

Tzu**"Curse of the Word"**Visit "[Curse of the Word](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum-ba-dum...
[Joelistics] Are you in it for the fame or the dames or
the untamed need to explain? It's a shame so many
rappers sound so lame when they tell you their name
and proclaim they are worth international acclaim They
just sound the same like they just found the game and
they play it like pilots grounded in name Now refrain
cause I'm fed up again Hip Hop became like a
storehouse chain Too plain, too stained by the
individuals sounding typical, identical to every other
fool While they're tryna rock and drop shit, I'm
dropping rocket jewels Cool, breaking all the rules So
smoke your sense samilla, painkiller from Manilla This
is gorilla B-Ball, fair on the snare for the blue-collar
worker working for the dollar Holler loud if you think
this system treats you unfair Sunup to sundown,
runners up get run down Beat in the forefront back to
the background Back down while I bounce around and I
go to town and break ground Cause I'm about more
than eight bars in a punch line I'm about more than
battle raps in a party rhyme I'm about more than tall
tales of street crime Each time I rhyme, it's sublime I'm
about more than the "Yes, yes y'all" Throw your hands
in the air, sing "Hey, hey" But if you only understand
the lowest common denominator I'ma give you what
you want and some shit to ponder later Ba-dum, ba-
dum, ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-dum... [Joelistics] I will verse
with word, immersed in the word Fight with the word
when I flirt with the word Take flight with the word when
I work with the word Shine bright with the word when I
recite words Cursed with the word, I am bursting with
words Nursing the word when word is born Verb to
noun torn when I perform Now I form a storm with these
words well worn I'd like to have a word with the world at
large With words I'll weave this work of art Pull it apart
and put it all back together Word for word, now letter
for letter Hm, front lawn to my backyard slang I'm
doing my thang when I chill and hang I bring the bang
like GANGgajang Now let me take a second just to pay
for the tang For all your critics who chill and relax
Listen up to the snare kicking the hats And if it collapse

then we'll fill in the gaps cause we meant it to happen
like that, perhaps And all the fanatics who be loving the
tracks I'll make your sign ap-snap like whip cracks The
better the beat and the better the raps and we'll put it
all down on 24-tracks Ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum-ba-
dum-ba-dum... [Seed MC] Yeah, yeah, yeah... One and
two and three, music move the feet For centuries
people use the beat to free the speech and keep the
peace and speak the defeat to assemble the ritual
Reach the deep and recite the spiritual Ignite the literal
insight from another identity Massively fascinate the
attention of man Impact just like disaster can
Demonstrate the crux of who you am Invigorate the
body, carry out the master plan From cumulonimbus to
altostratus The soul apparatus of the artist The light-
hearted and cathartic Soul of the solitude, heart of the
party A cardiac arrest, a sarcastic activist, a catalyst
for copious amounts of cannabis listen, now... Jig to the
rhythm, this inhibition is definition Jig to the rhythm,
this inhibition is definition of what?

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