

## Delillos

### "No Identity"

Visit "[No Identity](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Check it out now

Hey hey troop style's hard to find  
I sit where we sit it's time to go for mine  
See I remain in place wit shit so funky  
You could bite for days my shit remains crunchy  
Good wit my own style droppin that  
Looky Lou's all hokin but I stompin that  
You's a c copycat now watch me take you thru to hell  
Must be out lookin for biters in the big bad world  
I am the one to take you higher  
to liquidisation, heart and desire  
Go 'head, light the fire, as I get smoke  
There ain't a way to stop the madness when I go for  
broke

Chorus:

Aiyo kid, you must be kidding me  
You're the epitome, of no identity  
It's about what you say and how you say it  
Now that's hardcore, time to settle the score

I'm fed up with the old shit, gimme some new shit  
I won't sit, get off my grip  
See I'm tired of these imitating gangsta clones  
For them I got a slingshot, roddy's and stones  
I come steppin on the scene, my Delinquent team, be  
here to elevate  
Even the fakes should get their soul get  
Rippin up your frame, it's the critical acclaim  
Breakin you up, like the Buddha crank shrinks my brain  
Cos there can be only one ?????, only one to rule  
Bet the coon new G, witta steel that's new  
Yet some won't like the way I strangle the mic, though  
I won't funk the kids, can't fake the Gambino  
Kid, you must be kidding me  
It's a joke, why ya gotta be kidding me?  
We're goin nowhere fast in this flavorless mess hall  
Why can't you stand tall? Cos I heard a distress call

Chorus (x2)

Once again, I go fly thru the speaker  
Your style suck, fuckin like a tweaker  
One grain falls, the rest soon follow  
Cos everybody knows (your wacked style's borrowed)  
It seems everybody write they're OG killers  
Everybody's flippin big-time dope dealers  
(Versace) and Gucci, rollin big time lucci  
Big ....., steady sellin out the real

Now oh damn, now look what I've done  
wit the little bit of help from the rhymes I brung

You know who you are, don't front, just shoot hits  
Delinquent it's in the house, to rock this shit

Chorus (x2)

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