

Copywrite

"Chill at the Bar"

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C-Write...hahaha
You muthafuckas, I'm back
In rare form baby...
O-Doooooot

[Chorus]
I'mma just get a cigar
I'mma just fill it, then char
I'mma just chill at the bar
...and zone out
Fully focused and motivated
The dopest, I know you hated
And though you waited, it's my time to
...show out
So uh, ladies and gentlemen
...go out
Without further ado, I bring to you
...O-Town
Name, Copy, status, King of the
...whole town
Name, Copy, status, bring him the
...gold crown

[Verse]
I'm hot, dual exhaust never cooling off
Never lose at all, if I do, bet the rules are flawed due to
ya'll
When it comes to you doing a hot album
You're the Grand Dragon in the hood with his hood on,
you'll never pull it off
I write it on the spot, sober or inspired by the pot
They bite it cuz it's hot, you're fired cuz you're not
I write most poems still hitting fire that lights most
home grills
Getting higher then Mike Jones' phone bill
Who? The drop out slash business man who quit this
plan
Till my cell phone's got more rings then Slick Rick's
hands
Six minutes, Copywrite you're on
The white Lebron, James when the mic is on

Stay anonymous on it, honest you wanted it
Time it with water, just hot as bottomless lava
Vocal booth hot as a sauna, local dudes, God I'm a
problem
Broken thru's not gonna solve it
Hoping you know while you folks are joking
I'm not, I'm improving
Plus I'm, im-proving, been doing this
Been moving, what you been doing bitch?
Jotting ideas down for a possible disc
Get off of my dick, get a job and a bitch
I'm on my job and I'm not gonna quit
It'd been cheaper to murder the Grim Reaper
Then for ya to send geeks with a burner to get Peter
King of, all kings, ya'll queens shoulda stopped when
ya could
You're like a drawstring, not in the hood

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now why should Maury, bother
It's apparent you're my son, say "sorry, father"
'Fore I've raised guns like Corey's
Father, the homeless Sean Corey Carter
I "Never Change," raised better ways
Never rat, I never knew how cheddar tastes
I, set a pace, can't keep up? Don't ever race
Don't, hand me cups of water, gimme Henny straight
When I run by, one eye open, spun by folks and
Kept going, till sunrise, smoking.....give up yet?
I spit upset, what kid up next? To get up rep
Get lit up, and spit up bread, fuck him
Who he is, where he's from, who love's him?
I don't, so, love won't, give him any, the kid is skinny,
eat
Christmas gifts is semi, problems, I shoot the gift if any
Sippin Remy, spitting like the spirit of Big is in me
The white Frank Black, I'll ghostwrite for you
And charge you nine bank bags for a white blank pad
No receipt, I'm a hustler homie
Went to a car lot and made the salesman a customer
homie
Sold him a green Gremlin with no muffler homie
And that's nothing, I'm only on my break, pumping a
stogie
Stuck to it, only, herbs finest buds that can grow B
Hoes with skeletons in their closet bugging to bone me
On her mattress bed, her, sex was just wild
Gave me backwards head, yeah, exorcist style
But I give ya crews a fix if ya double cross me

Form a team huddle with struggle to bubble off me
Diss me? That'll only piss me, off
And of course, force me to come back double crossing
...so fuck up off me

[Chorus]

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