

Sicks Deep "Makeshift"

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Head trap, step back as your head gets soft.
Wet clap, splat-slap, as your jaw flies off!
Save yourself 'cause the world is mine;
I'm flippin' serendipitous, wicked, sick - wo - rymes.
You're witnessing a sign of the times; I -
I find the finer kind of the lines.
Glass-jaw, class, law: that's a sign of my death;
No drugs; never tug a point "o" nine on my breath -
like:
Sike! - Hey, - Who's that? - New thang, - True slang...
Complacent; I grab that still-life and I break it!;
Adjacent to bubble-gum rock's where I place it.
The basis: Raw dawg salavatiuous -
To taste this you need a new tounge and a raised fist.
Displacement. No Trace like a facelift;
The pace shift: It's time for the makeshift.

Speak now, Speak now.
I smell your fear from here...

(who) I am!
(true) I am!
I am the culture killing son of a man - WHAT!
No mask, no face, no lies.
SPEAK NOW!! SPEAK NOW!!

Sicks Deep philosophy; Rude-rooted spitism.
You spit jism; Time for a nickel-bag of ism,
Like "NICKEL-BAG, NICKEL-BAG, DIME TO A NICKEL;"
Spit a mag; Iron-clad flows for ya simple...
... minded muthafuckas; Time to get rambunctious;
You'll never catch an open-hand slap, it's a shut fist!
My will is harder than the force of a fist
Ripped off, shot through a cannon, chopped up and
shot through clips;
I grips... the cup like a beast for the feast;
Speak now or forever hold your peace - You're...
... weak now with your tounge in your cheek;
I've got a format for hardcore that wore your soul upon
a leash!
Like: Sicks Deep, - Raise up! - Blaze up, - Face up!
Ya betta face up to the makeshift; I'll lace you with the

basement,
Don't say shit; Take another dayshift - ha!
Slipped, slayed and jaded;
Stayed and waited patiently, made new fate and
created.
Or more simply stated: Throw caution to the wind, kid,
It's time for the makeshift.

Speak now, Speak now.
I smell your fear from here...

(who) I am!
(true) I am!
I am the culture killing son of a man - WHAT!
No mask, no face, no lies.
SPEAK NOW!! SPEAK NOW!

HOW THE FUCK YOU GONNA BEAT ME WHEN I CAN'T BE
HURT, SON?!

You don't know what I'm goin' through; With every
word...
... that I say, something cries; Angels fall from the sky;
'Cause the slavery of tradition felt a sting in it's eye;
And I don't want a mutherfucking little piece of the pie!;
I want the whole damn thing; no strings; ask "why?"
When there's a beauty in your face, they say "just
look," don't ever taste;
I'll take that bullshit with it's fucking life! BACK UP!

BACK UP!!!
BACK UP!!!
BACK UP!!!
BACK UP!!!

No time for waitin', feel ya shaking; rude awaking,
now! SPEAK NOW! SPEAK NOW!
No time for waitin', feel ya shaking; rude awaking,
now! SPEAK NOW! SPEAK NOW!
No time for waitin', feel ya shaking; rude awaking,
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