

## Illés

# "Disgusted"

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Hook:

"Why ask why do you need a reason?"

"While you're squakin' I'll be chillin' like a vulcan" (x6)

Look who's disgusted to tell of a relationship just drag  
Life's a drag Excessions for a drag I'm down to rags  
And breaks from my old cassette tape  
My boomer box filled with this for the audio rate  
Ain't nothin' greater then some shakable bubonic  
My jams the chronic  
Suggestive the whole mind state is pure agressional  
best infession  
Baby you and me can get down  
My boogie live my family jive with the woofer and down  
aaaye!  
I explore rappin' within the groove I make things  
happen  
And ask when I critique myself to rappin' beats  
I sign my strength get to length  
Then pray upon the weak I'm absolute  
Without brew I just don't know what to do  
A soul mystifiers on bound action like the truth  
My baby boo thinks stack I got my tootsie roll on hold  
Weak to the nareic known as Sugar Baby  
MC's back up yeah yeah as this plaque unfolds  
1-2 I'm disgusted like that. 1-2 Down to Earth is  
disgusted like that  
1-2 I'm disgusted like that. 1-2 In every sense of the  
word  
"While your squakin I'll be chillin like a vulcan" (x 4)

Check it now baby listen, I'll remain sane within my  
restrictions

So much heat in my kitchen Ikeep the arrogant just  
bitchin

My back sternl learn so many suckers carry shanks  
Before you can blink your feelin the insertion of the  
break

I'm head overdue the world and it's ways

I except fake like most MC's except props

And now I'm thinkin', I'm thinking of relationships

No thanks for your help Down 2 Earth is at self  
Now baby bust it  
Why you have to leave me so disgusted  
The thought of having to leave reinfested  
Our love was thick but in the end you be the diz  
My name is Eric and I'm sure you won't forget it  
For now I have to leave you with a pound and some  
distance  
No reminising this is far for me to get you in  
So I've been feusin; baby you and me ain't down  
1-2 mic checkin' as I leave you with this question

Hook (x4)

The frustrated far from fasinated  
Between the lust and the hated portrier of your avment  
From a lover to a hater all that matters  
Is that the Eath makes splatters  
Mission mode stop the presses, the pressure is  
depression  
No depression just boredom  
Stop naggin' me, attitude antagastige  
My boots are knockin' but my door is locked  
I got some force to crack a fills and plus a jung on the  
track  
Hip hop should never front on me  
back to whom it my concern form the pleasure to terror  
Inbetween a rock and a pillow  
Too bored to stay awake but I can't get caught sleepin'  
I must of slept no regrets I ddin't slip sleep slumbers  
No time to get involved pick a number

Hook

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