

Air Timpani

Wax

Yeah, throw ya hands up
Herbal T throw you're motherfucking hands up
EOM put your Godamn hands up
D-Pryde throw your motherfucking hands up
East coast up your goddamn hands up
West coast put your motherfucking hands up
Midwest, dirty south throw your hands up
Whole world hands up, come on...

Feeling like I was possessed by the devil, a mislead mind of a desperate rebel
Tryin to get money but I'm going about it all wrong
Day in and day out I'm pumping out a raw song

Trying to give y'all-
A small touch of the realness
Tryin to show all of you ducks what the deal is
Couldn't give two fucks if you feel this
I'm already hungry what's another meal missed?

Concerto of a growling stomach
Trying to out climb us and you're bound to plummet
We just lounge on the summit, over looking all the peasants
Laughing at how they're not even aware of our presence
And with every sentence, the march gets louder
And drowns out all the remarks of a doubter
Yeah let em all scream "hate", tell em all get a plate
Let em all eat cake bitch!

Make way for the symphony
We got a short supply of sympathy
When EOM drops the beat it's history
Fuck a guitar we playing air timpani

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Fuck a guitar we do it like dum dum dum dum

Ouch, dagger to the heart
I've demonstrated swagger from the start
I moonwalked out of the uterus, on to the table
Me and Herbs did the kitten play before they put us in the cradle

Your boy is not stable
Fresh off the pot like a boiling hot ladle
I'm old school fucker, ya boy just got cable
And I ain't even trying to join the top labels

Cause I'm not trying to be something I ain't
Like my taint you can feel me like dry paint
Yeah, cause it's a well known thing that every song these days is a cell phone ring

And sometimes I wish I'd try an sell those things,
But it's alright like a save by the bell opening man
I pull a reference out of my ass like a dingleberry

Simile samurai, words of Mike Singletary

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I rip strong
Spitted on shit songs
Bitch your shit's wrong
I'm "Il" like Kim Jong

Listen check
You'll be lying like in sit and reps
Talkin' 'bout your clique and "clack"
Shut it man, that shit is wack

I don't think we're on the same page
I'd like y'all fired and bring you back on the same stage
I still kill, and you better get your necklace checked
Your better off to ask Rihanna for an S.O.S

I spit dreck and I'm all day, mate
Spittin' lies at your eyes like Kanye's shades
Check it
A live wire
Yes, I'm a fly diver
My lyrics are the shit concentrated on, high fiber

You stress the bitch and
Homie I think you're best to listen
Rest and churn right before I deck in your digestive system
You better listen and you better pay homage and haters you get the rector thermometer motherfucker!

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