

Oblique Brown

"Smoke & Mirrors"

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[Verse 1]

I give a fuck who's who on your whose who list
I turn whose who to who's dude quick
Their music's a nuisance, acoustics I choose
I use as nooses, Cross reference the truth spit.
music biz is the new crucifix
for dudes with Messiah complexes tryin to test this
your god don't live here, keep him on your necklace
welcome to hell son, they got you on the guestlist
keep your Lexus, their investments your deathwish
posthumous product means monstrous profit
I'm live on arrival, ain't sponsored by morbid
Corporate feedback, forfeit or ease back
Mafucka Chee's back, to sow these seeds of drama
Sending Rumsfeld sonograms of Osama
Turn a phrase like Vanna with that switchblade
grammar
That monogrammed 'bitchmade' on ya suede bomber

[Hook]

Baffle 'em with brilliance or dazzle 'em with bullshit
This music: you either fight, fuck or dream to it
Baffle 'em with brillianc or dazzle 'em with bullshit

Elevate, they treat it like elevator music
Baffle 'em with brilliance or dazzle 'em with bullshit
This music: you either fight, fuck or dream to it

[Verse 2]

Drink wet cement, mixed with hot tar
So everything I spit's concrete, dog I rock hard
Drop bars, fortified with a barbed wire
Hard wired to wreck shit, leave you disconnected
Indie rap reflex and knee jerk response is
Like "Chee's work is conscious" cause these herbs is
nonsense
With bomb threats and triggers, pawn sex and
scripture
This verse: a still image of a moving picture
Scrimmage with dudes in rooms doomed with liquor
With sobering thoughts, my lyrics shall purge you

Scotch bottles ain't a proper prism to view my work
through
Serve you whoever, circa any era
Terror dome poems, homes my brain is a moshpit
I'm straight up and down like 6 on the clock is
Y'all do it backwards, got shit on ya cock's tip
Go around ya clique, I surround them quick
Then fart in ya ear so you can hear the sound of shit

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

They say 'Have flow will travel", vocals forged
From iron ore transformed to 44 steel barrels
Spill gravel, pavin' a path for cats
To travel if I hear a rapper say he wanna battle
Slay ya cattle, skin 'em, hang 'em as draperies
You signed to a major, welcome to chattel slavery
Your rap's void of factoids, it's all make believe
You swallowing semen (sea men) like choppy sea's do
naval fleets
Pappy please, you the face behind Maybeline
Chee's the abrasive face these racists deem
Sand Nigga fuck! Son I'm sand paper rough
I scrub till it chafes then I scrape up the dust
Place it on tapes till it makes me a buck
Embracing my placement, this place is a rut
Stuck between, rap, a rock and a hard place
No jobs, just wars, so fuck ya God's grace

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