

## Wendys "Vienna"

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[Werd:]

Yo pay attention man  
This ones for the other emcees  
Just my thoughts you know listen up

I got a question if you rapping as well  
Is that music for yourself or for people to sell  
And when you write a rhyme do you think of a basis  
Do you either overcomplicate or make too basic  
And if you do spit sick on base kicks  
There's no demand man fans chosen their favorites  
Because shops is selling these rappers will felonies  
That cut crack bust ghats is that what they telling you  
I don't trust these celebrities  
I respect the broke cunts that just do it anyway  
That swing clubs and got it down to a T  
That get paid pennies but would do it for free  
See that hustle it's nothing to a G  
But that's like Vienna it means nothing to me

[Sample: Ultravox]

The feeling has gone only you and I  
It means nothing to me  
This means nothing to me  
Oh, Vienna

[Deeko:]

I am  
Walking a thin line but with this gift I will grip mics  
Spit it with a thirst never think twice  
About being on top I want to live my Life  
To the point that I didn't wish I that I'd taken a different  
flight  
So now I'm in the position where people give advice  
You got to show them who you are when they hit the  
lights  
To never show no weakness no crib tonight  
And al be happy in death long as I did it right  
And if the memory fades al never let it get to that stage  
Cause my music is getting replayed  
And when my time is done I will let the pendulum sway

So make a smile raise a brow if they mention my name  
Just remember that how I came up and showed them  
the deal  
I made something from nothing  
I don't think they know how it feels in this field

[Sample: Ultravox]

The image has gone only you and I  
It means nothing to me  
This means nothing to me  
Oh, Vienna

[Werd:]

My tongue flicks on drum kicks you dumb shits get  
done quick  
Have fun with your one hit then fuck it your done with  
I come with that cunt shit that chav shit I run this  
No gun clips or drug flips so judge it on just this  
There's no underground see it's good or it's not  
Because if I was popular you'd be calling me pop  
If you add a wee guitar you start calling it rock  
Fuck it call it what you want man am stoned out my box  
Trying fucking figure out how to figure it out  
But all I got so far is get your finger out now  
Too many rappers are sitting and rapping  
Expecting shit just to come and start happening  
I'm not slagging but it's my passion  
So I get pissed off with you following fashions  
Following flash and just trying to cash in  
Say that you make it that's when I start laughing

[Sample: Ultravox]

The feeling has gone only you and I  
It means nothing to me  
This means nothing to me  
Oh, Vienna

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