

Werd (S.O.S) "After Music"

Visit "[After Music](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Werd]

Check mate I aint been to church in a while like
Spend all my time on this

In my circle we cipher we talking
We stand out in the ring like a sophrein
We swing clubs hit green like golfing
Do it stoned and still get it rocking
Buzz broke Im knocking
Dont ring a bell no names not dropping
No plaques just plaque that Im flossing
Got no stacks but Im stacking my options
Should I go start walking
Or should I stay till the day that am off and
Sick and Im coughing or stuck in a coffin
R.I.P. though he did rip it often
So the grave stone reads
Drew Devine may you rest in peace
We cant forget see you left on beats
All of your thoughts in your talk and speech

Though I walk through the valley of death
May my rhymes put my mind at rest
And when Im gone and all thats left
I had something to live through yes [x2]
So whats after life like after mics
Cause now Im like 'do I have to write'
Nah get it right recite
Its all in the head Im the paranoid type
Shit I wish you would clap
Maybe doing that wouldnt be so slack
I could get it tight and type up a rap
That you might like but I like my rap
So back (Back) you look like prey
I pray for the day that they take me away
My life my mic its nothing but stress
This life this mic will be all thats left
Text engraved on the granet
I got to pray but he might not granite it
I dont want to die on the planet
Cold underground just another rap bastard

Though I walk through the valley of death
May my rhymes put my mind at rest
And when Im gone and all thats left
I had something to live through yes [x2]

Visit [Werd \(S.O.S\)](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.