Bout It

Cappo

Every chain a burden
Hanging round your neck
Your selling your soul off
These idiots forget
Black on black Air Force
Making commiserations
This suicide hotel
Making reservations
Nothing but black clothes
Nothing with labels
Nothing I don't own
No fuckin' with labels
I don't want no part
Of your facade
I'm making my own path
A million rappers all in the *spitting*?
Your slipping on faux pas
Running with corpses
Is leaving your ship wrecked
See what ever I spray
I will disinfect

Ya kidding ya self
Day after day you've been kidding ya self
Over indulgent image of self
A million viewers ya kidding ya self

Arch your misery

Rubber Jordan

All of these words are falling on deafness
I'm on the verge of packing this all in
X2

Rubber Jordan
Rubber Jordan

For whom the bell tolls

X2

Rubber Jordan

Stay on that old shit
I'll stay on my new shit
Jamming a square peg in a round hole
Its never a true fit
I had a sick line
I just forgot that
Fuckin the scene
Your officer Dibble's
Not the iris of Top Cat
Stuck in the middle
Between no one knows
Your give me your half
Then I'm.....?
From under this black cap
Stay out the black cloud
Delusions of grandeur
Your pulling my cap down
Throw away artwork
Come for the downloads
Still up on charts
My dick is still on hard

Needs more work

Lyrics Submitted by Nasher

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/