

LongShot, Tick'd

What's that?

(LongShot)

Only way out is up; fuck what you skwakin about
Little Rocky with your mouth full of nuts
Pullin your stunts, smilin in my face and junk
E'rything ain't always what it seem to be with these chumps
I'm givin 'em funk, mixed with the soul and the skunk
Feel the thump from the track when the bassline bump
Cop a shot, rock your box, ain't a dude in this world
be provin him wrong, e'ry night we keep 'em movin along
With beautiful songs, the fifth life is ugly as sin
I come for your friend, his name might be stuck to the end
Pen and pad has been my dad cause poppa never came around
He left me and my momma naked in a bucket, fuck it
I make my styles marry the production, somethin
Gotta give I murdered my kid cause now the ends
got my granny achin, wakin up at six in the morn'
At 71 to go to work so I steady tick like a bomb

{*ticking sound*}

(Rusty Chainsaw)

It's all over, when my voice ushers the drums
Rappers girls be winkin at me while they suckin they thumbs
See most of these MC's ain't nuttin but crumbs
The type of cats that like footlongs stuffed in they buns
If I ever had kids they'd probably bully your son
Steal on him, take his lunch money and run
I start hittin on your wifey while I'm scummy offa rum
And if that bitch hates my guts
I know she'll love me when she comes
But I ain't crushin if she ugly as sin
I cain't fuck with fat chicks who rock skullies and Timbs
Shit only fine women gon' buff with my jim
Scuff with they shins, maybe if I'm lucky there's twins
(Hell yeah) I ain't a player though I'm scruffy and thin
But my shit pumps like the blood under your skin
Play my single, cats be actin gully when it spins
I kill mics and keep vice steady dustin for my prints