

To Be Continued... (Corbakh Remix)

Evidence

[Verse 1:]

Ten commandments, twenty-four hours
The thirteenth floor was missing in the towers
Hm, I thought I shouldn't be here
I stayed an extra day because they said it's Leap Year
Who's the wolf in sheep's clothing?
Fuck it, the rabbit hit the drum and kept going
Each word is the church and minister
Approach, I coerce the listener so listen up
Kicking park bench rhythms up till I visual a flow
I stay at home sick and visit her
Radio, I visit station nights
It's kinda like their fucking visitation rights
This ain't the place for my face in lights
I'm tight driven living in the fucking shadowless life
I dilate like pay attention
Slow flow just to [?]
I didn't die lately, I just slept on bed springs
Can't define people, I just see dead things
It ain't just rap, I body ladies in one line
Talking slick to three chicks on text at one time
My scene shattered words, they left broke in pieces
Lines undone, half uncompleted
To be continued dot dot dot
Cliff hanger, my life is like I'm scaling a rock
And it's on

[Verse 2:]

I spit that oxygen fire, still the illest high
I spit that fly for now and feel it when it's live
Move the crowd, got tools for the reddest eyes
Getting cabbage my man until the letters dry
I'm fully up to the task to pull the wooly over my face
Into a masked location, don't even ask
It's like damn another day in the life
Like keep waking up from the previous night
Vacation, I don't take it often
I see parking lot stages and buses with bunks like coffins
Clear customs with weed in my Levis
The penalty was death but dodged Magnum PI

What up People, happy Fourth of July
On my street every year they fucking light up the sky
I get the beat nothing here, what they want me to write?
From the beach to the block, still banging at night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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