

Horse

"Last Days"

Visit "[Last Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Wordsworth]

We go back to back and bring pleasure to mics
Y'all only go back to back just to measure your height
And me and weathers alike [how?], unpredictable
Hallmark "Get Well Soon" when your fan visit you
It's miserable, the way that I effect y'all lives
When I reveal the naked truth it will molest y'all eyes
And niggas stay askin Words [what] yo spit for my man
Remember my verse, go home, and kick this shit for
your fam
You'll probably miss an exam to hear me kick it and
scram
And you wouldn't drop an album if it slipped from your
hand
Easy come, easy go, it's part of the game
When I write it's worth something cuz its part of my
name
It's Wordsworth, really it ain't hard to explain
Depend on my hard and my brain
Like a farmer for rain
Where you fall short, is where we come up strong
That new artist with your demo you're tryin to run up on
You can't rehearse fate
My birthdate was a prophecy
Maternity wards had to reserve space
My words paint, describe emotion
You cryin notion, and sweat rivers
It's just in us
It's poetry at the highest form
It's bug cuz if you rap and bought this, I'm dissin you
the entire song
Relyin on skill, can't dispute when I write it
I'm what you're looking forward to, like the future ?????

[Chorus]

This is what you waited for
Un-cut straight raw
This is what you really need
Bang it till your ears bleed
I spit too [So what!?!]
I got hoes [So what!?!]

We got dough [So what!?!]
We hold it down [So what!?!]
(repeat)

[Punchline]

Gimme a tight track and a whole bottle full of liquor
I spit sixteen and make you break fool like Rah Digga
Stack figures, I'ma show you what I'm really on
Snatch mics like the Feds snatched little Elian
Silly rap Don niggas, get no wins here
Spit shit that leave you pissed like my project ?????
Dew rag on my hip, I'm born to win, it's a given
I switch hoes like Ali switched religions
K.O., split decisions, its all in the same
No matter what the critics say, I'm born to win in this
game
Battles kept me physically trained
Spit crazy flows
Fiendin to rhyme since Cool J did radio
That was '82, now the rap game needs something new
You sound oldschool, and your label stay fuckin you
One, two, my real niggas I'ma defend
Punch and Words keep it tight from begining to end

Chorus (2x)

[Wordsworth]

It's over now and we just begining
I only mess with women that wear clothes like they
dressed for swimming
Want me to rhyme on your record, so when I'm dead
and hauled off
You release it to revive your career when you falled off

[Punchline]

Yo, I keep an attitude for niggas that act funny
I roll with niggas that get cash and dress bummy
For rap I stay hungry, my styles unique
I roll deep, your label hope we don't drop the same
week

[Wordsworth]

Or decade or century, they do all with chemistry????
The new foes of the industry
When we blow, eventually
On corners y'all can hear me spittin
And pull me to the side and ask if I'ma share my
writtens

[Punchline]

Y'all niggas talk cash but never seen dollars

Rob me, I keep a tech like Rasheed Wallace
Street scholars
I put it on the hottest MC's
Me and Words rock joints together like siamese

[Wordsworth]

I solemnly swear that we here to conquer for years
Y'all probably scared [Yo chill son I got it from here]

[Punchline]

Sheddin no tears
Don't care who you run with, suck dick
Walkin wild like I can't be fucked with

Chorus (2x)

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

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