

## Werd N Deeko "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'ntcut 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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