

# Mayday (feat. Chamillionaire, Rittz)

## Krizz Kaliko

Mayday, mayday, mayday!  
My name is Krizz Kaliko  
I'm totally alone out here Well, if there's maybe just one of you left  
If anybody's out there, anybody. please... help! This music game here is in a state of emergency  
All about currency, wackness reoccurring with urgency  
Can't take it any more  
Maybe I'm getting too old, mouth piece just too cold  
It's getting me swole  
I need to occupy hip-hop like it's my concubine  
But I'm the nigga so that mean I gotta be the breaker one  
Tell Rittz to pull the trigger, all them niggas is done  
If I miss then all the hits you can name under the sun  
It's a trick and how they doing this, music is done  
Tell man don't light me up  
Tell the weed people light me up  
Your CD don't hype me up  
YouTube fans like me up  
You too loose man, tighten up  
I don't need to be a freshman, I'm fresh, no yes men  
Rap 'til I can't breathe, let me catch my breath and  
Industry needs epinephrine  
Pastor what you see better get the reverend  
Rapping overseas but I rap Midwestern  
Krizz the bees knees so I guess the best in  
Me I get steeper than your depth perception  
M.C.s believe in me and there's no question  
This is my S.O.S. to you  
And also F.U. too and I won't step to you again  
And I'mma hold my breath for you to stop these checks  
Comin' in and these train wreck so many men  
Try to save it try to stay connected resurrected  
Never expecting me to win  
One of hip-hop's last few legends  
I'm holding a grudge until the end hollering  
Mayday  
Anybody can you hear me?  
Yeah, me  
Why do they mistreat us, save us  
Aimless bastards leave us, shameless

By the time we're rich and famous  
All our art will be forsaken  
While you're waiting sides are taken  
Nonsense they just keep on makin'  
While our last breath we are taking  
We don't want our heartbeats just to stop... stop...  
Stop  
They know me on the internet  
But they don't wanna see me on a magazine cover  
Half of these rap barrels never seen struggle  
I've been fighting all my life but never let my knees buckle  
Now I finally made it, everyone wanna see us stuck up  
We suckin to these industries suckas, please  
Fuck 'em, I can barely afford to eat supper  
Now you tellin me to word it out, but then  
Another years we hustle  
Makin music, and then somebody wanna eat a piece sucka fuck  
You in the stab back, and ya wack rap  
You suck, you suck, he sucks too  
They rap, he's wack, she rap, freeze that  
It's killing me, but you an MC, whats new  
Just treat me, you should go to college  
You could join the army, you could be a barber  
You can be anything you wanna be, but not a rap artist  
Your lyrics ain't cuttin it, you suckas are performers  
Sorry to inform ya but you mad and wanna battle me  
Gonna need some Walmart trying to keep on calm but  
Every time I log on, the war starts  
Seein but you should know that you gonna piss me off  
The dramas as worse than the rappers are  
Fans say they try to be spectacular  
The next minute we talkin bout how wack you are  
Its no wonder why I always wanna smack someone  
I need a magic wand, abracadabra, gone  
Your shit is passed beyond bad it scratches chrome  
You need to practice some, I hear ya rap and yawn  
That bullshit I heard you spit, you'll never have this run  
Bullshit music fucked this game up  
You should be embarassed, you should be ashamed of  
Ever trying to rap I think it's time to change up  
Listen Krizz Kaliko, everybody goes hollerin'Here we go now  
Horror flick, you should start with the sequel  
Peephole, what I saw to deceive you  
I'm the doctor that walks in and greets you  
And serve you a smile like I'm all for the people

Meanwhile I'm the wrong one to speak to  
To hell with a park all my dogs will delete you  
The bars are illegal and all this is lethal  
It's Conrad Murray when he walk in and greet you  
I sharpen the needles, let it rewind  
Badder flow, that'll mess up your mind  
Got a Kaliko, got a Tech and a N9ne  
And more weapons then everyone on this record combined  
And that's strange  
Cause I seem so nice, I seen your wife  
No better yet, I seen her twice  
She needed flights, I got 'em when I seen the price  
And let her roll with me like she had some green to dice  
I know it's been a while since I sold at platinum too  
A million and a million and-a-half of you  
You tell me I'm the rapper you was rappin' to  
I have you lookin' like a mummy when they rappin' you  
Don't be up with my face when I'm asking you  
You better leave space like a NASA crew  
I didn't have dollars, now I have a few  
And now they look at my garage and tell me that's a zoo  
Is that a Jaguar?  
Of course it is, I purchased it because the corpse'll fit  
And this trunk is bigger than the Porsche's is  
They say I changed, well I call it metamorphosis  
Fast lane, get the hell up outta my lane  
Your brain will never be as quick as my brain  
And the people will only kill ya for your timeframe  
But I got a bullet that'll get within your mindframe  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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