

Burnt Up Cigarette

Urban Dance Squad

Yo gotta bad habit
But you hit it
Comin' down yo block
So uplifted it
Showed me yo nose bone, big trick
Burn up yo nose, you little maggot
Close to a faggot, you've bin
Down the stations drugged in sexed again
Bin yin 'n yang, doin' that thang
Where it ends, a next bang
Boom, I presume yo ego needed room
Monkeys on yo back
Couldn't stand alone yo doom
Wanna be a rockstar, with two hands,
Lies can't go now, you lost yo hand
Hated normal people, hide with alter ego
Woman 'n a child, so yo talked all cheap yo
Say you wanna gonna run a thing soon
Five years later, still howlin' at the moon
Semi-anarchist, fond of cannabis,
Should've helped you out the pits
But your brain went sick Even on yo job, playin' like a slob
Glory pops up
Claimed to be top, sick of hard labour
Got the vapours
Push comes to show
I went out like toilet paper
Got shank in yo hand
For I was the man
Wish yo were in front, you know yo never can
Sad, sad, this boy got it bad
Throw up a fit - it's me you wanna hit
Picture that with a nikon camera, click I know you use people
I know you use people

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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