

Urban Dance Squad "Burnt Up Cigarette"

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Yo gotta bad habit
But you hit it
Comin' down yo block
So uplifted it
Showed me yo nose bone, big trick
Burn up yo nose, you little maggot
Close to a faggot, you've bin
Down the stations drugged in sexed again
Bin yin 'n yang, doin' that thang
Where it ends, a next bang
Boom, I presume yo ego needed room
Monkeys on yo back
Couldn't stand alone yo doom
Wanna be a rockstar, with two hands,
Lies can't go now, you lost yo hand
Hated normal people, hide with alter ego
Woman 'n a child, so yo talked all cheap yo
Say you wanna gonna run a thing soon
Five years later, still howlin' at the moon
Semi-anarchist, fond of cannabis,
Should've helped you out the pits
But your brain went sick

Even on yo job, playin' like a slob
Glory pops up
Claimed to be top, sick of hard labour
Got the vapours
Push comes to show
I went out like toiletpaper
Got shank in yo hand
For I was the man
Wish yo were in front, you know yo never can
Sad, sad, this boy got it bad
Throw up a fit - it's me you wanna hit
Picture that with a nikon camera, click

I know you use people
I know you use people

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