

## Matlock

### "Moonshine"

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I hopped off the train out for fame the only white mug  
Shitted on the battle rappers, fucked the open mics up

Way back in the day rockin' adidas and a kangol  
Hoodie and a blunt, wrote my name with a halo

Mom was on that same ol' "Get a job and get your life  
straight  
My favorite dago bangin' in the back, I'll do it my way

'98 I gained crew, drank brew and paid dues  
My name grew, the played me on the radio I made  
news

Crowds showed me love, other rappers had to show  
respect  
Older heads were so upset I blew up off a broke  
cassette

Papa was a rolling stone, but me I love my home the  
best  
Chicago joe, and if I ever blow I swear I won't forget

I came up starvin', in strife like the Evan's  
Sippin' 211's, scrapin' pipes, hittin resin

When life gives you lemons make some fuckin'  
lemonade, shit  
Well life gave me pain against the grain and I made  
this...

(scratches) Moonshine, my music is a true crime  
I hope it ease your brain and kill your pain the way it do  
mine

(In due time), I'll either make a killin' or I'll do time  
Cause even if the fuzz is comin' gunnin' son I'm still  
runnin'

Moonshine, I'm tryin' to do my thing bitch do you mind?  
If you love me then I love you if it's fuck me fuck you

two times

(2 dimes), 2 phillies, Logan bitches lookin' too fine  
Music blarin' starin' out the window on the Blue Line

Crazy Artist Type, way before it was recorded  
Morty poured his fuckin' heart out, when no one would  
support it

And now they' damn fools at a Fam' Jewels  
performance  
Rocked Planet Mars, tapped the bar dry at Orbit

Afterwards we scraped change for dirt weed and  
waffles  
Wasn't even 21 and cats were blessin' us with bottles

Plenty scummy throwin' up, everybody goin' buck  
People overflowed the show, po-po came and broke it  
up

I buckled down blasted, wrote and underground classic  
Bootleggers had it made, the whole fuckin' town has it

Funny-style bastards couldn't hate and they knew it  
In my face they played stupid, tryin' to say they ain't do  
it, (who's it?)

FJ music, rowdy and we reek of gin  
We come in, wreck the fuckin' stage and kick the  
speakers in

Then gone with the breeze again, cheesin' with a bag  
of dollars  
4 O'clock in the mornin' smokin' kickin' raps while the...

Moonshine, shit's weak? Somebody tellin' you lies  
Bring your baby's mama down and come and see the  
Jewels live

(School time), I'll kick game and spit flames at you  
swine  
'Cause I'm harder from my hard luck, I'm smarter and  
my heart pumps...

Moonshine! And money, I don't give a fuck who you  
sign  
You new jacks could lose lives, the new batch of  
(Moonshine!)

Could knock a buzzard off a shit wagon, leave a mule

blind

Now all you little bastards hit your crib and write some  
new rhymes

From New York out to Hollywood  
And to every hater far and wide (world-wide)

Get out the game, change your name you can call it a  
day  
Your fun is up, you're done, run and hide (pack your  
shit)

We gon' smack up all you bitches  
You're catchin' it vicious, naw you can't hide (no dice)

I'll crack your head in 2 and stomp another hole in yo'  
ass  
Just for fuckin' with my Moonshine

I spit it for the kids sake, the sober and the shit-faced  
The dirt-poor, my sick crew, the city and some inmates

Thick chicks and mix-tapes, respect and the spinach  
Cinics eat a dick, I give a shit about a critic

Cats are livin' off of image, it's a God-damn shame  
I get 'em hollerin' the name and I ain't gotta campaign

'Cause I stuck to the ways that I chose motherfucker  
I'm unknown and broke, but I'm gold in the gutter

Don't ask me what it's all about, if you don't know you  
gots to guess  
This hip-hop is all I got, greater men have died for less

You bring it home, and if you don't, at least you know  
you tried your best  
But this a fact, you never turn your back, (That's just  
Common Sense)

The basement days stayin' late layin' lyrics  
Dubbin' over singles hopin' somebody would hear it

My sprit on the lowest budget, hissy-soundin' shit  
recording  
Mr. Morty, this my story, if you know it sing it for me

Moonshine, my music is a true crime  
I hope it ease your brain and kill your pain the way it do  
mine

(In due time), I'll either make a killin' or I'll do time  
Cause even if the fuzz is comin' gunnin' son I'm still  
runnin

(Hey yo, how you doin' Morty?), Yo I do fine  
Especially if you buy my joint, cop that shit a few times

Actually I'm just happy I was here to spit a few lines  
For you guys, thank you motherfuckers, naw you're too  
kind

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