

## Chris Miles

### "80 Bars Pt. II"

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(Intro)

Youngin with a dream  
Uh, just a youngin with a dream  
Uh, Chris Miles had a dream

(Verse)

This just stayin like school de draw and I flow hard like 2  
tsunamis  
When I break dudes, it's breaking news, every hella  
one breaths like a freakin carney  
It's backseat, Rebecca and I'm actually with the pen  
and pad  
I rip the track when I spit the facts, when I snap back  
you a 50 cap  
And I rap that flow automatical, my colleagues think it's  
illogical  
With my eyes wide open, I shut em like voltage  
I'm focused on what I sign now  
Niggas wanna throw that trash but I'm more like that  
and I blast in of some shell  
I'ma bass pack with the fast track and I rap fast  
So man just give me my crown  
Lemme down, I swear to God I love hip-hop  
Spit fire when I come and lift it up  
Please now I'm off the leash bruh  
Yea check I'm gonna come up, when I be young  
And when I'm least round, I'm bee stung  
I'm going off like recons  
From the east side I'm beyond  
In the backseat our beat drop

(Verse)

Because lingered it, dropped with it  
Hey big boys, I'm driving it  
Going whole and I'm bout to spit it  
Flow ill like Pac chickens  
Hey just man when I drop off  
So called I be ice pickin  
Young kid with big dreams so hater screw your opinion  
I'm Duracell, Duracell, that crap flow your cartel  
This game I run that, ready ho my gold medal

They falling off that that Ghost pedals  
My flow never, it's so ill  
I'm 13, I ain't getting stoned  
We ain't talking bout Roselie  
If I'm going to heaven I'mma bank off  
If you can bare the tease you kill rom  
And I get a problem in this rap game  
Even though I just started  
I'm cold hearted, I go retarded  
I ain't mess around with no bank  
Everyone thought I was crazy, but now watch me go  
insane  
They know my lab math yea they hit us  
Killing rappers that realist  
But begin to stop that hating when they see the kid is  
getting paid  
Many drastically got a problem, shout out to all my real  
homies  
I ain't in no Rodney Jeffers so watch me as I get money

(Verse)

My cell ain't chasing cuz I go beast, wanna do my  
ganging  
Time is racing, I'll be patient through these flows that  
I'm creatin  
Out the brain I'm causing pain into your mind from  
miles away  
It's bombs away on all you rappers, I spill these lyrics  
on all you rappers  
I calls that cheddar, fap that chick  
I destructed the second I spit this  
Said this white boy and his shit been been at it love me  
cuz I play gone  
I'm just young'n, I'm a problem  
You just hatin while I'm droppin all these records  
They rackin with the rums that I'm provided, you ain't  
nothing  
The completion ain't a freaking problem man  
Yea I been live but I ain't talking no summer  
I'll probably school the rappers, you honestly ain't a  
factor  
I'm prospering through the madness, this adolescence  
is savage  
I'm blastin em with the flow, it's disastrous if I'm  
accurate  
Actually got more problems with lyrics, you'll get your  
asses kidnapped  
I eb spitting bars and made me fake it then I'm magical  
You thought I was over, it happens and I ain't half in  
this

(Verse)

It's right Kim, my spit rhymes, deadlier than Mike Vic  
Yea I'm sick, I'm startin to see a side effect but I admit  
I'm psycho  
It's not a straight jacket just a right coat  
Why bite the bullet when you could bite the riffle? Tell  
me that  
I think I went to hell and back, they devil tried to sell me  
crack  
Whatever that, Illuminati kiss my ass  
I kept the way with the pen and pad  
That's why I'm the center of attention, cuz I'm white but  
I'm spittin raps  
Killin tracks and they dig it for the simple fact  
That I just keep it real, that's why they the ones  
considered black  
I've been back and I ain't never gonna aks a man  
I'm headed to the top like some smoke in a chimney  
I'm the doppest on you ketted adolescents with a  
dream  
You something like cho squad cuz you ain't steppin to  
me  
But I'm reppin the NYC, that east side  
I'm appointed man, I'm eating competitors like a  
motherfuckin Tommy  
Man these rapping ain't a hobby, it's nothing less than  
a passion  
Through it everything that happens but I ain't going for  
keddy  
Cuz it made me who I am, them hatin, the fake friends  
Man it's Chris Miles, homie, I ain't stopping til my death  
cuts

(Verse)

Yea chick, yea chick, call me Steve-O  
Killing everybody to the point that everyone listened  
but never cared how we go  
I got that kid flow, cause I'm at the top, watch me go  
beast mode  
Tryina make green, no C Lo  
Man cuff the beat, hemo  
Call me a freak though cuz I go in, I go in, like omens  
Said I go in like vultures, and to what they care I flow  
sick  
And I'm nasty, oh you want the beef, or you paying for  
the pad  
We be running the game like after the trap me is  
coming  
To the top like now so you class can't tell him  
With a lil bit of rhythm I go HAM  
It was beginning because I know I'm bove them

Who would've thought that we going off again?  
But it never compared to the coffee and I  
Let it drop, you can call the beating if  
And got the girls gone crazy, every time I switch and  
count  
Blowing up like an ant in the warzone  
Everybody wants that solitary snow cone  
Gotta friggin this, I will be in it for the people  
Flow so hard I could give a short key stroke  
So I've killed this beat officially  
So I'mma do my thing, I'll represent Turner Raps to  
smitherings  
I'm gone

(Outro)

I said I'm gone, call me Steve-O  
Yea chick, yea chick, call me Steve-O  
Yea chick, yea chick, call me Steve-O  
Yea chick, I Am Me  
I'm gone

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