

What Have I Got

Draft

What have I got? What? To hide from the world?
When I gonna find any time to myself?
When I gonna get, what I want, what I need?
And I need to believe, stampede when I step.
Sweat when you see me, cos the elephant stamps.
Curse of a genie trapped in a lamp.
Man on the move cos I broke it like hospice.
More texts locked than high school lockers.
(what) gonna do when you can't just stop?
(what) gonna do when you can't smoke rock?
(what) gonna do when you want to your next shot?
(what) gonna do when you lose the plot?
(what?) Don't look at me when you're needing help,
can't help when you have no belief in the world. (world)
Don't look at me when you need 'em.
Dice 'em strap laff cans I believe you lost.
Bush raiding homes. Bin Laden roams free.
Was never here and nobody knows me,
nobody owes me a thing.
Fuck a hand when a man's got two.
When I work, 'tis grand,
Put your hands in the air if you feel the bass.
Riders on the house, gonna kill the place until the names up.
Turn the page, no rules to my rage like fights in a cage.
Never caving Arabian nights,
Fight to the death in the land of the giants.
Signs, signed with a kind of a twist, hypnotist,
hypnotised by the size of my fist.
If your name's on my list in the blackened book.
Endeavor to explore by the Captain Cook.
Plea rapper shook, took more than a mob of Mafia
try stop me doing my job.
Don't ever try stop me man, from taking it to the end.
Never depend on open hands,
they never step within 10 feet of me.
Doing what I want to do with my days.
If you in my way, be running through you
and I'll leave you out late.
What what what. So, what have I got? Not much at all,

one room and a bed for.
What do I need? For me to carry on.
'Til I fight 'til my fists are red raw.
What do I have to do for you all just to understand?
Why you living in Wonderland?
I'm working for the upper hand.
Say what? What have I got?
Say what? What have I got?
What have I got now? The sound that I want.
Open your mind like your head getting stomped,
Open the door the biggest tank can find.
Run one of a kind like Frankenstein.
Outrank your timeout.
Time will appear, get a penthouse suite with a chandelier,
Cans of beer fill the fridge and we live the life,
Throwing chicks on the road, no kids, no wife.
Till I'm older, hold 'em, till I wanna grow up,
Spike the punchbowl, you wanna throw up?
Keep it down I'm trying focus that you leave wetter than Super-Soakers.
Hope you don't wanna be the one that swings.
Soon to be in charge like a son of a king.
Soon to be on top of your Christmas list,
Mr D-rapht can you picture this? So, what have I got? Not much at all,
one room and a bed for.
What do I need? For me to carry on.
'Til I fight 'til my fists are red raw.
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Say what? What have I got?
Say what? What have I got? What have I got to lose?
What have you got to gain?
Dance around the fire try to stop the rain a shot.
Um if I don't won't stop the pain
of a broken heart caused by what's her name, spoken up.
Her open arms open wide and a door a kinda and I wanna go inside.
Wanna break the lock, wanna take it all,
Then I hear a little voice saying, "karma Paul. "
What? I didn't want to do it anyway.
Living by the pen and page like Hemingway.
Many say what you want to hear, can't fit in,
Like fat men trying to drive, but can't get in.
Whoops. What, yeah, you know what I mean.
Quick beam me up Scotty like Jack and the beanstalk.
Who me? Nah why the hatred?

Only looked through the door, Never knew she was naked. Never once ever, never knew she was naked I swear
man,
whether you believe me whatever never said that I cared man.
If I did which I would then it wouldn't be me.
I would have disguised myself so good that I couldn't be seen
wawawhat So, what have I got? Not much at all,
one room and a bed for.
What do I need? For me to carry on.
'Til I fight 'til my fists are red raw.
What do I have to do for you all just to understand?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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