

# Peelo

## Outlandish

[Chorus]

Peelo

Gutter ka pani peelo

Kabhi na kabhi to peelo

Me hoon hero tu hai zero[Rapverse1 (Waqas)]Don't even go there kid you know I'm out of your damn reach

Your talk is cheap at least I practice what I teach

And when all systems fail you return to the beats

But got nothing to say, the chosen one for defeat

And I spot you in the crowd while I flash in the spotlight

How you wish you could be more like me and bust over beats tight

And reach out to these kids 'cause when I speak you know they listen

I paid the king a visit now he delivers pizza in prison

You said I was bizarre don't watch stars mob floors

You see I was hardcore if you gave me less I made it more

But fuck that one love baby let's hit for that cheddar

Basically we the same I just make it look better[Chorus][Rapverse2 (Lenny)]Toma del arroyo de los celos,

perros

Te lo digo en la lengua de mi amigo, peelo

Te duele toda rima que yo escribo, y sigo

Siendo en estos montes yo el mero, mero

Hijo de la gran p\*\*\*

Un momento, respeto a la madre tuya

Porque eres tu quien es la puta

Pobrecito toma mi rima y mis contratos

Quieres estar en mis zapatos

En la supuesta rampa de la fama

No vendas la carne antes mata la vaca

No estas listo nino

Para una guerra verbal

Es a mi al que siempre te van a comparar[Translation:]Drink of the rivulet of jealousy, dogs

Now I'll say it in his native tongue, peelo

You hurting by every single rhyme I write, and I keep

Been in this countryside the fucking one

Son of a b\*\*\*\*\*

Hold it!! Respect to your mama

Coz it is you who's the bitch

Poor little thing, here you have my rhyme and my contracts

You want to be in my shoes

In the so-called spotlight

You know you can't sell the meat before killing the cow  
You ain't ready kid  
To a verbal war  
It will always be me who you gonna be compare to [Chorus] [Rapverse3 (Isam)] You claim that I'm a mammas  
boy  
'cause I don't smoke or drink alcohol  
She claims that I'm criminal like last weeks thief at the mall  
Some say I don't sound like hip hop suppose to sound  
Ain't got no L.A, N.Y, Dirty South type of sound  
That's what I'm trying say  
I was born and raised here  
Let the Source Magazine cross the sea and represent here  
Tell them how we felt the day Pac got shot  
While they were screaming pour some liquor  
We prayed all night in the mosque  
Tell them how best "pop of the year" is "rap of the year"  
Fuck being nominated 6 times give me "rock the year"  
Ask Jay-B, he'll tell ya, no stormy weather  
Not even the ugliest typhoon could ruin this set up  
I was laughing, TZZZ!!! All the way to the bank  
Changed the whole game based on a pop album prank  
Hell next year for the fun of it  
We do it again, again and again  
2000 and 3, 4, 10

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