

SSC Enterprises "Run This Town"

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Mystery

Man i was rebel at the time i be up all night
despite all the wrong turns man i still made right
the street lights made it easy to fight the dark methods
i write and diminished your right to make records
we all trying to make it real, big in the game
and what you don't understand is you can't be the
same
you can't drive in my lane, i ain't heading for the fame
lets be honest i ain't even shown you all that i came for
but either way, try to catch up if you can
but i'm so high, neverland, peter the pan, this high
don't touch dirt off your shoulder for real
if you were busking if would be more of a pity appeal
we already know it time to blow up this burn town
the crown is bound to make you bow down to frown
the sound around you whispers is just drop the pounds
man i run this town, i'm j mystery its history

J5 (J5th)

Yeh our swag it
shines bright, star light
close your venetians
been here four seasons
yeah you've probably seen us
slaying hyenas
avenging acts of treason
keep a neon scalp for
sentimental reasons
toppled em and fleeced 'em
scutter back cretins
green like absynth (absent), better take a leave of
feet up, deals up, swag pack, three cards
these fingers Midas - well sell what we touch
We can't, be stopped, real swag, gigs up
release your incantation or recant
feet stuck, you just feature in sets
you're Bochetti playing tetras
got no connections, ain't flexing
'cause i pull apart you flow with my driver, Phillips

take a step back you getting sniped by my bishops
switch the flow and ankles blowing like Chauncy Billups
Got Spurs no stirrups

Maximus Marketable

I am
So ready for pain man
Alabama Pheonix, i spring from a wasteland
and just like the story goes, i rose from the ashes
the sun of a slave, i was born from the lashes
i look at these dudes, i see what trash is
i'm getting desperate, shit's getting drastic
they had the future as a present and i past it
pause all the flexing man, let's talk some real shit
saying you a murderer, you never killed shit
saying you a Dboy, you never seen bricks
I hold all cards, what can you deal with
called an angel and a monster and everything between
born in a nightmare well, you was living dreams
pawns fall easy but its hard to check a king
clowns could never see the circle for the rings
cats be lion, they just a bunch of cheetahs
no vision no direction but they swearing they some
leaders
got so many striped, metaphorically a zebra
cut you off at the angles, how can you de-feet us
we run this f*cking town and i see you sweating litres

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