

Werd

"Breakdown (Intro)"

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[Sample Used]

[Werd]

I used to think it was about the music
And how we could use it to make a movement
But you don't want to hear it have you feelin foolish
This rap thing mate you aint ment to do it
Why mic and booth it? Your mind you loose it
But in my mind I had somthing to prove shit
Mine was music incline to do it
But in time I find I am fucking useless
I'm fucked in music I'm fucking stupid
For thinking I could help out the rest of you kids,
You fucking knew this that I would do this
And it kills me inside just what the truth is
That I'm loser life dark no rumour
And I think too much al end up with a tumour
Picking up dust then suck like a Hoover
If you sleep on my dreams then I'm coming like
krooger

(Sons of Scotland)

I'm far too sick
Of the tension the wait the suspension
My mind it is stressing and vibes that I'm sending
Are far too dementing it's out this demension
I thought I should mention I find it depressing
Trapped like I'm fenced in catch was confessing
I got the pen and-Drew-Devine intervention
Devine is a mess and at present a pesent
He wont be king till he's learing his lesson
Through past to the present I'm making a present
Not for you for me and I'm sending
First class hense it's right on the fence it's
Right out my chest and you find it offensive

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