

## Tactics

### "Absurd"

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Yeah, I'm a put em in the back  
Put em in a Glad wrap trash when they rap  
Garbage ass flow and it's rhythm that they lack  
Yeah I talk a lot of s\*\*\* but I get a lot of scratch  
Tryna get a ticket to be playin with the pros  
Spit it with precision kickin knowledge to my foes  
And my fans too, stay alert, always on my toes  
Got ya girl number and she always call me when she  
lonely  
Why she lonely? What you doin wrong?  
Hummin to my songs while she rubbin on my knob  
So graphic, Tactics stayin on my job  
While you slippin off track like you runnin on a log  
Catch me goin on a jog, thinkin of new s\*\*\*  
Got a new age flow and I'm flu like sick  
Call it cliché, I don't really give a f\*\*\*  
Like I'm celibate, also cliché but so what?  
You ain't doin this, later hater why you tryna ruin this  
So stupid, nothin good full of foolishness  
Tellin em to cool it, please leave it alone  
Hopin all of y'all hear me like we on a speakerphone  
I could go all day I could go all night  
And me no play I'm the bout to ball type  
Alright do ya get it now? If not I gotta sit ya down  
Spit it in ya ear til it's clear what ya facin now  
Redirect ya hater vapors we don't need em here  
Somethin like the boogiemán feedin on ya fears  
Disappear, re-appear but stayin on ya conscious  
Like Magic, Pucker Up then get up off us  
Lil wimp, you should take a hint  
Always sayin that ya next but nobody'll play ya s\*\*\*  
I'm a top draft pick, a step above most  
From that 360 steady reppin for the coast  
I am pro fresh, professional as an emcee  
No less than the best when you get me  
All up on a track, get the beat a body bag  
I'm sure it's gonna need it by the time I finish with my  
rap  
No Limits like we Master P  
I got a coffin for the comp if they clash with me  
This is lyrical murda and that is my word

Got a big mouth speakin words so absurd  
No fatality, ain't no way to finish me  
Swag through the roof and my style on infinite  
Slow to catch on but you'll be gettin it eventually  
Love to the friends of me and hate to all my enemies  
Let em know, we bout to kick the doors in  
Pedal to the medal on my life we gon floor them  
Pay em no mind, no shine we ignore them  
Tantalizin flow, more fans I'm a lure in  
Purely, sincerely, you ain't even near me  
Ya crew full of bitches like a cheer team, hear me  
Signin off Dear T, us you can't touch  
Bout to up ya rush when I pass the mic to Hush

Picture me rollin with no 500 Benz  
By myself too I don't see the need to be friends  
They had me under surveillance and all the homies  
was tellin  
I put in work, short time but them n\*\*\* was jealous  
I do me, only me if it's a problem then scream  
Shootin Stars all day man I ride for the team  
Got a click for the clack cuz my feelins is mean  
Got a Tic for ya Tac if you feel what I mean?  
Yeah far from a thug but I'm miles from frail  
F\*\*\* a Lamborghini door, I open up sails  
20 in my pocket, 50, 000 for the bail  
Drop a hammer on the head to the coffin go the nail  
Parasail, in the sky lookin very pale  
I pray too hard to get ya lil ass up outta jail  
Now you floatin and it sound like a whale  
Money come and go but you weigh it by the scales  
Bright lights flashin they flashin on ya tail  
Check comin late but the bills are in the mail  
They don't wanna see you rich they just wanna see you  
fail  
Even fam only lookin out for themselves  
Record labels sell you dreams then throw you on a  
shelf  
2012 got a n\*\*\* workin like a elf  
Yeah, I got these presents for myself  
Time ain't of the essence cuz I'm aging very well  
I tell it on a song, you just hear it and you tell  
But I'm lovin the attention how my name ring bells  
Shells, yeah I don't bang clips  
Bang bang, I just rain clips  
And I don't got Milton on my wrist  
I don't ball hard and I don't got whips  
And I don't back down but I do talk s\*\*\*  
Man I'm grown man sailin over Stephanie's Abyss  
My homegirl drown baby know that you'll be missed  
Yeah divin in the ghetto cuz this s\*\*\* is useless

You thinkin bout the past got me ruthless  
I chew the beat til a n\*\*\* all toothless  
Earthquake, how a n\*\*\* just move s\*\*\*  
Real goon too n\*\*\* I don't gotta prove s\*\*\*  
I struggle hard while you n\*\*\*z barely do s\*\*\*  
Charlie St Cloud, Sailboat Music

B\*\*\*  
Wolf Magic  
Yeah, Shootin Stars  
Tactics  
HushHush  
Quiet Money  
Get em

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