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 songsIts 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 schoolThis 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 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 onWhile 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 word 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

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