

Wendys

"Mad World"

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[Werd:]

Well I got up out of my bed
What's the point I really just don't know
I feel that It has to be said
My whole Life just feels like I die slow
And I don't need nothing except
A white pad beats and a biro
But I guess they don't listen to Neds
Maybe so but I still try though

Names Werd unheard and unsigned
Want to be a rapper but I work full time
Because that beats crime I get beats and rhyme
Look at pop stars and want to beat their behind
They get ghost written what's the idea
Put it together yourself like Ikea
Because we don't want you fake guys here
Think that you fly but you crash like Aaliyah
We taking off no I'm just spraffing
Honestly not made much off the rapping
Had a few gigs took allot of shite
Made a few quid just to pay for the mic
So now it's like what a waste of time
Ever since a kid I was wasting mine
Ever since I was told be anything you want
And I believed it what's the point

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[Deeko:]

Spent a long time coming up
All the songs that we done
The shows we performed but still it feels not enough
It seems they always try to call our bluff

But it really doesn't matter as long as we get it done
Now from day one having ideas of being signed
But that was back then I guess that it takes time
Depressed state of mind it must be one thing
Because whenever I'm rapping a verse I feel fine
I'm known to drift off like a ship in the night
And blank like the paper as I sit when I write
I'm clinching to life as I'm gripping this mic
Plus the worlds getting darker but I think there's a light
So I've got to follow it
Because I know deep down I've got a gift
I've just got to acknowledge it
And while these other rappers bottle it
I'm giving no short measures about to express all of it

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