

Grüvis Malt

"No Fighting"

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The infestation of our population
patrons dealing mostly
in fakin' front the frontlines with
fronted reputations,
it would be verbal masturbation
except you get off with a large part of the nation
Is it compensation for lack of personality or frustration?
You are not what you'd like to be
In this reality, you need some
creativity or some vocabulary
Maybe try university
to diversify your diversity
Stop actively pursuing this acting activity
you see even master actors lack the authenticity
You cannot bust into a settlement by storm
honking the horns you stole
from those who came before your swim to shore
It's not a war of course
but you're riding on our prized horse
You've tapped from our water source
lifted from our stores and reservoirs of sorts
I can't ignore, in fact I'm sore
music is not a whore
So do not borrow it's force and
decode it like Morse,
cause you endorse forced rhymes
and this time we closed the doors, sorry suckas
If you're not a worm don't get bit
and if you're not a fish please don't bite it
Damn, I got a bone to pick

No fighting
No biting
If it's not yours please don't take it
If it's not yours please don't fake it

There are way too many citizens neglecting lyrical
content
Cash spent on Clark Kents boasting Superman descent
With dissonant intent, no dissenters or repentance
keeps the

standard subterranean so the dense can hop the fence
and
play intense / in tents / in tense
past winning Jeopardy at three in the morning,
mourning the loss of genius as my eyes open,
the lack of sleep sucker-punched left me three black
eyes,
trying to figure out how people build a wall of truth by
telling lies
We dropped disguises, deciding our angles shouldn't
be hiding,
and everybody shouts "TRY REWRITING" but I'm not
buying it,
I'm selling facts not fiction, if you need to borrow
diction go to the library
and look it up under the section labeled "wack,"
Before airplay, this genre's played out like falling in
love with Björk,
I'm stranded in the Diesland while my brain is in New
York
Well I'll be diggin' on some futurock and cuttin' pictures
out of magazines
'til the light under the door goes from black to grayish
green
I don't claim to be an "MC" just an "me"
"d-i-a" cut me up and I'm bleeding beat poetry
In ten years I'll look back and see if martyrdom was
financially beneficial
I remember you screaming and biting the heads off
mannequins that don't budge
But bought a t-shirt with your name on it,
but they bought it, that's money in your pocket
I know but do I need it?
You got an addiction what do you do with it?! (feed it)
Those who mass market you will duplicate your
greatness
while you're busy using superlatives
Take away your natural flavor and add preservatives,
reserving the right because you chose to serve them
blindly
They took your style, ideas, life and said "Thank you
kindly, I own you"
Music as a whole has been diluted, your whole intent
convoluted,
after the planet has been flooded with your fodder
your formula now reads "simply add water"
So if you're not a worm don't get bit
and if you're not a fish please don't bite it
Damn, I got a bone to pick

