

Put on a Record

Draft

"Think I'll put on a record" Put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Let it spin again, again, again, again

Then I'll

Put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Until the end, the end, the end, the end, the end Think I'm a put on a record, reckon you wanna recognize

I'm a wrecking ball, wreck a site recollect the vibe

Exercise CD's, put it in your deck and drive

Jeopardize freedom, might not be a second time

Petrified as the pressure rise like the petrol price

I'm the next in line like Bin Laden's fifty second wife

Step inside the mind, mine so electrifying

Check the time, dropping biters quicker than insecticide

A Dr Jekyll hiding behind the mind of Hyde

Can't turn a blind eye like Alqueda buying dynamite

Still tryna write, still tryna find the time

When you sign the line meet more dicks than a virgina's life

A silent night, when I recite a line my lips bleed

The darkest in my family like Lionel Richie

A nineteen sixty transfixing melody

Rise the sick from the cemetery, the only remedy is Hear the DJ spin the track

Come back around like a winner's lap

Never would you wanna get sick of that

Rewind that shit, yep bring it back

Hear the DJ spin the track

A cinematic diplomat

Kicking back, drink gin or Jacks

Rewind that shit and bring it back Put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Let it spin again, again, again, again

Then I'll

Put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Think I'll put on a record

Until the end, the end, the end, the end, the end Just let it play, feel vibrations through your vertebrae

Dieing to stay the highest like you were Brazil's murder rate
 Exterminate all you nerd and hating sherminators
 Percolated coffee, rock at night in this nocturnal age
 Turn the page still unpaid, I'm paid in paper clips
 The pain of being played while I'm praying to the plagiarist
 The turntablist razor blade blood
 Cutting quicker than Darth Vader did to his own son
 Run with hunger like goldilocks holding the rock
 And me and rap we rap together like Holden and Brock, what?
 It's the music, it makes your mood move with the wind
 Quicker than a little you with some voodoo pins
 So wePut on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Let it spin again, again, again, again
 Then I'll
 Put on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Until the end, the end, the end, the end, the endImprisoned in this song's composition
 A vision with every listen the listener can picture
 A situation, some over rated/over played like Neighbours
 Some play then lead off the stage like Ray is (BOO)
 Everyday the same play, the same the shit on TV
 What yah gonna watch you're lost in Simpsons repeats
 Knee deep in monkey see, monkey do
 Now we up to the month of June, what up with you? Nothing new
 Proven time is short, fuck it man what's mine is yours
 Wise words from a dinosaur, still feels like ninety four
 Vinyl forces out all the memories you swallowed in
 Riders of the storm given life to Jim Morrison
 Coroners report dead walking around the corodor
 A common law bumping Mortar Graphic Tomahawk
 If a graffers bombing or running from an under cover's Commodore
 When you're home there's nothing that you want more thanPut on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Let it spin again, again, again, again
 Then I'll
 Put on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Think I'll put on a record
 Until the end, the end, the end, the end, the end"Put on a record
 Think I'll fix myself some dinner

Frozen egg rolls or spaghetti from a can"

Songwriters

Andrew Bernard Simmons, Paul Gary RidgePublished by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>