

Werd

"Breakdown"

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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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