

Elbow Room

Mode 9

1]My train of thought run you over when you on my track
Meaning I?m serving you off the court with what I spat
And I dare you not to put the beef back on the meat rack
Ya weak black roasting acting like you raw
You?re an Alby imposter cos you?re not Sure
While I?m on point like I?m sitting on the Score board
Swinging war swords, slashing up all you wack guys
Rap wise, I wear you out like running up a hill
Fatigue is not the issue you get tired by 4 wheels
I have no elastic limit I won?t yield
I got the game sealed controlling it ma foot on the peddle
Beefing show promoters who always try to meddle
Like floating particles in pure water we won?t settle
The lead?ll pierce flesh I executed the mind hit
Rewind it heads do that whenever I spit
Without there fingers in my toilet they feeling my shit

2]I emerge from the mist a lyricist with the urge
To start a movement so you real heads converge
So we can purge the Industry like we fed em laxative
Cash flow only real rappers will see Stacks of it
Relax a bit. I know ya feeling edgy cos you rime bite
You got the lemon and the torch I got the lime light
Read the sign rite before you battle M.O.D
Cos when I?m done I ma sign right on your P.O.P
I?m on T.O.P bite me en suffer indigestion
You are not objective like multiple
Choice questions you biass [buy ass] Like ya patronizing hoes
I?m killing foes leave them fucked up like free shows
Like ill Bliss en ?em I?m a thorough bred breed
And theirs a need for you to take your leave like the
Neighborhood dope man selling wet weed stay like jodeci
And stand the risk of getting jet li?ed

3]I don?t knock about or barge in so called me major interference
I come to make mc?s mum like one of my parents
My appearance at a show got ma foes darting
Cos they make me laugh hard like 30mins of Martin

I'm making more headlines than conrows and parterns
While you be puffing shit gas like greedy people farting
Most times when I'm done with it ya scared of starting
I put ma heart in the game blood plus my soul
Like a surgical transplant, my lyrics and my flow
Get me more hugs than skillful soccer players, scoring goals
I'm hungry like snoop in the deep cover of death row
So I eat rappers like they made of egg rolls
Keeping it real types always have to learn to let go
I keep it real for me not cos one young punk said so
My manifestos first line says I rock
im the head of state here to leave you in a state of shock.

Lyrics Submitted by Jocatins

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