

## Time "Poser"

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(Passenger the pumpkin killer)  
Hey time, hey time, what kind of rapper are you  
(Time)  
Oh I'm one of those posers dude

I'm one of those I'm so intelligent rappers  
I'm a rap dweeb, rap geek  
I love rapping, I'm a rap freak  
I'm one of those it's all good peter pan jiffy Skippy  
rappers  
No wait I'm one of those only got college fan hippy  
rappers  
No, I'm one of those I'm not an emcee I'm a rapper  
rappers  
(Teen Wolf)  
Emcee chat room moderator yo

Took the fork in the road starting eating with it  
Cutting and stabbing at the earth's crust  
Fatal attractions the worst lust  
I don't thirst for much  
Dead, dumb and blind to this world  
Stumbled into love at first touch

Now I'm numb, they vowed they come, got loud for  
some  
Take ninety nine percent of the population and you'll  
get a crowd of  
DUMB  
Cause creativity and innovation is change  
If you don't give tradition  
Ventilation then the popular will develop hunger pangs  
Truth is strange, stranger than fiction  
Out of the average number range  
So sign the petition

Cause if I'm white and like hip hop then I'm a nerd  
And if I'm not holding anything gold or silver then I  
probably took third  
When the windows clean we enjoy the view  
But when it's dirty we complain about how our vision is

blurred  
(I can't see, I can't see)  
So I took off my sock and shot off a missile toe  
(Where my dogs at?)  
Cause no humans hear my whistle blow  
Hip hops still in the fifties seeing everything black and  
white  
Now we got flat screens with techni-color  
It's really not that serious but get your facts right  
Darwin said the evolution won't be televised  
So I'm serving up plates of sarcasm on my satellite  
dish laughing tonight  
Cause I'm one of those you know  
I got a third eye super spiritual meditate when I  
freestyle rappers  
I'm one of those abstract cats  
No, I'm commercial and write about how I act black  
raps  
Cause if I don't write about space ships then the  
weirdo's won't like me  
And if I don't switch up my style then the thugs will bite  
me  
Wait a minute

You're not hip hop if you don't act like a rebel  
But everyone's a rebel so I'd be a rebel

If I acted normal instead of gullible  
Serving kid's humility Pills with a side bowl of soul

I'm not hip hop because I'm not an atheist  
Matter of fact forget being hip hop, I'm music  
I'm just a writer holding a wad of luck  
I'm saying my words if they don't applaud who gives a  
fuck

Open up your third eye

You see cause I'm one of optimistic conscious kids  
Who spawn nonsense about what music is  
I'm one of those keeping hip hop alive rappers  
Nah I'm killing it, it's dead  
I'm one of those rappers who makes words off the top  
of his head  
I'm the dopest, I'm the whackest, nah I'm probably in  
the middle  
You think rappers create words, your vernacular's too  
little

Cause if I wear a Yankee cap and an ego I can rap  
I make friends with worms aspirating dirt

It's frightening down under  
People dance for moisture but don't want the lightning  
and sound of thunder  
It's exciting to wonder  
That opinions are facts and not records but candles are  
wax  
And at my home I got a bloody mantle displaying all  
the knives from my back  
I got the posture of a jelly fish  
Speed of a crustacean  
And I hate the weekends cause it doesn't give me  
enough time to ventilate  
My frustrations

Who knows people that hate freestyling  
(I do I do)  
I'm one of those rappers who don't go to battles  
They just sit home writing love poems and haikus  
Us rappers need to stick together  
But I'm not like you  
Wanna know why?  
Cause if I win a battle they say you got beat by a skater  
I'm one of those rappers who suck  
And when you tell me I suck I call you a hater  
(Don't be hating yo)  
Cause I won't be popular if I don't rap about fallopian  
tubes  
And I can't be gangster if I don't rhyme with Ethiopian  
dudes  
No I'm one of assholes who's got a big ego from doing  
local shit  
Matter of fact, I'm not an emcee or a rapper I'm a  
vocalist

(The typewriters)  
I'm one of those pretty boy rappers  
I'm one of those homely rappers  
I'm one of those pretty boy rappers  
What are you, what are you, what are you?

Go ahead yell until your voice do break  
I'm just one of those rappers being offended is a  
choice you make

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