

Control  
Control alt  
Shift command  
Commanding crowds  
Crowd option  
Vehicle option  
Instrument intern  
Quantity 17 played back  
Property of Spitkicker.com

Yo, a slow burn we are  
Last long three man act to wake up your thermostat  
Blood through the property line  
Creative minds crossover and back  
Scribble with my knife to earn that slice of life  
Cut back, aim, shot the name wherever the price is right  
The pain earned is the pain learned and it's talking like burn  
Connect (to the same as it ever was)  
Respect the lane cause it never flood, it's well irrigated  
Looking for my vanity, it's there, the mirror hate it  
State it, stop being an MC and give your verses more weight  
For being just empty, thoughts are oxidised when I spit em out  
And my lungs prefer tastes encrypted words laced to get them out home  
We're removal service to get kings out the throne  
(More hands on) With hands upon the neck  
Of a voice magnifier over decks  
The sound is found at the young's in the batch  
Lovely how I let my mind flow  
You can catch me in the early morning  
Find me out with no yawning  
Have it been asleep I'm on Q  
8 in the corner pocket from the booth all 24 hours like it was our debut  
Life edited my etiquette  
Dreams beyond your eons  
You can't wait this out  
Start blitz, starring it's that crew who never call the splits convey lines  
made from outer spine  
So the nerve of us to be so damned crushed  
Grit like JDL and we sip from the grail  
With a current course connect, so we not unsung  
Just vets, this mission's undone

We getting loot in this, removed from this  
We're true in this  
Baby you already know who it is  
We've been doing this  
We've been doing this  
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish  
Catch flights, hit the stewardess  
We've been doing this  
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It's a honour and a pleasure  
Rappers is not try and see me like a diamond tester  
I'm all alone, I'm like a silent investor  
Well dressed, my suit and vest is never polyester  
Keep a shottie on the dresser

My queen look like a young pepper  
Up in her plump compress her  
My tongue is forever under the weather, however  
My heart was still lighter than a feather  
Culturally, snort em like cocoa leaf  
Them niggas suck more milk - no tea  
I'm on the low though in my Polo tee  
The show cost money but the promo's free  
My pen collection is interesting  
No steal, still niggas will feel threatened  
My genetics is comedic  
Driven in lanes I was looking angelic  
Psychedelic, if you was like it I can sell it  
But I don't fuck with that sweet shit, I'm diabetic  
This is rapping at it's peak  
The bird steady yapping at the beat  
Come for parakeet  
You're not unique, you're no Kool Keith  
Shit is more parody  
You get with the hall of rhymes distributor  
The verse might rend you an Ed Sullivan

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Yo put that bread on all fours The Catcher in the Rye  
New York City lights look dirty in July  
4th, no fireworks will dangle in the sky  
Like right there, feeling the night air  
Promoting the fair fight  
Square dance, men at the face off  
Crooked eye letters from Madoff, apologise  
Long journeys walking cold hard facts  
Once you turn up there, there's no turning back  
My cocaine flow's the flows that I crack  
The hemline, versus all my land  
What did your man?  
They hard working through on the scale  
I'm Joe Pressure on the disk, so messy on the disk  
Puerto Rican mamis call me floppy  
Leap a tall feeling in a single bound  
Way over your heard like my ex-girl talking bout mind sex  
(Well you're A dickhead)  
Two texts away from aww shit  
Cause I'm an old fart  
Go campaign raise the age  
Stay fresh like a pound of sage  
That could rake the pound amount of figures  
Watch the way they crown is staged  
Sipped Crown but I was down in age  
See the sailor took a sip so the whole ship drowned in grey  
Classmates couldn't find a page  
Had the answers written in palm over since power was played

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