

The Living End

"Nowyouno"

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"No talent"- scratched

Intro:

Ha ha it's going down right now. The proceeds from
Grouch's album is going
Out to charity. Ha ha. Grouch ain't to racer! What?
Saver! Aye peep this
Right here.

Mr. Goliath:

The light was on upstairs we was unprepared for the
next event
But the circumstance left a cool sense of surprise
Eyes widen up
When some speakers with talons raise the mic in the
clutch
Right smack in the middle
Bumpin' all we continue with a smigget of patients to
deliver
Follow these messages translated aided by a flow so
similar to lettin'
Yourself go freely on the stand still
Patients wearing thin
But we wait so we don't hate
Slow Rollin' through the Yay
As we raise fine art through the origin hip hop
Undoubtedly
Raising through the top to be fresh equals me and my
crew
The best way to kick it and forget about the blues about
not being on TV
Summon up the skills are comin' up and summon all
thoughts of creativity
Testin' your vacinity

Grouch:

I heard that good things come to those who wait
But I hate lackin' ass dead time like a line with no bait
And I be sittin' at the dock of the Bay fiendin' for mics
Dreamin' of nights where wishes come true
And the bitches come through
With new Nikes are worn and warm meals are served

with ANY form of MC
Who had the bit of nerve but I observe that's not the
case
At every time and place
I ask the future for the answer to the question that I
face
I had a place called contentment but the rent was too
high
Got evicted from that shit now I'm bent through the sky
I spy
My patents like the enemy (enemy)
It's like a nation that pretends to be down until you turn
around
I yearn for sounds of bliss so risk you can't ignore them
Anymore men who listen
The smoother my mission flows
Addiction grows like seeds as my need to achieve
(feed me)
I take a rest after the leave (leave)

Hook: (x2)
Freely in the standstill
Patients wearing thin
So we wait but we don't
So we ain't slow rollin' through the Yay
As we raise fine art through this origin hip hop

Eligh:
Sending gifts of understanding to those not
understood
Except those faggot ass MCs now interpretations is
good
That's how I'm living that's my understanding
unchanged
Or deranged by the city no matter how strange
My gauge is knocking full speed full throttle
Bust a bottle on the concrete it's that's long lasting
anger
Casting shadows over strangers
In front of Blondes I slang tapes
Or at least attempt knowing nobodies exempt
>From being broke
Me and a smoker I need loot for support getting the
boot
When I fish the lake no permanent residence so I
partake on a search
A bird with out a perch
Specifically a crow lost in the hot snow
No nest, no money to invest
Scraping wood chips doused with no resin mostly sess
A little bit less then happy, I keep my penmanship on

point

I said what I meant keeping to fingers on the joint

Sunspot Jones:

Wake, up, FOOL! (look look)

Do you rip out a shit or not?

I ain't got no time to listen do you miss your four
promo?

Oh no don't make me get live

Half those arrogant DJs got our shit but don't play it
Leavin' underground and MCs feelin' mad and a little
underrated

I hated givin' a DJ my shit

But organize he wanna ride the East coast dick (get off
they...!)

That's why I stop goin' Crugges eatin' Crisco (put your
hands lay down)

That's why I never kiss no ass to bump my single

No naw

They be like "y'all is worldwide

Can I be your DJ?" (huh?)

And I think back to when your bitch made ass wouldn't
give me no play in the

Bay

Until you saw us kickin' it in Rap Page (oh)

A rocket swingin' outta your bottles in Monte Carlo

You started, jock, see we

Control our destiny

Well those fools is scared to see you be frontin' in the
bar

Ridin' in your partner car

Talkin' bout shit you never gonna do

35, broke but cool

Walkin' your baby daughter to school

Beeotch

(and that ain't even your baby)

Gimmie my.

Get out my way (ha ha)

Hook

Murs:

Now 99 these motherfuckers out now don't know shit
about sellin' they own tape

But give these niggas a deal they bad as Superman
without the cape

Wait

When the album don't get bought and the label drop
your ass

"Drop"- Beastie Boys

You find out you wasn't as fly as you thought

Caught ground zero another hometown hero turn has
been
While me and my crew just look at your ass then laugh
then
Throw your tape out the window on the freeway
We finish the night countin' our money from sellin'
tapes the G way
And that's tax free
Now if you ask me
All you signed motherfuckers need to attend
underground college
And under me attain the knowledge on how to properly
MC
I'm watchin' Rap City, MTV waitin' for someone to ring
the gong
Yeah that video is hella fresh but it ain't got shit to do
with your song
Now all these crews will never know the meaning of
payin' dues
But claimin' they mastered the lessons
But then they holdin' a drink and a mic in the other
hand
Become the meaning of stage presence
And backstage can't protect you from the rage of this
teenage wonder
Make you state your name break and serial number
Before I put you under
And add another stripe to the cult
See I sniped you through the throat will full metal jacket
tactics
Cultivated on the streets of mid city LA
Where niggas don't play that
You said that on the album you better live it
Or give that shit a rest
I'm tired of you motherfuckers not gettin' put to the test
And I'm not believing' that you sockin' niggas in the
face just for breathing
Deceiving' the blind throwin' out swine
To all these starvin' mind
And you'll find none in which you can compare me
Cause I ain't done shit unless it's Legendary
Bitch

Hook (x3)

Scratching "the underground stifle now"

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