

Werd "Its Aw Yours"

Visit "[Its Aw Yours](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Werd:]

Yeah Werd S.O.S. and I don't do this for me
I do this for you it's all yours ken it's for you

I said to myself I don't like this
I said to myself I ain't like this
But oh hell man let's recite this
Because your the one thing in my life that's priceless
When it's dark your the brightest
The shine of light that I need to write this
Your so righteous let's go mic this
Come with me hold tight like vices
I used to get so nervous
Just want you and I know that's selfish
And I know I am far from perfect
So maybe your love I don't deserve it
But I love this thing
Get on one knee just to show you a ring
You don't want me and it's just a fling
Then hold up wait just let me sing like ok

Why you think that I do this
Because I was told that I would be useless
I just drink and I think that I'm clueless
Why the hell did I put myself through this
Why make music
When at the end of the day it makes you sick
But you did choose it
You can't complain if you can't do it
And your lifes your mic
Your pen when write all your pain and strife
Swear to god man it like

It's all yours [x3]

You know me but you ain't met me
And sometimes you just forget me
I want to show you me you won't let me
Because you ain't got the time to check me
So what do I do
Not saying I'm the best that's up to you
But it's down to me and what I do

So check out Werd man check what's new
Yeah and I ain't got to prove shit
When you still write bars saying that you sick
But if you just make music
Then you get a tick from me like just do it
Swoosh run tracks like Nike'ies
But to get in that race it ain't likely
No and they don't like me
But no single I'm still B-side you
And we could be together
Till then I be forever
In love with the useless pitch
In love with what this music biz
You know what music is
Just a release for my usual stress
Yes I'm a usual mess
So I just do what I do best

Why you think that I do this
Because I was told that I would be useless
I just drink and I think that I'm clueless
Why the hell did I put myself through this
Why make music
When at the end of the day it makes you sick
But you did choose it
You can't complain if you can't do it
And your lifes your mic
Your pen when write all your pain and strife
Swear to god man it like

It's all yours [x4]

Visit [Werd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.