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Eric Turner "Style Changer"

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i'm coming meet amazes i love the charts with amazes i'm a style changer inovator my ..changer i'am let the people know me i'am let the .. tell her i'am G ..haters the fifty places i stay .. i'ma need a size full of gold i'ma let the eyes go i'ma let the .. call ym name and hear my echoes ia'm be the first .. i'ma be the last singer i'ma let the ..make em call my name and hear my echoes echoes, echoes hear my echoes, echoes, echoes yeah, style changer i change .. from the ghetto to first .. to earn that baby mother money for the .. hiding that jacket they mouth starting the .. runnin the .. relate without .. send it for a trash you could thank us .. of every urban aspirtaion starting on the world with no explanation the reason why your son wears his hat to the side with his arms crossed emulating bosses no rick ross but the..making move people no inovators in another club because the same style dont' make the ends in my ends money make friends style makes followers style changes change all of us when I had a peak at you you were not involving i've been getting .. echoes in the dolphins rappers think they're wavey end up in the ocean i'm the rhyme minister you do the voting radio and TV can't get enough guess i'm living in two places at once always cried wolf but I never cried enough i was that kid that was making up stuff

before when I would shout no one would listen now they're shouting with me while they're zoned to my rhythm I barely go out with the girls that I been in this is Wretch .. is the only new .. to my vision my ex gets depressed when she hears my tunes I still get teh shivers when I see her in the room and this is no lie this it's a whole lot a truth if i gave you my heart I coud show you the proof hole up they tell me get a grip (grip) I'm threatening to let go i don't wanna a chick (chick) i just wanna get dough not that I don't love women but I get loads I was bagging the baddest b****s when I was dead broke eeeugh you got swagger like .. move slow but with the money i'm like ... might have to change on them piss on their parade when I rain on them when your weekends become your weekdays and you hear so many voices you don't need mate not to mention...you wanna pass the baton but you feel like you're on your own running relay what's left to do but better your own time aint nothing to do but better your own rhymes I hope you appreciate the irony in me saying that losing aint part of my vocab you know the rules

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