

# Creator

## Seneca

Got no need for the fancy things  
All the attention that it brings  
Tell me no, I say yes, I was chosen  
And I will deliver the explosion

Can't say it's gonna get me far  
Do no good to say what you are  
I run the streets and I break up houses  
River runs deep and the flame devours it

Me, I'm a Creator  
Thrill is to make it up  
The rules I break got me a place  
Up on the radar  
Me, I'm a Taker  
Know what the stakes are  
Can't roll it back, it's understood  
Got to play our cards

Sit tight I know what you are  
Mad bright but you ain't no star  
Polish up 'til you make it gleam  
Your M.O, I know what you mean  
Tail ridin' and I know it's true  
While they screamin' I love you  
Down deep you know there ain't no flow  
A soul decay, was D.O.A

I know what you here for now  
Words out you're an idea whore though,  
Now don't you crush on me  
I'll see you in your pipe dreams  
Whether or not you know it's true  
You're who they dictate to  
That shit must hurt real bad  
Fakin' what you wish you had

Here all the folks come ask about me  
Band wagon, know they used to doubt me  
Blind side tend to hit real hard

You should heed the warning, get a body guard  
Steady friction in this bitch  
Creepin' in just like an itch  
So far I got the last laugh  
Still the rich rise up, still I live fast  
Wouldn't know it face to face  
Got no soul and got no taste  
Moving in speed up the pace  
I got it locked though, what a waste  
All the talk is standard fare  
Walk the walk if it gets you there  
On the grind 'til the gig is up  
I'm 'a smash 'em down  
Put a muzzle on them like "what!"

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