

Juvenile F/ Lil Wayne, Turk "Rhyme Training"

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[Verse 1]

On a pursuit of a life like a story book saga
Math the author, exec. producer and sponsor
Who expect fools to conquer
And all because I want the mic, I'm lost in mind
Constant rhymes that taunt my kind
So far fate I resign
I design sublime in an ?izzinine?
I take you on a transport, deep inside a man sport
Honkey keeps the fans caught
Yo I command thoughts, strap you like a Jansport
Pack the math with rap
Verbal attack, reality facts
Cause if your strategy slack, look into math, yo that
would be phat
Yo I intercept when you attempt to tempt
And percept the percent of words sent
Keeping the herbs bent
But herb at me
And worse let me just project on my cassette
Rep on my twin tecks
A true vet. who bets d.l. mics training
He likes training, keeping the elements relevant
Maintaining, yo I'm stating when my game is here
I'm reaching out to hear my name in your ear

[Chorus]

Throughout the span of my life I am
Committed to rhyme training, yo I'm rhyme training
Throughout the span of my life my man
Wont take my song thoroughly and understand

[Verse 2]

Every area of Rex, relative evidence
Living in present tense seemingly represents
My rhyme, my dance and my tables, willing able
As I climb enhance, never chance mentally stable
Fables are told, as long as that shit sold
You behold math bold for the fake to fold
Continually conceptualize, cause I bet you and I
Until we die, have to define perpetual lies

About my culture and how we keep the structure
You get cut off in the narc if you're soft brother
From a sound foundation, that surrounds sound station
Befrowned brown nation, Caucasian Asian
conversation
Its all a part of breaking, confinements, timeless
You find this rhyme twist
A remix we fixed so the prefix sits
On some born true hip hop shit
Malvern hill top clique
Like a glock "Click Click", I'm fully loaded
Exploding lyrics so hear it

[Chorus]

[Scratching over Math speaking]
(Rhyme training, I'm a invent)

[Verse 3]

This song soldier I told ya, I hold ya with musical
exposure
Similar to sun at night
Sit and write all the copycat raps that bite
Sit and write sloppy tracks, stop ya act, come with facts
I'm relaxed, keeping balance
Yo the only balance, retaliation to challenge
And my allowance, defining spirits to flourish
Keeping heads nourished, we defeat worthless
Yo my purpose to surface the earthless production
Rhyme training conjunction, Math coming with
something bumping
Ill tell you one thing umpteen times
I learnt from writing rhymes between lines, time and
space
I'm a penetrate verbal debates that never hesitate
To infiltrate instrumental place that relate
Throughout the span of my life my man
Wont take my song thoroughly and understand
Yo, ha ha

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