

How Many Moons

Oktoored

(chorus)

how many moons (how many moons)

how many mornings

have i got left til ive no breath left to breathe

how many moons (how many moons)

how many mornings

(professor green)

have i got left til ive no breath left to breathe

how longs left for me

for whatever the time , for the rest of mine

im gonna spend time

putting an end to my

enemies who wanna put an end to my shine

why bother try offending me ?

its off with the heads of these swines

when i sign out you're gonna remember me

Remember me ? dont nobody wanna send for me

the only time they mention me or speak or me disrespectfully is when they sleep

ive been between alot of legs like the body of a centipede

please enemies be more courteous , save me the sweat and forget to breath

life could be easier i could ease it up

instead i look like someone tryna squeeze a dump

and i havent eatin in months so i need these MC's on the edge

ill be the reason they jump off

remember the jump off

when i come forth

you dont wanna be the MC i run towards

i like my liquor like im straight i aint no dumbledore

untoward two looks like i love and adore you

but this customer come before you

and its cool if i cant get it up coz ive got a cucumber for you

fuck the world im a stick in the mud

and stingy wanna drink you can piss ina cup

i leave women as livid as stunts

so run your lips ive been itching to give a chick abit of a cunt pun

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sanity i squandered it

i think ive gone too far in darkness im wonderin

ghetts is pissed he aint on the list

well im pissed off im not on the top of it

deep in thought ,conspiring

get the violin

call my thought

a firing im not twiddling thumbs

im playing the worlds smallest violin

inconsiderate like i give a fuck bout how they feel

kidnapping rappers and having them as microwave meals

i know my meals ready when the microwave stops

ima lot more jack nickolsen than i am michael j fox

the creep that crept up on daisy low

in a baby grow

sat on her knee and told her to touch me inapropriotely until my daisy grows

im not a man of her man kind

mechanical mad man

i make hannibal look more like an annabelle im an animal right now

(chorus)

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how many moons (how many moons)

how many mornings (have i got left)

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