

Major Christie

"Substance Abuse"

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[Spawn]

When you die what you own on Earth won't be coming
with you

So all that fat shit you've got, I ain't trippin that ain't an
issue

If you've got vibes, on a cool level we can talk but if you
live lies

Through material-fertilized eyes and fantasize then
walk

I use my vocals like chalk to sketch the picture you can
see it

See unfold what I thought in my mind when I free it
Did the swallow get caught? Yo does your throat feel
tight?

Do you see what can happen when Atmosphere grabs
the mic?

Just a word for you its funny and I think you caught its
fever

All that shit you watch on tv has made you a believer
You don't have to like me bitch, cuz I don't really like
you either

I don't care if you're rich, I had your girl, and I'm a
leave her

Word I'm eager, to disrespect the petty thoughts of
many reps

As I take steps and climb and leave footprints on your
mind

I've designed my own lifestyle words and vowels
instead of "rifals"

And hang out with rhymepals who tower like the "Eiffel"

[talking for eight bars]

Chorus[all]:

A lot of things change and somethings don't

A lot of people fall off and some say they won't

That's right (That's right) x2

Cuz we'll fuck up your life like a crack pipe

[Extreme]

It's the TC's original b-boy Extreme

So when a nigga calls next you better pick your team

I hit the seam like doublestitch, twitch and get bent
A Rhymesayer nothing less than one hundred percent
You cats are far from inventive, cool and calm
I destruct an angled emcee before the touch of dawn
My wand be makin niggaz go "poof" with smoke
Nothing left but adidas, X ain't no joke
I'm not out to get the quote of the month
Fuck a stunt
I'd rather grab the microphone and give you what you
want
Opposite of a flaunt cuz my shits bang hard
Yeah you bust but I'm black jack you pulled the wrong
card
There may be one too many I give you plenty like
excessive
If you're wack and grab the mic you end up in a state of
depressive-
-Ness yes, couldn't pass the test with a calculator
Rhymes like piranha, beat designed by the ANTinator
Hater never, I just wait till you're tired
And then I give your ass a ticket cuz that last shit's
expired
Better yet tired, cuz your position's been terminated
Wack niggaz bug me like pests and get exterminated

[Chorus]

[Slug]

(Yo Yo Yo)

Wanted to see if it was alive, started poking it (All: Pokin
it!)

How could it survive when you're chokin it? (All: Chokin
it!)

When I can get a firm grip, I'm holdin it (All: Holdin it!)

And when I'm broke, I wear my girls deodorant

[laughs]

Wait, did I say my girl, I meant my pimp

Cuz she's the one with the money, and she walks with a
limp

And honey, if you wanna purr you gotta register with
her

Cuz she gets ninety five percent before any events
occur

Sir, your self-imploding ego is adorable

Word, but your immature stee-lo is ignorable

I don't know, maybe I'm just getting too old to flow

How much more must I invent before you seek
retirement?

Repent and tell God that you feel shitty bout your
actions

Bent in the back and I can only blame my passions

Well rounded relapses kept me at a fraction
When the wind died I found myself spread across the
Tascam
How much thought did you put into that verse you
brought?
What made you think I wasn't gonna mock? Put a
fucking tube sock
In that hole because I think it started to leak
Take two dicks and call me in a week

[Chorus] - 2X

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