

Copeland

"Theme Music"

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f/ Jakki Da Mota Mouth

* send corrections to the typist

[Intro - Copywrite]

Yo, The year 2000 and 1

The shit talkers, Jakki Da Mota Mouth

Copywrite78

Ya know, fuck everything else

It doesnt matter

[Verse 1 - Copywrite]

Yo, I'm raw spitting, speak heat to leave your corpse
sizzlin'

Y'all wanna brawl mission, that's more for the mortician

Y'all made a poor decision trying to war with em

With 45, outta 44 or 4 bitten, wanna spark still

Left you with a 20 scar grill

That ain't a verse, You written a 20 bar will

And I know ya'll can't excel

Though ya'll prance and yell

Plant in a cell

But you ain't got a snowball chance in hell

Finish your verse

Before I diminish your turf

Broke the 10 commandments my first 5 minutes on earth

Futuristic, since my parents formed me from an egg, met

I got physic's quoting shit that I ain't even said yet

Hell is not far, the firespitter

Inspire quitters

When I drop bars like a retired stripper

Don't like fit quoting shit that I said

This ain't shit, you won't hear my dopest shit when I'm dead

Got 7 albums locked with a key and they will no be released

Until I start rotting in peace

Till that day I'll keep droppin' MC's

You don't like it, you can suck my cock and the 2 rocks underneath

When I guest appear labels pay me to hold you back

So I won't outshine their artists on their own tracks

Dug in my hip and the day y'all ain't feelin nothin I spit

I'mma drop the mic, like "Fuck it I quit"

[Chorus - Copywrite]

You wanna bite, repeat it with a pen, I'm Copywrite

Not conceded, I'm convinced

I got listeners checkin'

So, rewind the 1st verse 3 times be-fore you get to the 2nd

The Mota Mouth on the track with me

God might as well set fire to earth and rain gasoline

This ain't no rap on, peace on

It's Theme Music to sock the 1st MC stupid to breathe wrong

[Verse 2 - Jakki Da Mota Mouth]

Suppose you gain courage enough to step to me by bustin'

You'll be the lowest 2 MC's, me and multiple concussion

As I rock here with muthafuckaz and their crazy style

Put that glock to their head, are you crazy now?

You want mathematic thinkers come to Chicago

My circum (circumference) 3.14 (3.1 to 4) MC's I eat like pie (pi)

Go head take the mic so I could take your health

Don't give this man a hand for makin' a fool out himself

He grabbed the steel, spit a few verses about his few crowd

Lasted for about 2 minutes then his ass got booted out

I'm sick of rhymers rappin' like they raw breeders

I can whore them but when I'm in a scene they beat is so beaters

You have no freakin' skill, I'll take your soul and dip

You dont think I'm real, touch me if you fake, you don't exist

I'm Mota Mouth, I smash flows

Come to one of my drunken' shows

Tell me, "Have you ever met a bigger asshole!"

Approach the stage wit heart

Bring your punk fan(s)

Fuck around, grab the mic, and get tripled team by one man

Who wanna battle, please come and get your ass kicked

You all sound like a tad bit of bad shit

You retarded and you frontin like you pimp shit

You ain't hard and you ain't nuttin' like a limp dick

You choose to test this nigga, my word's merciless

You move puttin' your best shit up against my worst verses

[Chorus - Copywrite]

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[Outro - Copywrite]

Muthafuckaz, Copywrite MC's, Seven-Eight

Try to run your mouth

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