

Riff Knives

"First Round Knock Down"

Visit "[First Round Knock Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1 (Hempzee#93)

Sometimes writing these poems and aiming them
towards your dome
The rhyme's a knife that slices your most vulnerable
zone
On a mission to make you listen paint the picture I'm
showing
As the cut wakes one half kills the part of you that's a
clone

This Stockholm syndrome is not the one that's globally
known

This thing that irritates me is the concept of a norm
The one that's counting all the numbers of creations
that you form
Rather than judging the quality of which they perform

According to me, that's how jealousy is born
Facing indoctrination is standing still in a storm
It seems easy when this persona loan grabs you on
Now you got something to lean on now you don't got
your mom

But you don't notice when you've become a prisoner of
your own
Of course you don't believe you can break free and
stand upon
With a force inside yours loss of laws can cross the
chores all alone
This melody's a phone call to take y'all home

Verse 2 (Hempzee#93)

How many balls in the air u jugglin?
Before your artery gone pop dropping pulse and balls
up here
Appearin to be something you're not thinkin you're hot
Thanks a lot to the lot of people equal a spot in the
parking lot
Meaning stop

And chill! Realize what characterizes
A good life isn't fully booked calendars it paralyzes

To say I'm takin some things slowly for a while there's
No reason to be ashamed
Those of you with point of view who says so are
somewhat deranged

Awakes the toxicologist exhorting this extortion
0-8:s get outta this portion of obsession for fortune
Delivered daily for all yo to be swallowed
Like raw eggs for Balboa before he fought Apollo!

The only difference this is the straight opposite
Instead of proteins for muscles for brains it's toxic shit!
It numbs the functions that used to be chemically fit!
Rocky knockdown first round one hit!

(Solo)

Verse 3 (Gato#92)

Ah check it out;
Let's spin here for a while and play with the thought
that you would
Just let it all drop and make a sudden stop half through
The never-ending pathway of completion would your
brain like
Corn go "pop" or could it maybe switch away the
frustration?
A character based upon how many hits on Google
search engine

Now think, really think, how you think that it would be to
just
Rely upon the unruly course of faith and destiny
Nothing is set; the stone crumble at the touch as you
Proceed in your journey toward this life's highest notch

And what if you make it to be that everything
That you always dreamed about
The dissatisfying image in the mirror suddenly seem to
fade out
The flaws have all disappeared, and you've arrived at
the end of the line
The search is over, no more, and all the stars have all
aligned

But something has got to replace that great powerful
source
Now that the mission is fulfilled, and the secret is yours
But surely wont the satisfaction erase the fact that you
still lie awake
Thinking am I a person I like, or a person I hate?

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

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