

Werd N Deeko

"Push It"

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[Werd] The pen a hold that I dont hold back I want the whole of that But theres a hole in that They try n hold me back They try to distract But fuck a diss track We just chib that We let a rib crack Plus we spit that You say its just rap You dinny live that Plus you're shit at rap And we're the shit at that Spitting that like diplomats I kick it and I (Push it to the limit) I'm not an M.C. dont lie like M.P's Just M.E on the MP3's With cheddar ad cheese but a rap for free Feel like the whole worlds backs to me Then it's back to me to try and switch the odds Working full time trying to quit the job No time to record no signs or awards Dont even get a fucking round of applause Spent all this time trying to break through Seems like cunts try and break you One Scottish scene dont get take two Trying to be someone would take to Making money was the goal it is still Rapping in the mirror never gave me a thrill So when I do it now my reflection stays still He just stands with a smile cause he knows that I will If you got skill but still got bills No one pays attention and you feel you could kill Thats the right track cunt Thats the struggle You cant run tracks without jumping the hurdles Not running in circles when I've got the pen Not got it backwards like my name my friend In the end raps real its no pretend Trying to right wrongs trying to make a mense Trying to make a mense aye right then Trying to drive a Benze so I write then With a paper and pen over and over again Cause even when Iv got money knout to spend And I doubt you ken and a doubt wev met And I bet that your knout without the net Without a cheque and without getting signed Your not a rapper your a cunt that rhymes [Deeko] And You know us We're the choose ones We stay focused So explosive And your not us So just stop cause You have just lost And your not gonna win (x2) I write my rhymes ignite my tongue I got two minutes to shine my times begun If you think of the ink as the light that I brung I could keep Edinburgh city alight for a month If I ever fall off getting right back on But you'll never fall off Wouldnt like that huh If I keep shining like this I might be a star If I keep writing like this is might see me far And I know we can make it

now Heard your hating how Deeko and Werd allow we
to take a bow People have said that we are under rated
now Is it because we are the favorite now Is it because
we make the greatest sound Or is it the fact we are
straight in the gayest crowd Or is it the way we switch
styles to the sound Of what we built allow me to break it
down I'm tired of hearing you cunts spitting politics
Write a hot verse maybe a follow it You know hot bars I
got allot of them Like a jailhouse in hell are you
following Keep going keep moving keep flowing keep
doing your music keep pushing that shit We knowing
we hoping we going to the top Wont stop if we (Push it
to the limit) Got to write this all that I got Goes in to the
pen everything that I jot Is a blessing in disguise My
body of work gets bit Just as if was the body of Christ
Cause I love it when I spit it if I didn't I'm lying I'm
addicted never quitting gotta finish the line Middle
finger to all the pricks all you critics of mine Stop
bitching reload new song keep firing

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