

411**"Hold Tight"**Visit "[Hold Tight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Misunderstood, misguided maniac,
Lacking social skills and will to fit your mold.
I told your kind before not to expect the world
From I who hates the world,
I'll burn your flag unfurled.
Propel my anger past rage,
What you thought was phase is the air to my everyday
I raise a fist against your rusty cannons
Abandon my every shred of decency
Devise plan to topple politician in vicinity
Your ideas of liberty, archaic
You took freedom and enslaved it.
I don't portray the role of revolutionary,
Just slice the jugular of society on a Tuesday
While crews play cypher-cypher-freestyle
I listen to Miles with inverted smile inking scrolls in
Exile.

Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks
You pose no threat
Behind the ears you still wet
Hold tight to stereotypes like Newport cigarettes,
Pitbulls as pets, and bootleg mix cassettes.
Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks
As my mind grew you slept.

Expect no friend from this form I took
You mistook me as one of your own
I bleed words of the griot onto poems
Lonely wanderer,
There's no honor amongst thieves,
There's more than amongst Mc's
Who needs enemies with friends like these
Quick to deaden pulse for that Maltese mic
Beware the Cannanites performing pagan rites
At twilight as last of the embers glow bright

One can see the looseness where things were once
tight.
I prefer reciting prose over compositions by Riech.

Recite...
They impolite...
Neophytes...
So trite.

Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks
You pose no threat
Behind the ears you still wet
Hold tight to stereotypes like Newport cigarettes,
Pitbulls as pets, and bootleg mix cassettes.

Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks
You pose no threat
Behind the ears you still wet
Hold tight to stereotypes like Newport cigarettes,
Pitbulls as pets, and bootleg mix cassettes.

Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks
You pose no threat
Behind the ears you still wet
Hold tight to stereotypes like Newport cigarettes,
Pitbulls as pets, and bootleg mix cassettes

I vent my anger on all angles
Would strangle angels if they'd let me.
Suspect entire populous in attempts to suppress me
Left empty when all I trusted rusted thin...
Able to see true layers,
Undefined tongue I spoke to familiar strangers, now
Seems even stranger
Cradled that blue baby in his manger until I grew too
Weak to utter lies
Stomach filled with roaches not butterflies
I sever ties with all of you who despise me.
Welcome to the truth, undefined reality.

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.