

Odotsheaman

"Minute Freestyle"

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Odotsheaman
And I'm coming hard,
Turn around, get your back touched
Like a spa massage,
Your not bad, your just acting up
Like a drama class
I blast your arse
Your girl is shattered like a palm of glass, [Bookai]

I swear,
Nothing moves right in my wrong head,
Hear my bars, are alive
Even if you gone deaf/death,
Bring a don with loads of p,
And when he steps,
In the end, be empty like the word dreamt,

My mind is on the border line
Of touching insane,
Running the game
Music runs in the blood in my veins,
I be doing this ting
So look up for the name
Flying to the top,
But I ain't one to be jumping in planes,

Remember when I was shit
And guys used to par me,
Never won a clash, I tied-all
Like tsunami,
But atleast then I still didn't lose,
But bun a clash
Right now I'm spitting just to up my views,

I just hope guys feel me
When I switch to rhyiming,
Don't wanna stay underground
I wont stick to mining,
And I'm gonna speak my mind
I wont stick to miming,
Lyrics are like seasoning,

Coz you gotta get the thyme-in,

If you go off beat,
Then everybody notice
If you flop the flow kid
Man'll take you for a joketing
Think I'm joking
Then you will see,
When you flop on the rass beat,
I spit futuristic
Your flows so last week

BOOKAI

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