

Werd

"Straight Bars"

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[Movie Sample:]

The tendency is to push it as far as you can
Push it as far as you can

[Werd:]

Werd n Deek
Loaded on the Beat

[Werd:]

In Auld Reekie a get reeking and I speak on mics
I'm the beacon of light seeking bring some life
Cutting into the scene like a spit with a knife
So sick I spit death like a rap with a scythe
In the cipe you ken that am lyrical right?
I can write but a can't make miracles like
Walking on water less a freeze it to ice
And get my fucking skates on
I just do it like Nike
I just do it to spite
All you little bitty rappers
Sweet little rappers like empty sweetie wrappers
Empty bars with no lyrical matter
And my raps are to visual you could catch it on camera
Don't wanna shit on you like a bitch on Biggies skit
But at fifteen a used to spit some much iller shit
Than you ever write recite or fucking bite
Am an asshole dropping shit but it's far from shite
We can fight or battle or play you at chess
Anything fucking thing you want just to prove am the
best
We can go square goes with flows and you can bet
That if cunts give me stairs then I will fucking step
Get it? Nah over your head like hoods
Call the boy Van Nistelrooy am that Ruud
But how can I be nice with the shit that I've heard
You're getting on my nerve
Tell them Werd
It's no a rap thing I dinny live hip hop
I dress in La Coste with trackies and hot rocks
The shit that a drop well that shits shit hot
Shit you should stop cause your shits just not

Yeah stop and say that Werd he's
Talented technique terrific times three
That's thee that toking till tanning these trees
And if you say that you got me down to a 'T'

[Movie Sample:]

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[Deeko:]

I bring the light to a dark room spark and ignite it
And with the pen I can define remarkable writing
Soon as I step on the stage I tend to amaze
It's like the roof was on fire after a set it a blaze
Got a god given talent
But my devilish ways
Keep me grounded
It was the pencil that lead me astray
So forever waiting to enter the heavenly gates
For me I'd rather make it in hell and attend to the flame
Maybe a shadow on the wall
An image in the Background
Sitting by myself
I never wanted to stand out
With this blade under my chin spit to the fan now
Want to see change as a tramp sits with his hand out
I sit still like water and get deep with it
When you shallow hall bastards could'nt see past my
image
Right now I can record what you would call brilliant
Breathing life to a new sound why would you wanna kill
it

[Movie Sample:]

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[Werd:]

Taking out the trash they call me the bin man
No heart the tin man
Two faced the ying yang
Too great I amaze I walk straight through the maze
Of underground rap just give me a blank page
Just let me say what I say ok
Let me get to the point
You dinny want to play
Or get to the point of the blade
But why?
You see the point when I stick it in your eye
Drop the acting and accent
Words with no actions

I come with multi's like a bitch climaxing
Me and Deeko connect bars like steel scaffolding
Straight bars no hook so what you people catching?
Head scratching that's a common reaction
For what cunts do when we get to rapping
When we get to scrapping we'll give you some hooks
Until then it's straight bars Deek that's a good look

[Movie Sample:]

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