

# Crimson Across It (feat. Doseone)

## Alias

All these rappers man.  
They just want to be the boss.  
It's like watching a bunch of clerks fight,  
over a better title...Title, would I thought I wouldn't get it  
didn't want a crown that never fitted.  
halo lidded as it is  
and poisoned pitted  
spit acidic  
couplets bout (?)  
no low self-image  
and I'm kitted with a vicious set of wits  
AND NOW I PICK APART A BITCHES. Quickly by the artistes (Or lack thereof)  
I'll reuse every part of it  
the clavicle, the cartilage,  
no love.  
A quarter shall be given to the weak, the gift to drug.  
And shopping list the shit out at a rookies' raps (No No!) Get these youngins milk and cookies back (Oh!)  
(?) they wished for thinking hats (Oh!)  
don't know how to acts (Oh!)  
Probably the nicest thing I can say about that,  
capitalist trash, you call music. And when I get my mom corrects my proper dues and  
do respects my debt, my stab(?) on dollar stacks,  
I want to chug a twenties pack. (repeat)(chorus)  
Can you see the lies?  
most truth killadeth(?)  
and I'm dumb por-uhdat(?)  
You aint fittin,  
you aint fly. (repeat x2) Tongue-side, big guy, smashed smart phone face,  
bury bone bowel, prone wild grown pape(???) (Ey!)  
not beaten, nice even, nail eating, tip thinking (Ey!)  
be beaten, lord's feeding, super sick leather seven (Ey!)  
with a cat and something cool to spit, sliced heaven(Ey!)  
and I forged that, grown, and gave it away(Ey!) It's too hard from the start  
when it barked and shocked  
or arrive(?) in the diehard(?)  
place ROCK. And no joy,  
and all that fear packed white noise, (Ey!)  
Fun fact: I am a rap poised  
that do spite you.

That which don't douse you  
do most likely ignite you. Theses' the maze part, faint heart,  
dark circles, and life through day night,  
pen knives like  
who do diffuse and shrink  
a man removes his shoes and thinks  
"What uh, what do I really got in it?  
and why would I walk these coals  
when they still hot?" Get Loud in the city where I smoke my throat,  
in the land of dope.  
Beat a band of po.  
At the Oaf(?)  
regret me no death I go. Add it like a small man loves his things.  
One motherfucker for affordable rings,  
this magic deal, was a deal  
we a (?) sings.  
and I lives what I swings  
bleed a small Pen out,  
inks, things freeze,  
Where my few friends at? You run from your clique,  
you can run from your past,  
you can run from being a bitch,  
but you can't run from all dat. (repeat)(Chorus repeat x3)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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