

Playdough

"Palm Sunday"

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[Chorus]

it's palm Sunday, riding a beat at my feet
they're throwing loose leafs they want me to freak
cuz this week my rhyme's hot, but 15 minutes is what
I'm told
till I drop to the cold so watch it all unfold
like palm sunday

[Verse 1]

I walk lightly, slightly on this path of ink the pen shaft I
sink
Between the margin with my jargon so they still can't
distinguish
The English I broke they're busy falling from the mic
Like a bike that got the spoke tripped up I ripped up
The do's and don'ts breaking every single guideline
And left it for them fools stuck on the sideline
Thinking they're butter but they're only cookie cutters
Trying to be down and fit in the mold they're bought
and sold
Like some pawnshop gold, I wonder when they'll learn
a lesson
Thinking their skills are wrapped up in their possession
But the same ice the rock's the ice they slip in
They're the scratch on hip-hop that got my needle
skipping
They need to dip in some funds and ones to buy a clue
Plus a crew then I'll rip it on a topic that's new but
Seriously they just got a bad rap literally pitifully
Jumping onto a beat they find defeat in the end
They're living pretend my words will descend
While my spirit's heading home you watch it ascend
I'm placing tidbits of knowledge in these college rules
While you follow jewels and loot with top hats and suit
You're just a prostitute selling your soul for control of
the world
But what's it take to realize you made the worst mistake
See you can stack material but that ain't clever
There's only one thing that lasts forever

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

The crowd loved me but now I hear them screaming for
Barabbas

Yo it must be from the time they caught me rhyming on
the Sabbath

Man these kids ain't nothing but some Sadducees and
Pharisees

Breaking tradition's obviously grounds for heresy,
comparing me

To anything they can from wyclef to everlast

They must be uncomfortable with the fact I'm in a class
of my own

With light shown to mainstream but the same thing's
happening there

People just love to compare but I care less

I'm busy trying to bless the device

With words echoing true from b-twice

I'm trying to freak the metaphor but more I find myself
at war

With people supposed to be my family that still ain't
understanding me

I plan to be a man fulfilling destiny and stressing me

Can't disguise the fact you'd all be falling off like
leprosy

Accept you see before you fall off you've got to be on

You ain't at emcee status you've barely reached the
peon

Sending in your demos that you did on 4 track and
you're first to call me wack

But yo I guess you've got your back pack and shell toes

With fat laces and a record done by company flow

I guess that means you must know

Please, you think I base my livelihood off of what you
say

Or rearrange my word play we can spar and make you
call me sensei

It's Sunday and one day I hop you see

You can't live out your mic fantasies through me

[Chorus]

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