Bumper

P.O.S.

I take my time with it
I take forever, so sick of work and that clever
Let's skip ahead to the next
Pushin' my own limits
I make it better
Ain't no one touching my future
Ain't no one fuck with my old shit yet
Ain't shit inspiring since last we met
Can't forget that Doomtree crew got style
We spit that space cadet
That dumb that make that place forget
They worry
Let they reason wiggle clean
We coming bent with a smooth criminal lean, on someAt ten a pack might as well resort to robbery
While rappers try to act like they labels advance 'em money still
And acting rich in a shaky and fake economy
Might make the indie kid at the awards show snatch a chain and peal
Yeah!
They front so hard and... fuck it
They can't even look in my eyes
Nah
They on some nonsense, we on some nonstop!Simply put 'em on some over it, underwhelmed. Cigarette
Bark at some fully afflicted nerds trying to mixed martial art me
Shit. Can't go two blocks
All you do is win, huh?
Boner jam, spam, let 'em spar with that [?]
I'm a [?] 'em. Animus cannibal, pugilistic I spit
Future I'm written, let my pen wrangle it
Manhandle nonsense, Can't fake away your fangs, sucka
[?], past fade, cause you can't hang
I came to play, I came to rock
I came to stay, they came so soft
Can't look away, my rock is off
In with the next shit, out like a getaway car
Yeah!They front so hard and... fuck it
They can't even look in my eyes
Uh
They on some nonsense, we on some nonstop!
Yeah!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/