

Werd

"Pick Up A Mic"

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[Werd:]

Yo it's Werd

It's one of those Scottish things

Lateface on the beat see it's like

If I ever stand up and I pick up a mic
Then in other words I just picked up my life
What occurs in life is in which that I write
Lifes a bitch but you got to clutch her tight
She's funny she always demands money
Or you loose face and crash like crash dummies
And she needs more for food hash and rent
Till a look at other lifes and wish I lived with them
Till I'm hell bent because I rhyme heaven sent
But born in a place that rap was never meant
To flourish they laughed and called it rubbish
No urban in the Scot could ever bring the ruckus
Fuck it who the fuck are you to judge it
A whack Mc or a Dj who could'nt cut it
I love it I'm getting made beats
Next I need paid I'm only played in the streets

Sit back close your eyes and imagine
Everything you hoped and wished for never happened
So all you had was rapping to change things
Still picking scraps trying to catch what the game
brings
Picking up mics wrapped up in this rap thing
I pick up mics to see the hype that my name brings

I sit down I drop the mic
I stop for a second then I pick up the light
The joint picks me up for a second am fine
Then I pick up the bottle and sip the Bucky wine
I just want to shine like boy racer wheels
But all I'm ever offered are fucking hash deals
No rap deal so I deal with disappointments
Only feel alive when I take this joint and
I need to quit I canny (fuck it)
Call me oor Willie I'm always on the bucket
Tell me to quit do a DX and suck it

I can only write rhymes when I'm half out my nugget
So if I stop rapping you'll understand it
I never thought you would listen I never planned it
So if I got rich I could'ntstand it
I'd end up putting all my money in the bandits

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Do you know where I'm from what this place is like?
Before kids can cycle they can chore a bike
And at night they'll pick some fights
And that's real funny till they pick up a knife
They say my life isn't suited for rap
But a flow so can I skip selling crack
Shit no gnats but cunts are still shooting
Shooting with the needle and the fucking spoon
cooking
So things is looking like a train spotting scene
Trust me to write a sweet sixteen
Without the smack I'm just trying to deal rap
Put the needle to the record and inject my track
That's a lyrical bat Scotland wake up
Would it be a miracle to drop the hate nut
Jealous cause I do it and I'm young
Call me Craig Gordon I'm Scotlands number one

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Just trying to change things

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