

Erwin Schrott

"Absurd"

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Yeah, I'm a put em in the back
Put em in a Glad wrap trash when they rap
Garbage ass flow and it's rhythm that they lack
Yeah I talk a lot of s*** but I get a lot of scratch
Tryna get a ticket to be playin with the pros
Spit it with precision kickin knowledge to my foes
And my fans too, stay alert, always on my toes
Got ya girl number and she always call me when she
lonely
Why she lonely? What you doin wrong?
Hummin to my songs while she rubbin on my knob
So graphic, Tactics stayin on my job
While you slippin off track like you runnin on a log
Catch me goin on a jog, thinkin of new s***
Got a new age flow and I'm flu like sick
Call it cliche, I don't really give a f***
Like I'm celibate, also cliche but so what?
You ain't doin this, later hater why you tryna ruin this
So stupid, nothin good full of foolishness
Tellin em to cool it, please leave it alone
Hopin all of y'all hear me like we on a speakerphone
I could go all day I could go all night
And me no play I'm the bout to ball type
Alright do ya get it now? If not I gotta sit ya down
Spit it in ya ear til it's clear what ya facin now
Redirect ya hater vapors we don't need em here
Somethin like the boogiemans feedin on ya fears
Disappear, re-appear but stayin on ya conscious
Like Magic, Pucker Up then get up off us
Lil wimp, you should take a hint
Always sayin that ya next but nobody'll play ya s***
I'm a top draft pick, a step above most
From that 360 steady reppin for the coast
I am pro fresh, professional as an emcee
No less than the best when you get me
All up on a track, get the beat a body bag
I'm sure it's gonna need it by the time I finish with my
rap
No Limits like we Master P
I got a coffin for the comp if they clash with me
This is lyrical murda and that is my word

Got a big mouth speakin words so absurd
No fatality, ain't no way to finish me
Swag through the roof and my style on infinite
Slow to catch on but you'll be gettin it eventually
Love to the friends of me and hate to all my enemies
Let em know, we bout to kick the doors in
Pedal to the medal on my life we gon floor them
Pay em no mind, no shine we ignore them
Tantalizin flow, more fans I'm a lure in
Purely, sincerely, you ain't even near me
Ya crew full of bitches like a cheer team, hear me
Signin off Dear T, us you can't touch
Bout to up ya rush when I pass the mic to Hush

Picture me rollin with no 500 Benz
By myself too I don't see the need to be friends
They had me under surveillance and all the homies
was tellin
I put in work, short time but them n*** was jealous
I do me, only me if it's a problem then scream
Shootin Stars all day man I ride for the team
Got a click for the clack cuz my feelins is mean
Got a Tic for ya Tac if you feel what I mean?
Yeah far from a thug but I'm miles from frail
F*** a Lamborghini door, I open up sails
20 in my pocket, 50, 000 for the bail
Drop a hammer on the head to the coffin go the nail
Parasail, in the sky lookin very pale
I pray too hard to get ya lil ass up outta jail
Now you floatin and it sound like a whale
Money come and go but you weigh it by the scales
Bright lights flashin they flashin on ya tail
Check comin late but the bills are in the mail
They don't wanna see you rich they just wanna see you
fail
Even fam only lookin out for themselves
Record labels sell you dreams then throw you on a
shelf
2012 got a n*** workin like a elf
Yeah, I got these presents for myself
Time ain't of the essence cuz I'm aging very well
I tell it on a song, you just hear it and you tell
But I'm lovin the attention how my name ring bells
Shells, yeah I don't bang clips
Bang bang, I just rain clips
And I don't got Milton on my wrist
I don't ball hard and I don't got whips
And I don't back down but I do talk s***
Man I'm grown man sailin over Stephanie's Abyss
My homegirl drown baby know that you'll be missed
Yeah divin in the ghetto cuz this s*** is useless

You thinkin bout the past got me ruthless
I chew the beat til a n*** all toothless
Earthquake, how a n*** just move s***
Real goon too n*** I don't gotta prove s***
I struggle hard while you n***z barely do s***
Charlie St Cloud, Sailboat Music

B***
Wolf Magic
Yeah, Shootin Stars
Tactics
HushHush
Quiet Money
Get em

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