

Rewind

"Music Box"

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[Hook]

There ain't no choice hear my voice
There ain't no choice hear my voice
There ain't no choice hear my voice
New Sound is the joy
The more I hear this Music Box
The more I get worried

[Verse 1]

Don't hear any live music, think I'm going deaf
Tryna join my team now someone get the ref
They pushing on my balls reaching for the net
Feening for some magic, get off my John-son
Now we getting known but we also getting blown
Napkin flow, these niggas got tissues
Me I'm fucking sick but I don't know my issue
Rappers spit, I puke my adam's apple
Searching for that eve that music shit I breath
Ya gon suffocate the day that I leave
But that never gon happen, Rewind gon stay
And that Music Box is stuck on replay
What do I hear this shitty ass music
Shitty ass lines, shitty ass rhymes
Where's your origin they respond with the toilet
Guess they farted gassed themselves up now they
think they homage
Homage? more like Homer
Yellow ass shit, hard in the paint give yourself a boner
On that Joker, I hope you playing games
If that's what you call music, ears need a aid

[Hook]

There ain't no choice hear my voice
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There ain't no choice hear my voice
New Sound is the joy
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[Verse 2]

My ipod is my bible every night I say my prayers

Judgement day just passed, why didn't God take us?
Living in a world where the fake is a replica
Of the truth, now I gotta shoot
Cuz ya ain't got a shot
Saying ya can cook ain't got shit up in the pot
Me I build it up from the bottom to the top
Like soil to a crop or a soul to the knot or a bullet to a
glock
Talking bout your clothes, I'm talking bout reality
Real recognize real and nigga you's a fantasy
Talking bout the struggles in life and situations
I'm tryna get situated just gotta be patient
Dropped my first video there's many more to come
Must be stuck on stupid if you thought that I was done
Many ears in the world, none of them are open, all of
them are closed in
Many voices in the world but who's really talking?
Who's really walking, let's trade shoes let me see you
do what I do
In life there's many problems, I ain't tryna solve 'em
I just wanna make 'em clear, load and revolve 'em

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Damm I gotta hurry before it's too late
Real Hip-Hop and mainstream need a date
If you thought I was lost, this tape proves your wrong
School, work and fam had me gone too long
The fans been waiting, the haters been hating
The critiques have been patiently waiting
To be stating what's good and bad
To me it doesn't matter cuz I do it for the fans

[Hook]

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