

Thunderclap Newman

"Sum Shit I Wrote"

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Marks I erase like racism, I'm as large as a bigot
Brew is my escapism, when I'm bubbly I just kick it
What I need from you is understanding that I'm
standing
On my own two, down with my own crew
Toe cancer, I'm bad to the bone too, I'm prone to snap
off
When I'm off that Cognac I can't hold back like a
massouse
I get loose like a screw turned from left right to tight
When it's time for some action I get Red's "Tonight's Da
Night"
An eye for an eye, a life for what's right
Dissected I'm on some hi-tech shit computers want to
bite
Your style is Pascal, mine is Basic and just instinct
I'm with the fam and ran scams, me and Murray got up
on big links
And if knowledge is the key, goddammit I'm the
locksmith
Studied the missionary waitin on my life, the mic I rush
like bostage
I switch styles like a channel with controls that are
remote
Engage in a page, and with words I elope
Walking down the aisles with styles I freak the vows
That tie knots when I rocks like a Z-28
At any rate, brothers gain interest because I loaned
them microphones
They couldn't house the shit so they had to rent to own
It's like that, coming from the go rapper
I wanna bone Jada Pinkett and that hoe Patra
So keep on, and you don't, now come on
Ah keep on, and you don't

When I'm alone in my room sometimes I stare at the
wall
And in the back of my mind I hear a wack-ass rhyme
And I catch Alz-rhymers, then forget it, I get charged
Like a nigga in position with the stolen card of credit
Fuck flipping the script, the rap scene I'm trying to edit

My mellows call me "Never", they be like "Never's
going to get it"
Never's too much, I'm much too, I do justice to poetics
That's why cats be like "Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you!"
Other studs come through to see what I am up to
They be on the dick of crew that be giving us weed and
buying us brew
Like Kareem I got the hook up, brothers look out
because they look up
Rest in peace to Heaven, I'm washing tons of rappers
like Booker
Tee told me "You gotta get out of the crib, get into the
world"
How you going to come off with the style that's sterile?
It's like that, keep on, ha ha
It's like that, keep on

My foundation is in black block of niggas that rock they
hat cock
I'm real like a fight with my rap, rappers I slapbox
Back I got my rap cocked get your glock out the black
face
Got tall flavor with fat taste, the rap race is a rat race
Just cause you got Adidas with the fat laces and the fro
don't make you
hip-hop
You sorry excuse for funk rap
Why is there so many cranks trying to rhyme, yo funk
that
The real shit's starting to come back
The Go is where I'm from and where I'm at, jack
I started eating cat when I was 10
Before then I was getting big dog like Glen Robinson
I don't see nothing wrong with a little bump and grind
But comes a time when you gotta get off of that booty
The facts of life I didn't learn from watching Tootie
But living in the big city but I still like Tootie cause she
got big titties
My style is steep, I rip rhymes on the incline
Splat guts bust fat nuts and lay up like a crypt line
I'm slamming, jamming on the one
I'm a bad man, you're just a good son, come on

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