

Cadence Weapon, Sharks

Old School, New School
need to know this
getcha game up you better keep focus

And so I said that they were biters
sharkin' up lines from lawless resoluters
chip off the writers block with 9's that chop against the destitute
evolution of the manor, trade royalites with verses
go with platinum, can't go with burberry...it hurts since
A verse gets termed as the worst, but when immersed in your playlist
that shit plays first re...hearse all bars
matter harsh scars and battle
I bring tallstalls with chatter yet they all just shatter and split
battered by the saccharine gifts, stolen from affiliates, Sharon Patter and redshit
Shoulda stitched it by hand and mouth, now you shook planning doubts
spitting west while standing south, all n all, sucess for you is not at all probable
when I take you to the lake to find out if your water-soluble
I'm sick of bitches typing like their splitting inches off a ruler
to be judged by, file pressing consider my style, metric.

That means stop biting my shit!
That means start writing your shit!

No rest for the weary, or the wicked stand witness
to know rest for the weapon, I'm a skeet with tradition, now listen!
this isn't just another sick written from the darkstar harm how the sharks that get bitten
This is hardtaught! Don't expect a rescue and don't let me catch you alone in the carpark
cause shark skin is fashion and that is me
touch your anatomy right down to your "Carhartts"
use to write for a site but I didn't spark smarter
Ritebrite! You could think it, my first pink slip
but this isn't a house by writing bumper stickers
it's something you stick it and bump, like a heroin needle
see the shit in the trunk is apparently lethal
which y'all live to disrupt like American leaders
I'm gonna pull quick from the category
I run bullshit like a matador, see?

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I'm the rapier, but you fear that the spear that sparred our father harbours pokes
rich rappers might catch a Darva Conger in...HOAX!
that the bitch they get with doesn't switch, Approach!
to the sickness, leave you witless buying her ropes n
rings n things of that nature, shit all you hear is "rings this",
"pitchpacks", "paggers"
to get that paper, she'll find a mattels a cell
style for Fidel'cs as hell, looks like a dictator
type a chick that a getcha car stolen
Hardtoil! She might get up in that ass like Shark Oilden
again I can see what you thought was a fargo
but you can't trust those with hearts like charcoal
I didn't prepare to punk, from when I put em in the boat
It was a Lebaron trunk
I connect for the very best sound and set
now I'm rockin a tooth right around my neck

That means stop biting my shit!
That means start writing your shit, kid!