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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