

# Brass Tacks

## Apollo Brown

You can't click on world star for your life's solution  
(your in love with the coco)  
I'm in love with starting revolution Apollo Brown music got me waking out of my coffin  
Yellow tape caution  
I'm an ape with the syllable \_?\_  
I'm biblically awesome  
\_?\_ ready to detonate from the hate that is coursing  
You pray that i break or that my spit intensity softens  
Eventually falling, appalling, pall-bearers \_?\_  
I'm a bear in the forest  
Foraging, flourishing  
Spilling like a witches cauldron  
Devouring Satan's soul that he sold to me as a bargain  
I'm the god of logic and the sergeant of this alarming  
Jarring, jargon and tortured talking  
Do you feel ashamed and awkward  
For my phonetic fame you'd trade your child's face  
For my talent and fortune  
Ares, I'm a ram that you can't scam  
That you can't stand  
Written's flash by you  
With a blur on a cops dash cam  
I'm Oscar the grouch and this world is my trash can  
Hazardous, spit wicked liquid  
While this evil \_?\_ jazz is playing  
My literature is littered with funeral terms  
My spirit eternalness  
Pitted with snippets of the weirdest  
Unusual slurs  
You can't click on world star for your life's solution  
(your in love with the coco)  
I'm in love with starting revolution X2  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>