

Copywrite78 "Seven Light Years"

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* When the mic is near me, you've got every right to
fear me
So ahead of my time not even a psychic hears me
When his hand drops my brain unlocks
And you're dodgin this insane assault, I wouldn't
entertain the thought
Battle scars I'll leave you stuck with it
My style's like a pussy with AIDS, you don't wanna fuck
with it
Non believers who won't accept we're the hottest, sleep
on us
And wake up in flamed tore up pajamas
Your thought's weak, move on,
I change your heartbeat from twelve BPMs to the speed
of a Luke song
If you even puke wrong your career's sold I'm too
strong
I can hold Jupiter with my earlobes
I'll pull out some shit I wrote when I was seventeen
it's so ?impious? to shit you wrote a week ago
I'm timeless, priceless; you rhymeless, micless
Bottom line I'm the nicest
My I.Q. doubles when in times of crisis
And my mind's as sharp as this razor you bout to get
sliced with
All day during eternity. Always
"Copywrite seven eight" will echo through hells
hallways

(hook x's 2)

I came seven light years before the dark ages
With eight different infinite ways to spark stages
Got a nine man crew that controls the reign
And the soul of every listener that knows my name

I posess what you stupid motherfuckers need to get
If it ain't Megahertz or Weathermen it's a piece of shit
The mic's the worst solution to even this
Cuz you'll go through twice the persecution Jesus did
I'll step on stage with a black cape with a wack rhyme
about your fat date
And how I met your mommy on the chat line

This fool Nelson will put you in a full nelson
Leave you layin face down in your stool yelpin
A thousand of your fans ready to kill me
And tell the sound man if he wants to jump in he can
feel free
Instead of threats in your face I sprayed your ass to
hell
Blast myself and resurrected a day later
So drop the mic this instant
Pocketknife to the throats of those that commit
Copywrite infringement
A sick twisted vengeance. I keep crackin on opponents
And sleep on more wrappers than the homeless
Deliver constant misery. I don't spit positivity
I spit on positivity and send fakes to a grim fate
Labels can drop me. I don't give a shit, I'm in it to vent
hate
If they're dumb enough to sign me, great
Got a list of a hundred things I hate
And you're number one through ninety eight
If you hear an R&B bitch singing on my tape it's cuz
she got a gallon of my semen clingin to her face

(hook x's2)

There's two type of emcees
Those that wanna face me get hacked and fail
And those that have faced me can await a rematch in
hell
My vocal tones pipe bomb your face in
Hold your own? You have trouble holding conversations
You're left with little to no air
Duct tape your mouth
Leave you upside down in the middle of nowhere
Shine like rays of sun. My brain's a gun
What you're tryin to say in six bars I can explain in one
It's obvious my skull weighs a ton
Over a billion gigabytes I download information from
I'll pelt you clowns. Ugly as fuck plus timid
Then melt you down and reconstruct y'all in my image
I ain't spittin if the track ain't hard hittin
I don't care if Premier, Mu Tao or Mozart did it
I'm deep with a fistful of satire
It's this type of trajectory that makes heat seeking
missles backfire
I show love to troops that I bomb
By givin hugs to crews with nuclear arms
I'm like Chuck Manson on tape
My choruses are me givin my victims a chance to
escape
The raw phantom without a champion jaw is here to

scar
your soft patterns with adamantium claws
My mic will make your nerves ache
Me comin off ain't the issue
I wasn't screwed on right in the first place

(hook x's 2)

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