

No Identity (feat. Delinquent Habits)

Delinquent Habits

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Check it out now
Hey, hey, troop style's hard to find
I sit where we sit, it's time to go for mine
See I remain in place wit shit so funky
You could bite for days, my shit remains crunchyGood wit my own style, droppin' that
Looky Lou's all hokin' but I stompin' that
You's a c-copycat, now watch me take you thru to hell
Must be out lookin' for biters in the big bad worldI, am the one to take you higher
To liquidisation, heart and desire
Go 'head, light the fire, as I get smoke
There ain't a way to stop the madness when I go for brokeAiyo kid, you must be kidding me
You're the epitome of no identity
It's about what you say and how you say it
Now that's hardcore, time to settle the scoreI'm fed up with the old shit, gimme some new shit
I won't sit, get off my grip
See I'm tired of these imitating gangsta clones
For them I got a slingshot, rottys and stonesI come steppin' on the scene
My Delinquent team, be here to elevate
Even the fakes should get their soul get
Rippin' up your frame, it's the critical acclaim
Breakin' you up, like the Buddha crank shrinks my brain'Cuz there can be only one [unverified], only one to rule
Bet the coon new G, witta steel that's new
Yet some won't like the way I strangle the mic, though
I won't funk the kids, can't fake the GambinoKid, you must be kidding me
It's a joke, why ya gotta be kidding me?
We're goin' nowhere fast in this flavorless mess hall
Why can't you stand tall? 'Cuz I heard a distress callAiyo kid, you must be kidding me
You're the epitome of no identity
It's about what you say and how you say it
Now that's hardcore, time to settle the scoreAiyo kid, you must be kidding me
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It's about what you say and how you say it
Now that's hardcore, time to settle the scoreOnce again, I go fly thru the speaker
Your style suck, fuckin' like a tweaker
One grain falls, the rest soon follow
'Cuz everybody knows
(Your wacked style's borrowed)It seems everybody write they're OG killers
Everybody's flippin' big-time dope dealers
(Versace)
And Gucci, rollin' big time Lucci
Big, steady sellin' out the realNow oh damn, now look what I've done
Wit the little bit of help from the rhymes I brung
You know who you are, don't front, just shoot hits
Delinquent it's in the house, to rock this shitAiyo kid, you must be kidding me
You're the epitome of no identity
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Now that's hardcore, time to settle the scoreAiyo kid, you must be kidding me
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