

Werd

"It's Aw Yours Pt. 2"

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[Werd] Yeah Werd S.O.S. and I dont do this for me I do this for you its all yours ken its for you I said to myself I dont like this I said to myself I aint like this But oh hell man lets recite this Because your the one thing in my life thats priceless When its dark your the brightest The shine of light that I need to write this Your so righteous lets go mic this Come with me hold tight like vices I used to get so nervous Just want you and I know thats selfish And I know I am far from perfect So maybe your love I dont deserve it But I love this thing Get on one knee just to show you a ring You dont want me and its 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 cant complain if you cant do it And your lifes your mic Your pen when write all your pain and strife Swear to god man it like Its all yours [x3] You know me but you aint met me And sometimes you just forget me I want to show you me you wont let me Because you aint got the time to check me So what do I do Not saying I'm the best thats up to you But its down to me and what I do So check out Werd man check whats new Yeah and I aint 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 aint likely No and they dont 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 cant complain if you cant do it And your lifes your mic Your pen when write all your pain and strife Swear to god man it like Its all yours [x4]

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