

Hum Drum

Theophilus London

Down
The paint is peelin
Now
An' when the chips are down
Down
You gotta lose all feelin'
Now
An' when the chips are down Yea, I gets it poppin' everybody know what Remy 'bout
Got niggas shocked like Justin just pulled Janet's titty out
Yea, I spit it out quick to put a nigga out
The bullets larged in doctors can't get 'em out
You gets no love, to me y'all dead bugs
My records don't sell then I'ma sell drugs
From O's to whole P's, grams to whole keys
No joke, I got coke that'll make ya nose bleed Dope so pote and my fiends done OD'd
For three hundred and fifty a pop I'll sell you a dro seed
You really don't know me and thats the fun part
See my flows retarded but Miss Martin is dumb smart
An' you are literate, you can't even read the tele prompta
I got niggas flyin' me weed in by helicopter
You look sad when I pass in this toy Benz
You gon' be real mad when I bag ya boyfriend Down
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Your head goes round and round You can feel my pain like a drug, you can light it with fire
And you can mix it with your blood if your tryin' a get higher
Another angel in a thug's body scarred and tired

Going to court got a illuminati judgin' me biased
Shit, I talkin' for everybody, walkin' united
The way I walk, it's a challenge just to balance on wires
My old connect put me on said he robbed the supplier
So I pieced him out with pity 'coz his ass was on fire What goes around comes around holmes I ain't lyin'
That's why the scars on my face 'coz bad karma and violence
Just before a nigga wake I spend the night in silence
To give my nerves a little break before it's back to the malice
I'd like to dedicate this rhyme to old emotional scars
Some nights I meditate hopin' bring me closer to God
Tryin' to regulate my time between the Earth and the stars
Get my health back to determine when I curlin' them bars Down
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Your head goes round and round Yo this the upcoming success definition of prospect
Put ya money on me, you get recognition and profits
On any condition I drops it on a mission no listen to gossip
Whether splittin' imposta's sorta like a mobsta and my niggas, I got ya
We all gon' be eatin' soon like Italians with pasta
Smokin' weed, eatin' curry chicken like the Robsters
After that go to city, Allen and get the lobsters Now can I get a witness lemme show y'all my visions
Never had a job but still takin' all my business
No G.E.D only the promo what's my lyrics
I rhyme heavenly and let soldiers off the appearance
And rap so I keep my dough stacks don't me go back
And clap, clap at yo do' Matt like nigga hold that
There's no feelings I'm feelin' 'cause when I'm feelin' I'm killin' the Motherfucker right on his trip they killin'
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