

G&E Music

"The March"

Visit "[The March](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Grouch]

Let's do this March
We goin' on a little march y'all
Put that right foot out

They call me the Grouch, at 6'1" that's my height
overall
Cuz that's a light and yell complexion though my brain
never stalls
Look for rain; I revolve around this planet like I own it
Developing my style, mother fucker don't try to clone it
Yes, I hone it in my basement, you're replacement is
near
If you hold the mic too long you'll get smeared like a
queer
And I appear, like 39 go deep beneath the level, of the
sea you seein' me
So why are you yellin' devil?
Man, I've been shovelin' that shit for hella years and I'm
no rebel
But I always speak my mind when over the bass and
treble
Time to face the kettle that calls that pot black back
But that's not the way to act
Then that's not the way to react
We cap lyrically, affect you spiritually
Let the music do it to your soul on a whole

[Eligh]

I would like to know the reason why we
As an underground family always get the third degree
1000 watts of meat knocking MC's right out of their
seat
Marcher on the beat with crooked feet to the concrete
4:20 is sparked on the Dark Side of the Moon
Searching for the distortion so I slide through the
saloon
Hoping to catch a train to escape this brainless yield
Take this stainless steel Army qualified shield to my
chest
Armed to the "T" in armor, I be a city farmer

Plantin' my seeds with a 2000 degree regulated hoe
Can't be faded though by the sleet or the snow
My crops grow
Regardless of this system-eco
Keep my ego in check like a needle to the neck of a
feeble balloon speck
Always on deck
My shit never gets out of proportion
I'm a doctor of abortions
For hollow lyrics born with no spirit
If this rhyme describes your rap content then I refuse to
hear it
I'll be on BB repeat
To have the media retreat
And take their seat in the fires
Heat, as we fire this fleet of hip-hop beats over oceans
of space
Using weapons of bass to encase your skull
Like a glass box
I'll be the last to jock and first to rock a show with a poet
I respect
Not on Star Trek but I check my grounding
By evaluating all my immediate surroundings
I know you hated my dismount while you discount this
pounding
It's called cranial drowning
I'm the founding father of my survival
You can't stop the arrival
So pop the cork when the stork drops them Grapes of
Wrath
Don't need to be up on calculus to calculate the math
So when my shit jocks I'll make sure my shit rocks
Smokin' that nuclear bomb I'll die known as spinny-ox

[Grouch]

They call me the Grouch at 20/20 that's my sight
overall
My vision never fails, I prevail and watch you fall
Small people try to act as if they're equal but they're
not
Always gabbin' in your ear, offerin' somethin' they
don't got
But I can spot them in a crowd of many thousand from
afar
I stay away from them, like women do my car, but are
We gonna be ourselves? That's truly the question
If I catch you frontin' to me that's the end of our
session
Of bein' friends; I'm seein' men fallin' deep into the
cracks
So I'm peepin' into raps so I can sleep, on my back

Between the sheets; call my fleet when I awake
Forever work on music and make the beat till I... break

Visit [G&E Music](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.