

Punchline And Wordsworth

"Last Days"

Visit "[Last Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Wordsworth]

We go back to back and bring pleasure to mics

Y'all only go back to back just to measure your height

And me and weathers alike [how?], unpredictable

Hallmark "Get Well Soon" when your fan visit you

It's miserable, the way that I effect y'all lives

When I reveal the naked truth it will molest y'all eyes

And niggas stay askin Words [what] yo spit for my man

Remember my verse, go home, and kick this shit for
your fam

You'll probably miss an exam to hear me kick it and
scram

And you wouldn't drop an album if it slipped from your
hand

Easy come, easy go, it's part of the game

When I write it's worth something cuz its part of my
name

It's Wordsworth, really it ain't hard to explain

Depend on my hard and my brain

Like a farmer for rain

Where you fall short, is where we come up strong

That new artist with your demo you're tryin to run up on

You can't rehearse fate

My birthdate was a prophecy

Maternity wards had to reserve space

My words paint, describe emotion

You cryin notion, and sweat rivers

It's just in us

It's poetry at the highest form

It's bug cuz if you rap and bought this, I'm dissin you
the entire song

Relyin on skill, can't dispute when I write it

I'm what you're looking forward to, like the future ?????

[Chorus]

This is what you waited for

Un-cut straight raw

This is what you really need

Bang it till your ears bleed

I spit too [So what!?!]

I got hoes [So what!?!]

We got dough [So what!?!]

We hold it down [So what!?!]

(repeat)

[Punchline]

Gimme a tight track and a whole bottle full of liquor

I spit sixteen and make you break fool like Rah Digga

Stack figures, I'ma show you what I'm really on

Snatch mics like the Feds snatched little Elian

Silly rap Don niggas, get no wins here

Spit shit that leave you pissed like my project ?????

Dew rag on my hip, I'm born to win, it's a given

I switch hoes like Ali switched religions

K.O., split decisions, its all in the same

No matter what the critics say, I'm born to win in this
game

Battles kept me physically trained

Spit crazy flows

Fiendin to rhyme since Cool J did radio

That was '82, now the rap game needs something new

You sound oldschool, and your label stay fuckin you

One, two, my real niggas I'ma defend

Punch and Words keep it tight from begining to end

Chorus (2x)

[Wordsworth]

It's over now and we just begining

I only mess with women that wear clothes like they
dressed for swimming

Want me to rhyme on your record, so when I'm dead
and hauled off

You release it to revive your career when you falled off

[Punchline]

Yo, I keep an attitude for niggas that act funny

I roll with niggas that get cash and dress bummy

For rap I stay hungry, my styles unique

I roll deep, your label hope we don't drop the same
week

[Wordsworth]

Or decade or century, they do all with chemistry????

The new foes of the industry

When we blow, eventually

On corners y'all can hear me spittin

And pull me to the side and ask if I'ma share my
writtens

[Punchline]

Y'all niggas talk cash but never seen dollars

Rob me, I keep a tech like Rasheed Wallace

Street scholars

I put it on the hottest MC's

Me and Words rock joints together like siamese

[Wordsworth]

I solemnly swear that we here to conquer for years

Y'all probably scared [Yo chill son I got it from here]

[Punchline]

Sheddin no tears

Don't care who you run with, suck dick

Walkin wild like I can't be fucked with

Chorus (2x)

Visit [Punchline And Wordsworth](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.