

Lucy Kaplansky

"March"

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I'm gonna march to the beat
Of my own drum
Shoot words like bullets
From the barrel of a gun
I won't stop till I've hit the moon and the sun
I'm gonna make my record spin
Like it's never spun

I ad the coco to coco puffs
I'm the reason that you can't get enough
I'm the girl in the hoodie holding the god stuff
Who wants skin and bones
When you can have fluff
Like a clean beat
Like it well buffed
With tricks up my sleeves others bars get snuffed
In the deep end
Not going with the flow
Just like the circus
This is my freak show
Only true contender but the others don't know
My lyrics don't fall they
Drop like snow so
Light a match and watch me glow
I'm burning like a mad scarecrow
Time to raise the roof
And let it go
Set the hole shit on fire
And watch it blow

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I shoot straight arrows just like cupid
Never miss a target I'm clever not stupid
Many are blinded a lot are deluded
So pull up your hoods for the raving new kid

My pen writes words that never slumber
With inc like lightning
And rhymes like thunder
Turn mc's to ashes like timber to lumber
Split crews apart chop'em like cucumber
You can comb my lyrics
But you'll never catch a strand
The hour-glass has been flipped
Now I'm flowing sand
I won't topple over no I'll forever stand
Lucy Love is in the air
So sound will expand

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