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Das Raciast "Middle Of The Cake"

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[Verse 1: Heems]

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My pocket full of loud, yeah I got that Fran Drescher I'm straight up out of Queens but ain't no Tec up on my dresser

Just a bunch of dusty books and a statue of Ram Or Hanuman, a big framed poster of Veerapan Yeah I spit it great, mommy move it like a snake We leaving the club like somebody called the Jakes Eating Ritalin and steak, I'm in the middle of the cake Belittling, little idiots who think their shit is great but it's wack

[Hook]

How many licks does it take to get to The middle of the cake? Giggle if you're awake Chuckle if you're asleep, knuck if you buck Now we counting all the sheep, baa baa baa baa blah blah blah blah blah

[Verse 2: Kool A.D.] Let me try it Anything that don't match the skin color, the brother dye it Show promoters paying for rooms at the Hyatt Firewater costs a lot of bread, but heads buy it And keep the owner fed, peep the overhead This sword of Damocles swings over the coldest Holders of boulders and money folders Who sold the bread to hungry dummies at high markup But money is money is money is money

[Hook]

[Verse 3] [Kool A.D.] s white devil sophistry Urban Dictionary is for demons with college degrees Google ad technology is artificial karma, B Rick Ross on the radio at the pharmacy

[Heems] If I die today, remember me like Guru Dutt Or anyone, tweet about it forget about it And then don't give a fuck. I'm feeling weird, I'm up in a rut Nah! PMA got me now. Picking it up!

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