

## Sev Statik

### "Poor Penmanship"

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[Verse 1]

should I -have the more well known emcees on this  
release  
or maybe bring a new voice for the audience to meet  
I could have the most radio friendly hooks and flows  
but now know y'all ain't my friends in a minute turn foe  
because of the intrikit ways- the infinite displays  
how my cadence moves and what my spirit has to say  
I'ma tunnel rat - i'm a lip creatin' beats  
I'm verbal combat - when challenged on these streets  
I'ma meddafore - I don't sell in gospel stores  
I'm milk crate - filled with 808's and beat breaks  
thought I told y'all - but y'all never really listened  
I ain't here to bring unity - I was sent to cause division  
and from that - some will get this highly twisted  
low lifes who open they mouths and start dissin'  
without really hearing - the message now  
communicated  
the vs being finished - now you can all start hatin'

[Verse 2]

I've combined my words with a passion that's rarely  
seen  
brought to the extreme length it's hard to catch a  
glimpse  
yes indeed I make the last minute stretch to fit my  
ability  
and i'm realizin' now - I need a whole day's time  
infinitely, I make my rounds - 360 complete  
alleviate my bad dreams by never falling asleep  
the insomniac on break beats y'all never want to meet  
seize ya whole compound to imprison ya whole fleet  
endulge in stress matches spar with self esteem  
I'm far from being conerned with being hard by  
industry  
standardz commander in chief  
keep my vessel clean - supremly spotless I got this M.I.  
C. held too tight - thats why my words is sloppy when I  
write  
for my eyes only and sound to recite  
so if this truth is not for you - keep steppin smith

I hold rich words to serve out - poor penmanship

[Verse 3]

I am now concerned about the after life - before death  
born into a dead world to speak life thru text  
my rep, my steps and every exhaling breath  
to make sure my name is displayed in the lambs book  
arranged in heavenly letters - put togetha in fine  
thought  
across golden lines - cause my soul'ez been bought  
sold to the highest bidda - who's blood stained cross  
freed the shackled mind - and made me a nine  
even tho I hold no cuss words - I swear on His promise  
to return like a thief - and lay claim to the meek  
I speak on topics relavant to earth worms of sorts  
and unsheeth the written sword - of 66 books  
take a look - as we pass these last days at high speeds  
we indeed are in need of these TR emceez  
now free to release - His word over beats  
Sev Statik - poor penmanship - til the INK depletes

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