

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>