

Muph & Plutonic

"Becoming Agrophobic"

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[Intro]

What are you listening to?

What are you listening to?

Rap

Rap?

Yeah, my English teacher thinks it's a highly important form of modern poetry

It details the common man's struggle for survival in a hostile environment

You play baseball?

No

[Scratches]

"Please don't ask the question, how low can you go?"

[Verse 1]

What the fuck you looking at? You're staring at your attitude

Gave you a smoke and you showed no gratitude

How bout a thank you? No, he wants to hang you

Big feeder, heat seeker, wants a fat feud

Brewed by the lack of manners, cabin crackers

The little factors that matter scatter all over the tracks

Pitter-patter gathers and gutters crack

Jump - the rudder smashed, hit you with one attack

He ain't coming with that

Nah he lacks that sense of esteem, but he's the king of his dreams

And he swings from the beams that hold up his head

His beanie's seen spat on, cleaned and left for dead

Amongst the bread and butter strugglers

He tries to smother the udder, angst the cranks

The ranks stench of skid marks on the fence, he clings to strength

And lives to bring revenge to the things bent - insanity

Most handle it fine but his mind grinds with gravity

Thoughts deport to orbit
Nervous and awkward at the smallest events
Vents his frustration on the corrugated fence
Fist clenched against the iron
His only real release now - he's gonna have to be
rhyming

[Scratches]

"All my own"

"Please don't ask the question, how low can you go?"

[Hook X2]

The older he gets, the younger he feels
The harder to deal with conflict
The more he conceals, the bigger the ditch
Now he can't even handle the smaller fish

[Verse 2]

Huh, amongst the pretty, petty, pointless concerns
He turns his shoulder from the border of broader social
life
He becomes a socialite with his vocal mic
And hopes his sights don't go blind to folks he likes
The light's derived from the kind type that pass on a
free ticket
They've got no need with it
He sees these simplest gestures as a treasure
To remind him of the whine and whinge, the overlook
of the finer things
That this life can bring, but the silence seems freedom
And his aggression has overeaten, feeding on the evil
things
This is what the people give, sift through the line
Push, shove, twisted spines of ignorant times
That emphasize the self-survive approach
That coasts through the smoke filled cityscape
Intimidate, aggravate, elevate hate
No place for manners, taught to take what you can
We've all had plenty of practice, contributing factor
Is the fact is the nice come last
So everyone's trying to push their way past, but the
smarter ones laugh
Knowing there's more to life than being the first to start
The best dressed, he knows they're right, but he tends
to forget
And the bubble gets bigger till they're touching the
trigger
And he's quick to snap, punching walls and doors - he's
unable to relax
So he locks himself in his room to be consumed within
his raps

[Scratches]

"All my own"

"Please don't ask the question, how low can you go?"

[Hook X2] (2nd time fading out)

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