

Sentences

Cam Meekins

Coming with flows sicker than cinnamon
Sins but I'm livin' it
My sentences is so slick
Chicks thinking I'm slippin it
Shits getting thick
When she pull a quick on my dick
But that's whack rap
My flows gone jizz over your penmanship
Educated for myself, masturbated my brain
You don't get it then get out of my lane
I brought the rain, now the rain gone cum
This lamp city shit is sick
Like a big to the splif for seein' some titty shit
I ain't new to this crap
I'm like a Buddhist when I rap
But I'm skinny got that minimal fat
My words, splat ya'll tracks master
My tracks faster, getting more views
To sign, a record deal and go get more shoes
I... Don't give a f**k about, or even think about
A stylus, my style is wilder to the eye
Than a f**kin guy screamin that 'He's sexy and he know it'
I'm a bitch rockin flannels and some jeans like a poet
So it's, f**k a cosign, so what I'm. Lean cause I rhyme
Also a white guy somewhere in between 6 feet and
6'5. oh my split it so fly, go die
If you ain't on my vocal shit I'm over it
Tryna get a tour together
Nobody was flowin it
Tried to get session going nobody was smoking it
f**k the rap game I run that shit from my basement
And make all these mother f**kers
Look easy like it's some staples shit

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