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"Hear Me Though"

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[Intro] How we doin' this shit? How's this shit runnin'?
Yeah [Verse One] You're payin' me to guest appear?
That's like handin' me five Gs to slice you from chest to
ear These veterans here spew sentiments of pain After
I shoot the gift my stage presence/presents will remain
Visions came to you after you picked my brain If you
got creative juices Then I got the fruit from which they
came Think I'm heartless cause crews get slain But of
course I got a heart What else could pump this steel
through my veins And C don't aim to please I aim to kill
lame MCs Point my slang at their brains and squeeze
You bring five fingers of death to cats? I got one finger
to bring you to death in four seconds flat And you won't
last so don't brag You wanna go toe to toe? I'm tryin' to
go toe to toe tag So when you hear that chirp sound
Spit my verse clown That way you can make it 20
seconds through the first round I stay strep throat from
screamin' rated X quotes Battled the whole Tunnel for
doe Players left broke So the shit I'm on You're not
remotely on that And nobody's fuckin' with my crew
Quote me on that [Chorus] This is theme music so
smoke your weed to it And choke MCs to it You know
how we do it And to the haters? I know you feel me
though You hatin' on me but you hear me though And
to my people that's evil Drinkin' and drivin' illegal
Smokin' and high as an eagle Bitches I'm tryin' to see
you But to the haters I know you feel me though You
hatin' on me but you hear me though [Verse Two] It's C
Dub, chewed up in a rented Benz I'd speed up but the
tank is on E like Eminem One blunt The hoes hands
right in my pants Two blunts And I'm on the opposite
side of the road like I'm in France I spit hate Fuck that
For each mixtape I bless Your record release date is
pushed a month back But we can spar sittin' Drop 50
bars shittin' The bathroom or the vocal booth, no large
difference I hit herb smoke Spit to split nerves open
None of that shit you spit is worth quotin' Each verse
smokin' 78, never fake Leave you in the middle of
nowHere like the letter "H" Better get it straight Before
I straighten it myself You a clone I diss you, I'm hatin'
on myself Copy headed Like take your slopped edit

demo Document it Fuck you, fuck him And tell 'em Copy
said it [Chorus] [Verse Three] Get your soft crew So I
can clip them off too My clique can not lose Got sick
shit to drop soon You picked the wrong dude Quick to
cock tools Start the beef at 5:58 and make the six
o'clock news I still battle Dawg, ain't no slaughterin' me
Besides, I don't battle for nothin' short of a G It's sort of
a change A New World Order in my brain Waiter, come
here I need a new girl, order some brain The hottest
shit I creep low with a freak hoe Honest bitch I got a
dick that a giraffe couldn't deep throat You weak
though You're tired clique? I put 'em six feet You could
empty an entire clip and couldn't hit me You miss me
What you gettin' done, spittin' dumb? Usin' bitten shit
to battle me But forgot I'm the one you bit it from
Crunch time with the one ton mind wordsmith 21
rhymes I didn't hear one line worth shit Fucks your
purpose? All your verses worthless This is Mhz turf Get
off the Earth you worthless Tell someone, what I'm
spittin' is not flames And you're +Dead Wrong+ like
B.I.G. layin' in Pac's grave For every mill I pull I add a
syllable to my flow That means for now, I'm killin' 'em
slow Stay smashin' cats I ain't goin' nowhere I'll be here
tomorrow Day after tomorrow And the day after that
[Chorus]

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