Sonic Flow

A.Tone Da Priest

[Verse 1]
Print and copy, my statistics lofty, impossibly often my ends not stopping
A boss in a coffin, a loss I protest, forget death; make it one less waste of a breath
Set goals to a mission, position unwavering, savoring the fortune and fame just a game youre in
Blame for him maybe, the chasing of dreams, get the key to succeed, take a loss for the team
See the cost of believing, you brought this to being, I fought with the demons, no cross overseeing
They get lost in the greed, when the soul bout to flee the man, gone from the earth, god gave him wings again
Lived all his life? Someone tell me what in mean again, want to be free? Just be the wind
With time as a drug Im gone, such a fiend I am, well just cause they say it, does that really mean I am?[Verse 2]
To quick, she thick, we get action. Packing dick I deal a thrashing
Slacking? No she throw it back man, slapping ass its straight attacking
Asking Can we take it slow? Oh no them panties got to go
A show to show me what you know, its rapid, acted porno hoe
Dough probably why she entertain, subjective is my right to fame
A shame she went to college, became an alcoholic, still use that brain
For draining things, society providing me a leech to tame
To easy Wheres this leading? Reasons throw me off my A game[Verse 3]
Wishing on em, sitting on a star, so far above the rest
Just fed my ego see no evil, need no reason being blessed
On my chest the world is weighted, all this time gone now Ive waited
Chasing dreams it seems out dated, waiting for how final fate is
Sadists say its just a phase to live in life without a page
Or just a slave to diction, getting dicked man, cause you getting played
Anyway you cut it, shut it out, its still above it, enough the public
Eyes to judge this guy whose long gone been abducted, busted, life cant get enough yet[Verse 4]
Step inside, I make surprise, a rise of hype, Im staying that guy
Praying for my breakout, take that out the equation bury it eight down
Trodden soldiers, rolling boulders, papa knocked off plenty old birds
Lotta trollips stay on my words; say the phrase, amazed, got no nerves
Heard of heaven? Less the mention, keeping score on who pretending
Acting fans get met with dead ends, only fucks wit 9s and 10s
Flip em over barely sober stuck in didnt even know her
Name, say its a shame, but when I asked her lips were playing blower
King October, Libra, scale her pussy till I reach the top
She hot and sopping juices, Im just guessing what she like a lot
Cock got her hot, screaming out for me a freak without d cannot breath
Succeed at deeds with speed, he quick, that bitch she better be pleased

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