

## Werd "After Music"

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[Werd]

Check mate I aint been to church in a while like  
Spend all my time on this

In my circle we cipher we talking  
We stand out in the ring like a sophrein  
We swing clubs hit green like golfing  
Do it stoned and still get it rocking  
Buzz broke I'm knocking  
Don't ring a bell no names not dropping  
No plaques just plaque that I'm flossing  
Got no stacks but I'm stacking my options  
Should I go start walking  
Or should I stay till the day that am off and  
Sick and I'm coughing or sticked in a coffin  
R.I.P. though he did rip it often  
So the grave stone reads  
Drew Devine may you rest in peace  
We can't forget see you left on beats  
All of your thoughts in your talk and speech

Though I walk through the valley of death  
May my rhymes put my mind at rest  
And when I'm gone and all that's left  
I had something to live through yes [x2]

So what's after life like after mics  
Cause now I'm like 'do I have to write'  
Nah get it right recite  
It's all in the head I'm the paranoid type  
Shit I wish you would clap  
Maybe doing that wouldn't be so slack  
I could get it tight and type up a rap  
That you might like but I like my rap  
So back (Back) you look like prey  
I pray for the day that they take me away  
My life my mic it's nothing but stress  
This life this mic will be all that's left  
Text engraved on the granet  
I got to pray but he might not granite it  
I don't want to die on the planet  
Cold underground just another rap bastard

Though I walk through the valley of death  
May my rhymes put my mind at rest  
And when I'm gone and all that's left  
I had something to live through yes [x2]

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