

411**"Wall To Wall"**Visit "[Wall To Wall](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro:]

You see, what-what sounds to you like a big load of
trashy, old noise
Is in fact the brilliant music of a genius, myself
That music is so powerful that it's quite beyond my
control
And uh, when I'm in the grips of it,
I don't feel pleasure and I don't feel pain
Either physically or emotionally,
Do you understand what I'm talking about?
Have you, have you ever felt like that?
When you just, when you just...
You couldn't feel anything and you didn't want to either

Aye man, I appreciate the love you know but y'all need
to back up man
Yo, I don't want them to shut us down, you know?
Y'all dropped a piece of your pay check to get in here
fam
Oh that's how you want it? Alright, enjoy it while it last

[Hook:]

I rock, I roll, I did it, I live it, I know
You got problems, see me at my show
Good luck getting through the front door
'Cause we wall to wall action and I can barely breathe
'em
About to bring it back home, back home, back home

[Verse 1:]

My stomach rumbling but I been fed already
I'm seeing 2010 but my vision 20-20
And people question am I'm spitting or not
Nothing to lose, I don't gotta prove diddly squat
This is for Biggie and Pac, one LJ baby
Thinking I'm high grade, fuck you, pay me
And now I'm passive, don't wanna be cursing
But you made up man, don't wanna be person
Too many cuts, we gonna need surgeons
We riding to the death, we gonna need hearses
Top spot, got my eye on that, I got the first on deck like

the try-on track
'Cause I bomb so atomic, I'm putting my fam on
Till the whole room spinning, I'm gonna vomit
Motion sickness, too many moves made, get off my
Kool-Aid player, I rock

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

I ain't trying to do the humpty dance
I'm a rock star, give me drunkee fans
And you ask why I rock out and shout shit
Too much power, not enough outlets
Me and Mace King go back like Forrest and Bubba
Though we ain't brothers, got it? What he say? Man I'm
on it
Kane got a blade like clock work orange
Forget about these mixtapes from these two faces
They don't drop jewels, they drop money and Jew cases
Come on son, who's time are you wasting?
Taking the cash just to have a huge bracelet, you don't
move me one lota
You chicken noodle soup on the side with a soda
You bumping to a dime or you die just to know her?
But she's a fan, she's dying to come over little soldier

[Hook]

More lyrics:

All about Laws:

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