

Off Topic

"The Straw"

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[Off Topic]

I don't preach teachers
I survive seizures and fill bleachers
Turn a broken glass world into mosaics of pretty girls
And cut my lips on the first kiss of the church mural
So now I leave emcees sea sick like the Tilt-A-Whirl
You don't rock like I rock
So don't try it
And you wouldn't like my CD
So don't buy it
'Cause I see the clowns you nod your head to
Ride around while you gobble down the products that
they tell to you
Like first they turned you robot, now you vacuum
Suck, suck, success is achieving our goals
By focusing on core objectives and crushing the ball
I Pack Mad Symptoms you couldn't cure with Midol
And I don't brag or talk shit but now and then I go off
'Cause every time I had to swallow my pride and fall in
line
I follow those same guys outside and make 'em
'pologize
With a lead pipe mic stand and a batter's box stance
I get more even than balanced equations in high math

[Off Topic]

Lyricist, imperialist
Area 51 escape artist
Optimist, prime, realist
State facts
Take that and run with it
Artificial artifacts in one's past
Make bitch rap for rich sales figures
Go and figure that
Mimic all the copycats
An beat dead horse for talking back
That means you
I'll hand-address a letter-bomb envelope
Put my first record in for good measure
Mail it, hope you get the joke
Send skill through subconscious isotopes

And signal smoke
Watch 'em try to rhyme along and fucking choke
I don't wanna work at Depot no more
9 to 5, 8 to 4
My apron's full of holes and torn
Helping people on the floor
Working for these fucking whores
They want J. Moore to go explore the back and be a
janitor
I made ten dollars
The government kept three
Took my seven bucks, bought a second-hand CD
Another fifty cents sales tax on top of that
Got me digging in my car seat cracks
No wonder I'm strapped
Got some dude in my face and my boss on my back
Got so much on my mind I can't even rock a hat
I'm dreaming about pressing new vinyl
But instead I'm pushing floor tile
To these reptiles in the carpet aisle
Expecting me to smile like some clown
Til I cut 'em down so nasty they open X-Files on me

[Off Topic]

Indie rap, mainstream, alternative, underground
Call it what you wanna call it
Top is gonna hold it down
I found my album in the store in the rock n' roll section
And I'm still moving units out the front end
I got lyrics like Shakespeare and Morrisette had crazy
sex
And she popped some freestylin' triplets
I bang the beats like a jackhammer operator
Kick drum holes in the street
Like moon craters
Ahead of my time with a prematurely aged mind
I drop the gloves when I'm on the mic and go for mine
I turn blank stares to highly animated individuals
Who stand up in the face of ridicule
Like, "Fuck you!"
Trash talk makes garbage records
What'd you ever say besides claiming you're the best
at this?
Hype like the first time you touched a breast-a-sis
Your rap maturity is five grades behind the rest of us
My reputation for rhyming spreads like wildfire
Hit 'em like Andy Kaufman with a pile driver
Without the fake part
Cut 'em like Braveheart
Raise the bar so far they can't chin up
It's too hard

Now my cell phone is ringing
Getting paged on the intercom
People always yelling at me
Totally unnecessary
Wanna be the straw that breaks the camel's headset?
It's Russian roulette
So go ahead and get your day wrecked

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