

Lyrics Born

"Pack Up"

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From the gate what you know about rapping
motherfucker
You can't even hold the microphone without it
feedbacking
Since the days of speed rapping I've been snapping
cats spinal bones
(em)barras them in front of women take their little titles
home
Bear in mind I come from an era in time
Where you actually had to have lyrics that rhyme
Let my baritone grind your insides, paralyse your
cerebellum
Throw with your reality out of a nine mit?
Flip shit, on some pimp shit, on some rock shit
Some rap rock testosterone rip shit
Look inside every magazine you read about me
Got an excerpt, your sissy ass crew's afraid to say the
fucking f-word
Tired of playing games, I don't know the password
How's about this open up the damn cash drawer
Throw the keys on the dashboard
Let the real players play this shit
Yah can fucking wretch up?

[Chorus]
Pack up get started walking
Fall back now on your losses
You can't accomplish
But you won't defeat no contest baby

Forfeit don't rock the call pit???
Chalk this up as a conquest
Some things is sacred
I don't play with my stage or my audience

Smooth talking charismatic ass ill
Talk you lady outta bra
Honda hatchback hand held y'all starved
And I'm dangling a shrimp by the fan tail
Whole audience about to fall over the handrail
I can't tell is that rapping?

Dude sound like a fucking parrot just crash landed
Man this shit is ass backwards these days real crazy
I can count on one hand cats that's truly creative
And the rest is all get along go along guys
Happy not to get involved just along for the ride
No vision, no drive, spirit or wherewithal
You can get mad and stay mad at that I don't care at all
Huge p

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