

# 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 crunchy  
Good 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 world  
I, 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 broke  
Aiyo 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 score  
I'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, rotti's and stones  
I 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 Gambino  
Kid, 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 call  
Aiyo kid, you must be kidding me  
You're the epitome of no identity  
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It's about what you say and how you say it  
Now that's hardcore, time to settle the score  
Once 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 real  
Now 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 shit  
Aiyo 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 score  
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