

## **K-the-i**

# **"Trading Places (Feat. Nocando)"**

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Check the rhythm it takes  
I break cyclones  
I might as well fuck up your head  
When my mind's alone  
While zoning in cloud nine  
Ski slope over the Alpine  
Correct tone condoned  
When vocalizing what I felt to minimize  
Clap your hands  
It's the all American Band Stand up  
Don't mind me as I unlock myself from these cuffs  
Then the uppercut cuts off circulation to conduct  
Picture this scenery if it was to erupt  
Tough luck  
Your stuff doesn't make any sense that's why your  
image timid  
cowardly  
And no one cares what you got going for yourself  
So set no boundaries  
Unless you actually achieve better health  
What is this anyway?  
A candle light dinner with that special loved one in a  
classy  
environment  
With music to be composed by a DJ  
Well I'm not having it  
Then and only then I need to insinuate savageness  
Tell me about the good old days  
In many ways it seems to be reverting its comeback  
Then when it's attacking  
Relax when it happens  
I might've knocked you off course due to the simple  
reaction  
This is my box  
No one could enter it  
Within the center of exiting exodus  
Next notable motion could cause arrogance  
The terror beyond anything that's irrelevant

(Nocando)

Class picture's fakest smile  
I'm thinking fuck a scene

You ain't my friends  
You ain't my pal  
My enemies are up front with me  
Bury the back stabbers  
And body bag the bottom feeders  
You don't want to fight  
IÂ'll make the war happen  
More scrapping  
Napkins for your open wounds  
Even if youÂ're not a scenester  
I don't got a problem either  
Fools are awful eager  
To cross the creature  
Who gave them confidence  
When they were non-believing  
Cock blocking CondoleeZZas  
Yeah boy!  
You're acting like my right hand bitch  
Well your limelight lifespan fits  
In my right handÂ's grip  
Your flows are ugh!  
Your shows are oh!  
Where did all the people go?  
Your dough is low  
Your groupies are on tweak and blow  
Their facial features decomposed a week ago  
Make them hoes eat a do-nut  
Or a pizza  
BroÂ' what  
I'm a seasoned pro slut  
I got a crew  
We all know I never needed one  
I heard your words of wisdom and I never heeded one  
I heard them tracks man  
You need to get them beats to bump  
All respect due  
My opinion is theyÂ're weak as fuck

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