

A.Tone Da Priest "Sonic Flow"

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[Verse 1]

Print and copy, my statistics lofty, impossibly often my
ends not stopping
A boss in a coffin, a loss I protest, forget death; make it
one less waste of a breath
Set goals to a mission, position unwavering, savoring
the fortune and fame just a game youâ€™™ re in
Blame for him maybe, the chasing of dreams, get the
key to succeed, take a loss for the team
See the cost of believing, you brought this to being, I
fought with the demons, no cross overseeing
They get lost in the greed, when the soul bout to flee
the man, gone from the earth, god gave him wings
again
Lived all his life? Someone tell me what in mean again,
want to be free? Just be the wind
With time as a drug lâ€™™ m gone, such a fiend I am,
well just cause they say it, does that really mean I am?

[Verse 2]

To quick, she thick, we get action. Packing dick I deal a
thrashing
Slacking? No she throw it back man, slapping ass its
straight attacking
Asking â€œCan we take it slow?â€ Oh no them
panties got to go
A show to show me what you know, itâ€™™ s rapid, acted
porno hoe
Dough probably why she entertain, subjective is my
right to fame
A shame she went to college, became an alcoholic, still
use that brain
For draining things, society providing me a leech to
tame
To easy â€œWhereâ€™™ s this leading?â€ Reasons
throw me off my A game

[Verse 3]

Wishing on em, sitting on a star, so far above the rest
Just fed my ego see no evil, need no reason being
blessed
On my chest the world is weighted, all this time gone

now I've waited
Chasing dreams it seems out dated, waiting for how
final fate is
Sadists say it's just a phase to live in life without a
page
Or just a slave to diction, getting fucked man, cause
you getting played
Anyway you cut it, shut it out, it's still above it,
enough the public
Eyes to judge this guy whose long gone been
abducted, busted, life can't get enough yet

[Verse 4]

Step inside, I make surprise, a rise of hype, I'm
staying that guy
Praying for my breakout, take that out the equation
bury it eight down
Trodden soldiers, rolling boulders, papa knocked off
plenty old birds
Lotta trollops stay on my words; say the phrase,
amazed, got no nerves
Heard of heaven? Less the mention, keeping score on
who pretending
Acting fans get met with dead ends, only fucks wit 9s
and 10s
Flip em over barely sober stuck in didn't even know
her
Name, say it's a shame, but when I asked her lips
were playing blower
King October, Libra, scale her pussy till I reach the top
She hot and sopping juices, I'm just guessing what
she like a lot
Cock got her hot, screaming out for me a freak without
d cannot breath
Succeed at deeds with speed, he quick, that bitch she
better be pleased

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