

Dizze Rascal, Pagans

I don't speak queen's English but I'm still distinguished
I don't need no suit or tie to let you know I mean business
I know you're into this
Even even if you were deaf, blind and dumb and awkwardly rhythmless
I'm like syphilis ain't no denying this, weaken this
Any attempt would be grimy and hideous
Young and I'm black and I'm ignorant
But I'm still fabulous
Meaning I'm nigga-less
More than the way I feel strength in my pigments
What does it matter? Just give me my dividends
Switching up syllables mixing with criminals
Keep up appearance but keeping it minimal
Bredders be getting too over familiar
Quizzical, touching your physical
Hands on my bread with a spoon in my cereal
Not on my watch cause I'm a hard rock
Come through in a hard top
With your girl in the passenger seat, she getting hard cock
I didn't even let the car stop
Don't even worry what cars I've got
You should be concerned with what you are not
I dictate the pace and set the bar a lot
You get parred a lot
Sorry pardon what?
I can't hear you bro you sound weary bro
Talk shit but you won't come near me though
And I'm far from sweet I'm no Cheerio
I switch up the place real quick like hear we go
Leave your body all black with a whole lot of indigo
Six feet below
No heads up, no intro
No info I get it in bro

Cold world with a whole lot of schemers
It don't stop for the dreamers
You could fuck around and get took to the cleaners
I know man that would do a lot of dirty
Put a lot of work in
Just to ride Benz and Beamers
Devious creatures
Try to steer clear of the preachers
Screaming out 'God can't reach us'
Nothing they can teach us, leave us
Looking for a girl with over the top features
Couldn't care less about Jesus
Couldn't give a fuck about a thesis
Looking for the easiest next top model
Or another shit TV series
Raised by MTV generation
Not a lot of patience
Update Facebook status, no hesitation
How they gonna deal with the wolves of the nation
How they gonna recognize pros and cons with no education
How they gonna win with no dedication
All you really care about is Playstation
World Star Hip Hop humiliation
Everything built on a weak foundation
Whole lot of time being wasted
Whole lot of shit champagne being tasted
Everybody in the club acting basic
Everybody wanna be a star let's face it
Gassed by the money and the fame let's chase it
Gotta get it quick gotta get it by all means

Wanna be a big timer like the guy from New Orleans
Got big dreams, but they absurd, and they obscene
Pregnant on TV at sixteen
Don't know what this shit means

Yo, can't trust these no-good, two-faced cut-throat Pagans living in Babylon
Wanna sell me lies, wanna bleed me dry, wanna see me live like a vagabond
Like I worked this hard and I come this far just to them waffle and babble on
Don't want your help, don't need your advice who rattled your cage
Know one of these days won't cease to amaze
Bunch of lost souls they ain't tryna get saved
They're just tryna get paid, wanna jump on my wave
Turn back around, jump right in my grave
Do me a favour, don't do me no favours
I don't need no savior cause I do it major
Now it's back to the paper I'll deal with the pagans later