

## Werd "Mad World"

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[Werd:]

Well I got up out of my bed  
What's the point I really just don't know  
I feel that It has to be said  
My whole Life just feels like I die slow  
And I don't need nothing except  
A white pad beats and a biro  
But I guess they don't listen to Neds  
Maybe so but I still try though

Names Werd unheard and unsigned  
Want to be a rapper but I work full time  
Because that beats crime I get beats and rhyme  
Look at pop stars and want to beat their behind  
They get ghost written what's the idea  
Put it together yourself like Ikea  
Because we don't want you fake guys here  
Think that you fly but you crash like Aaliyah  
We taking off no I'm just spraffing  
Honestly not made much off the rapping  
Had a few gigs took allot of shite  
Made a few quid just to pay for the mic  
So now it's like what a waste of time  
Ever since a kid I was wasting mine  
Ever since I was told be anything you want  
And I believed it what's the point

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[Deeko:]

Spent a long time coming up  
All the songs that we done  
The shows we performed but still it feels not enough  
It seems they always try to call our bluff  
But it really doesn't matter as long as we get it done

Now from day one having ideas of being signed  
But that was back then I guess that it takes time  
Depressed state of mind it must be one thing  
Because whenever I'm rapping a verse I feel fine  
I'm known to drift off like a ship in the night  
And blank like the paper as I sit when I write  
I'm clinching to life as I'm gripping this mic  
Plus the worlds getting darker but I think there's a light  
So I've got to follow it  
Because I know deep down I've got a gift  
I've just got to acknowledge it  
And while these other rappers bottle it  
I'm giving no short measures about to express all of it

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