Once Again (Task Rok & Dumb Luck)

KonSICKwence

from the depths of the wastelands, a place full of paintcans.
i inspired officers to fire water rayman
a text to cry, but digital face scans.
still living in a cave, im a dignified eight men
im primitive but somthing of a similar sought, but wage wars with hordes, holding a stick and a fort
i spill blood over papers turning villians to corpses, so forfeit your warship, im clicking to forcequick
im sick of your horseshit, so killing your sources
never feeling remorsed so leae your villages torched
the dark lord 'Charckfor' swinging his sharp sword
the low life royalty, the king of the cardboard
keeping it hardcore, mad as a cutstain
but for fucksakes bakes as bad as a cupcake
a hungry mc, upset with the size of his dish
so im serving everybody, like christ with a fish

[Chorus] repeat X2

[trying for once again, we're coming to win
we emerge from the rubble still clutching the pen
nothing can kill the brothers when we summon the skill
still submerged in the hussle for a couple of mil]

my head is out of control, it goes from happy to depressed
i have to suggest that it stops, before i stand from stress
an emotional rollercoaster, and i have nothing left
gasping for breath, hoping to god that i dont crash to my death
but i aint done yet, a kasket is the last of my steps
make a lapse then miss the laughs then get right back to the depths
so i can practice with my padded paper, passing this test
asking if all rap is the best, you know the answer is yes
madly obssed with music, and i had to progress
these cats are impressed when they see me, cause the master is fresh
disater is text, get it from my passion i guess
im wide awake, and rhyming great, hile your taking naps on the bench
me and task, we the baddest cats in the west
we run the streets without a gat of attack
with a fresh fitted hat on my ness
im about to cash in my check

the hatter jabber giving jab some respect

[Chorus] repeat X2

Just chill, we're the kings up on the hill
we put in work, digging up dirt, then kick it just in the grill
the troubles are real, when we become the bloods in your grill
puching suckas in the stomach with a ton of just skill
tough deal, all these homies running and squel
but we aint never give a stuff about the goernments shield
we architechs in the dark, with a junction to build
signed to rhyme, proffesor dumb's luck in the field
but still, we havent had enough of our feel
we got hopes and wishes, but nothing fulfilled
i hear alot of music, but none of its real
nothing i feel, what happened to the love and appeal?
what is the deal?, southern alpha boundles of scrill
all these cowards try to tower but they croumble and peel
we're so deep in the flow, a couple brothers with deals
task and dumb luck in it like a club wit a seal

[Chorus]

Lyrics Submitted by Rapata Ioane

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