

Weerd Science

"God Bless Pepsi"

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It's so simple
Got a whole list of issues
Inside of my brain
Gathered right next to the temple

Write all my rhymes in pencil
So I can erase 'em
The morning after I write them
I wake up, read them and hate them

Reliberate them, lay them down
And made them understand
Sometimes a rapper sucks
There's nothing I can do to change them

Man, it's like I told you before
You don't listen to me
So I don't listen no more

Give me a huge label advance
And a chance at fame
And I, I'll sing and dance
Go right with the grain

Sponsor soda companies
Promote with no shame
Smile, shake hands
Damn, I love this game

But just when you think that I'm your best friend
I'ma stab you in your fucking back, time and time again
'Til the blood soaks through your sports coat
And with my Pepsi money, I'ma drink Coke

You'll be stifle to trifle my cycling
Ease the pain of the knife
That's in my fucking back
Or is that a hose

They siphon in my spirit, man
Got to attack

Counter they blows with blocks
In the name of all that is not wack

Kick my fucking system
Into auto-rap
White or black, slap your face
Until your head's not attached

Rocket blast, feel the slap
Back of payback hurts
But I've had to nurse wounds
That are so much worse

Now first, I would like to call attention to your verse
The reason I'm so fucked, but I'm about to burst
'Cause you keep feeding me nothing but shit
And tell while I'm gosh darn tired of it

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Damn skippy

Fizzing fusing using the brand of raps
Not currently used in hip hop
Lips lock, never was part of my agenda
To bend over and open up my ass cheeks
So ya'll could dip cock

On the radar, making other MC's jealous and green
Like they name was Ralph Nadar
Yeah, I'm broke as fuck and I got no paper
Should've just stuck with rock, it would have been much
safer

Trying to make a dent in the world like a crater
The illest of traders, it's me, Darth Vader
Nothing can save you peace, I'll see you later
The dollar fifty in my wallet forcing me to hate you

Take you on a little journey through my life
Where dad slept on the sofa, never with his wife
Even as a toddler, man, it struck me as odd
But it only getting odder, I never looked to god

I just wrote rhymes on paper that's lined
And everyone of my lines reflects on times
That I live in, giving a shit, not me
Like metal band guitars

Everyone of my lyrics lately is in drop D

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Now you can't force a revolution, choosing sides
Offer a helping hand to the dumb and blind
Use my record like the guide line, for you to follow
along
Speak up and then swallow your tongue

You're hardcore, I'm hallow core, my blue collar tone
Working class hero, shit gets piled on
I really hate all these mother fuckers I smiled on
I'm lying on a cold table
But feel like I'm dying on a rope or a cable

I'm unable to breathe the air through my nasal passage
hole
Masses don't believe me, nobody believes me
Oh, ya'll think it's easy to move up like Georgia Weasy,
excuse me

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