

Muphin

"Not Your Average"

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[Verse 1] Empty promises I'm tryna help you see Like an optometrist travels kilometres This wanderer always on the lookout Shook my mouth and the truth spilled out now Where can I go without the start? How can I grow without the starch? I use my heart but half the time it gets ripped apart So I cart myself off into the corner Sick of being this depressed, stressed emcee mourner I sorta oughta get my life into order Cross that border, end the self-mutilation and all the torture I sorta oughta get my life into order As I drink, think, blink, I sorta just drift I must re-arrange this with a raised fist And take this shape because my life is sacred And I won't waste it, no I won't waste it No I won't WASTE it! [Chorus] I'm staring at my reflection In the puddles Standing at the intersection Head muddled Swept in by depression Mind puzzled Attempt for a recollection Of her cuddles Flashing by are a million questions In a huddle Now when I'm feeling threatened I remain subtle [Verse 2] All our lives we try to stay organised But I'm one of those guys who tries but just struggles People say this and that but can't remain subtle They burst the bubble of tact, fact I always manage to be caught in the rush I lay on my back laughing at the wack But in reality that won't make me put down the next rap I snap on tracks, we all know that No format, plans I lack But now it's time for the blueprint map Yeah boy, assume the position The ammunition's loaded so move on back The cracks must be sealed You smackies must peel off the addiction Forget the next deal, roll the reel With a better life filmed with some light With more delight than the Turks I go berserk, I'm making my life work right You heard some tight rhythm This is what I'm giving, living but I'm slipping Winning but I'm sinking in the world of competition My expeditions cause collisions My mission, a nice place, a wife with a smiling face Maybe some kids but I'll take this at a slow pace No ages of race, don't want to waste Nor make a hasty decision Who am I kidding? No idea how I'll make a living Sitting on the bench Forty degrees of heat, soaking up the stench Drenched in sweat from trying to predict where

I'll get But I won't let the world get the better of me yet I
won't let it get the better of me yet [Chorus]

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