

# Pack Up

## Lyrics Born

From the gate what you know about rapping motherfucker  
You can't even hold the microphone without it feedbacking  
Since the days of speed rapping I've been snapping cats spinal bones  
(em)barras them in front of women take their little titles home  
Bear in mind I come from an era in time  
Where you actually had to have lyrics that rhyme  
Let my baritone grind your insides, paralyse your cerebellum  
Throw with your reality out of alignment  
Flip shit, on some pimp shit, on some rock shit  
Some rap rock testosterone rip shit  
Look inside every magazine you read about me  
Got an excerpt, your sissy ass crew's afraid to say the fucking f-word  
Tired of playing games, I don't know the password  
How's about this open up the damn cash drawer  
Throw the keys on the dashboard  
Let the real players play this shit  
Yah can fucking wretch up?

[Hook]

Pack up get started walking  
Fall back now on your losses  
You can't accomplish  
But you won't defeat no contest baby

Forfeit don't rock the call pit???  
Chalk this up as a conquest  
Some things is sacred  
I don't play with my stage or my audience

Smooth talking charismatic ass ill  
Talk you lady outta bra  
Honda hatchback hand held y'all starved  
And I'm dangling a shrimp by the fan tail  
Whole audience about to fall over the handrail  
I can't tell is that rapping?  
Dude sound like a fucking parrot just crash landed  
Man this shit is ass backwards these days real crazy  
I can count on one hand cats that's truly creative  
And the rest is all get along go along guys  
Happy not to get involved just along for the ride

No vision, no drive, spirit or wherewithal  
You can get mad and stay mad at that I don't care at all  
Huge pair of balls keep em cool under a parasol  
Paragon of my era like Sarah Vaughan  
How many different kinda tracks have y'all heard me on  
Exactly and I served them all

[Hook]

I spent ten years in these god forsaken rap trenches  
With small daily victories this shits a game of inches  
I sustained minor injuries scuffles with the missus  
For the chance to make history I don't regret it for a minute  
Seeing cats drop a small fortune on plush ride blau?  
Couple years later fools is upside down  
Tell me what the fuck did you get in this game for  
It's like a whole world of squirrels only one acorn  
I don't usually like to take it back  
But realistically if this was a different era  
Y'all would fail miserably  
Ghetto team I'm going in, take me down fifty feet  
I never let this industry put me in the guillotine  
Rapelle down the skyscraper kicking in the plexiglass  
Plastique on the safe boom blown to Leningrad  
Stuff the cash and the formula in the fifty bag  
Slide down the rope, twenty stories hail a taxi cab

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>