

# Protein

## RATKING

Ain't been to church since back in the day  
Used to go to church back in the day  
Smacked and i'd pray, now I just laugh in dismay  
The earth is fucked, the city is gone  
Is it worth for Wiki the Don?

Sickly upon, grittier songs Its the P-R-O-T-E-I-N, important portent of the past when I pen  
Native nectar with the rats in the pen  
Tokyo triggers, sans, gats and Benz, what  
Teenage roughs ain't got nut  
Nuthin' but a dream on the corner, brusk  
That ain't gonna start stuff  
A wave for the peeps and pretty girls who adore us  
Came to award mutts, licks and kisses, no cuffin' to the tours up  
Which brings me to the chorus  
Chant I cry thru my corpus for the gorgeousProtein hold me, against my will  
I will get my time to kill, If I don't get my thrill  
My will's to write a verse thats ill enough to get you filled  
Keep you strong, make sure you keep keeping onProtein hold me, against my will  
I will get my time to kill, If I don't get my thrill  
My will's to write a verse thats ill enough to get you filled  
Keep you strong, make sure you keep keeping onWhat was life like, between this meal and last  
What'd you see, where it take you  
If lights were dimmed, would skies be any clearer  
Addle lines from adamize, peach war your mental valet  
Up to you to pluck your protein  
Rowdy kids cheatin' on the sun rise  
Borken paddle for a joyride  
Hop on a good foot, do the damn thing  
Slackin' on your city slang  
Teach ya' what ya' teacher did't taught ya

Didn't learn to write in school This ain't 90's revival, its earlier, its tribal revival  
Before you learned from a Bible, you learn from your rivals  
Whose urgence was liable, to merk em' and leave em' in piles  
Before I get to earn that chieftain as my title  
For my mutt fucked up people to admire, I sigh at the reply of your sire  
I am you people, your equal, your writer  
I am a simple pied pipe, I write what it is you desire  
Maybe if I-ya... I-ya, use a metaphor to describe the  
City's my cell, mayors my warden, I'm a liferProtein hold me, against my will

I will get my time to kill, If I don't get my thrill  
My will's to write a verse that's ill enough to get you filled  
Keep you strong, make sure you keep keeping on  
Protein hold me, against my will  
I will get my time to kill, If I don't get my thrill  
My will's to write a verse that's ill enough to get you filled  
Keep you strong, make sure you keep keeping on  
While you shit in a toilet, I spit it is boiling  
Eyes wide open, I'm floating, my shit's buoyant  
You blinking and sinking when anointed with the ointment  
The ointment is my spit, I coined it a poison, or a cure if enjoying  
These words that been toiling  
In my head trying to get poignant as possible out my skull  
Avoiding the obstacles that unfold, and is it plausible I have a soul  
If I drag my feet for weeks, 'til I don't have soles

Songwriters

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