonna throw fists to this  
Players and hustlers went out like 99', now its  
Two triple zero you still smokin' kind  
Play that funky music white boy, fuck that  
How bout raise up to this level, the beat devil  
No regurgitated slop, this ain't rock & hip hop  
This is day one roots straight out the shoots  
Trik Turner recruits soon to form an army  
With one main objective, to silence & eliminate  
Fake & plastic too drastic for those who hold  
The mic like spastic, convulsions divulge  
Your weakness, the reason that I speak this  
Because I'm tired of MC's, ABC's, one-two-threes,  
K.I.D.Z's, and all you wanna be's better check  
Your stylees, I've crossed over, I've crossed all  
Around it, I've found the new sound same old  
Machines, same old dreams, same old fiends  
Chuck T's and SP's, 808's garage sale crates  
Lifted, ya'll stay splifted, I remain gifted  
100% proof after sifted