**You know me, I'm slicker than most oil mines**

**Flow like the Euphrates, reliable like landlines**

**Terrible like landlines, now my mind can't find**

**More stilted similes to turn into bad rhymes**

Small time punks like me don't know the time of day

Rappers push heavy weight; my homies push real estate

People ask "who is this?" then they start to back away

That there in the business is how we self-deprecate

Draw the audience to my side before I drop heavy weights

Shake the ground so hard that we all start to levitate

Or maybe it's just me; either way I'm feelin' pretty great

DJ, tell me one more time, what was in those pills I ate?

Whatever, leave it man, I'd really rather not know

The psychotropic effects got no effect on my flow

Stupid like the Yay back in '06 how I go

Shoe prints all on my bimmer's back window

Been around the block more times than most normal guys

Engaged in activities that should've killed me, but I refuse to die

Craziest night of your life? Sure, that's what YOU say

To me that's the conclusion of an average Tuesday

**The past may be a little dirty, but the rhymes they come out clean**

**Like pure 3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine**

**Got the Fantastic Four straight chillin' in the Mazda**

**Doing white lines off Jessica's linea alba**

-----

Scream my rap name in my raps; that's free marketing

Wired in the basement, practicing knife sharpening

-----

Come and hear my scattered thoughts, it can be a lot of fun

Standing in the batter's box high, dressed like a nun

Pagliacci the sad the clown's job is never done

Tough luck, 'cause I been fucked up since 1991

-----

Inhibit it an itty bit with a little bit of this

Tellin riddles in Italy, holding bindle sticks

Like a rail-riding hobo, chock fulla yayo

Now you know what fuels this killa flow, though

-----

Play the stock market, stuff like profit gains

In Spokane, feelin OK on cocaine

'Cause I move dust like a fuckin ceiling fan

Blow a thousand milligrams at once: Instagram

My barbecue grill is all about propane

My sports car demands high rated octane

But organic chem rhymes are way to easy

'Cause alkane chain names all end with "a-n-e"

And huffing gasoline put me in the A&E

I did it on the coaster ride at the PNE

If you're from BC you probably feelin me

-----

Yell raps over the beat like 1980's rap

Gold chains, cocaine, indo, and all that

Dirt Nasty references up in here

Bring the hard liquor 'cause I don't really like beer

Fuck a sucka up just for looking at me wrong

Just kidding I can barely move when I'm on the bong

Indo in my shirt and my eyes half closed

Red sclera, white powder stuck up in my nose

Emulate the flow of d-o-double-gizzle in his prime

Emulate like he was Windows and I was running WINE

Linux references have a tendency to twist the mind

Difficult to comprehend if you ain't higher than Sublime

-----

50 Cent, 2Pac, ASAP, Kid Rock

That was a fully senseless chain of name drops

My brain's stuck all the way in dry rot mode

Oxidative stress, neural overload

-----

That black dress has some attractive forces

Lookin' bomb like plastic explosives

See you in stilettos, holy Moses

6-inch heels, oh LORD… osis

Ayo, girl, I strike while the iron is hot

That ain't a metaphor; I make swords a lot

Because I'm bored a lot, with all this TV talk

Your pop culture references can suffer my cock

's crows in the morning, that's right I got a rooster

If you thought I meant something else, what's wrong with you, sir?

Or madam, I guess I should be more inclusive

As political correctness get ever-more intrusive

When I rap you might think that I sound real badass

Gangsta flows about how I wanna tap that ass

Dis rappers, tell 'em how I always do it better

Truth is I'm less hood than a crew-neck sweater

-----

Never know which way my moral compass is twitching

Friday smoke crack, Sunday work at soup kitchens

-----

Six hundred sick hypocrites take the hippocratic oath

-----

Now i know where Grey got all those wack acronyms

we invented them while I was smoking crack with him

-----

***I hope they don't include themselves***

***When they swear to***

***do no harm***

***He hopes it doesn't count when he let Justin***

***spike his arm***

***In the back of a dark park covered in fog***

***Veins dotted with track marks***

***Hiding from guard dogs***

***With shredded clothes on his pale skin***

***Diamorphine deacetylation***

***Never know which way my moral compass is twitching***

***Friday smoke crack, Sunday work at soup kitchens***

***He still beliiieeves it's worth it***

***Tryna unearth the true worth of the worst work he ever did***

***Nothing was beneath him; even the rats laughed***

***Nobody needs him, so he's done a ton of smack***

***Half through a six pack, eyes roll back***

***Kid took to rock bottom with a fuckin pickaxe***

-----

Do they include themselves when they swear to do no harm?

Did it count when he let Justin spike his arm?

Did it count when he was in the back of a dark park

covered in fog

dotting his veins with track marks,

hiding from guard dogs

Shredded cloth covering his sickly skin

Anticipating diamorphine deacetylation

…He wants to believe it was all worth it

To unearth the worth of the worst work he ever did

Nearly nothing was beneath him, he was lower than the street rats

The kid was breaking through rock bottom with a pickaxe

Nobody needs, His fuckin' fifth time watching "Kick-Ass"

that day

***His ears were ringing from bliss so intense, it bordered on rage***

***He can't tell if it was Nick Cage or Ellen Page***

***Is that voice Christian Bale or Jennifer Hale?***

***Or is it the voice in my head***

***Telling me I've finally failed?***

***Truth is I don't know yet***

***I don't know where to go with this flow yet***

***That means the rap and the time till my sun sets***

***I'm not usually this poetic till a lady's getting undressed***

Apologies, my verbal imagery tends to upset

The whole preist-and-nun-and-pope set

Hand to god, though, feel free to choke me

And end the shimmering obsidian pulses in this psyche

I used to care if you liked me

Cared how I looked in dark jeans and a white tee

Now hit the gym to challenge my cardiac scar tissue

Just to see if I can die of a coronary at 22

Oh what, you thought I wasn't this fucked up? You think those hard-to-follow jokes

come from thinking normal stuff?//

You think I give a half a flying fuck about your snap chats

or your hashtags or your ad agency cash grabs

I'll blast my galaxy S3 with a .45 mag

And smash an iPhone 5 with my shoe in a Glad trash bag

Light a match under a tin foil smack bag

and take a massive drag//

Call that chasin the dragon, see that in the ER downtown

Inhaling black tar in hopes that the voices will drown

the voices that say we don't know who I am,

the fact that it's more than one voice should be a red flag in the grandstands

I can't forget most of the Universe exists outside of me

Would it kill my mind to grant me 5 minutes of peace

By just lying to me?

Guess so, so he…

He puts cocaine in his anatomical snuffbox for the sake of irony

And also because nicotine doesn't get him as high as he

Would like, off a single lucky strike dipped in poppy latex

***All the world's a stage and I'm stoked as FUCK to see what plays next***

Maybe it's me this time

Maybe it's these easy rhymes

from this fragmented mind

corrupted by line after line

…

So take from that what you will

As I row my boat gently down the stream that flows uphill

-----

Yo, you heard of women?

I get 'em

Ayo, books?

I never read 'em

Second verse, similar to the first

But a little more inane and little bit worse

Spit hot sixteens like reality TV

BET and MTV is where you find M-E

Yeah

That spells "me", 'cause that's what I meant

Something something something RENT

Obligatory raps about how used to be poor

Now, buses and planes take me on tour

-----

Yeah

Unh

This is the start of things

Ayo motherfuckers, here the raps be at

Best step down when OPM at bat

Dust off my home plate; baseball metaphor

Bet you ain't never heard one of those in rap before

Nah, nah, you probably have

Here's hoping that don't make it less rad

Excuse me while I take a drag

of the smack out this tin foil bag

Rappers smoke weed, but not this kid

So either I'm not a rapper or I smoke alternatives

Well my motherfucking rap name is OPIUM

Tell those pilled up kids I'm over them

**Drag out words, get my acronyms**

**Leave out words about cardinal sins**

**That I committed but then I got acquitted**

**'Cause I got the judge's acquisition permission**

Buying plots like a medieval serf lord

Work my land, ye filthy hordes

Yeah, Skyrim raps

What the ostracized audience gonna do about that

**Creative streaks see me and target this cortex**

**Gonna either hit the ceiling or the floor next**

**You decide; choose your poison**

**Fuck what I got, call YOUR boys in**

**Nah I ain't looking for a fight, more a good night**

**Get my head tight on pills and white**

**Oxy rocks me like a slug to the chest**

**Comin down like Q, so what we gon' do next**

**Yo I got the answer: EXTRA PILLS**

**Chop 'em with a razor: SPECIAL SKILLS**

**Snort 'em with silly straws, MY NOSE KILLS**

**Passages burning as the powder fills**

**What did I do to deserve this feeling**

**Rocked back on my heels, fell down, now I'm leaning**

**Can't stop my skyrocketing now**

**So high I'm trying to YouTube "Boom Boom Pow"**

-----

Hateful misanthropes in the throes

Of ruining their own souls

It's all for the sake of cheap thrills, don't you see?

When I die it'll be because \*I\* killed me

Staggering to my room in a blood-soaked tee

It was white before, then that chav showed me

What good is a switchblade

Against a guy who played Braid high on coke, acid, and that bug spray "RAID"

Punching kids out at the arcade

Why? Because it's MY fuckin' turn on "Cruisin' USA"

Mixing vodka with Capri Sun

Until I'm drunk enough to proposition married lesbians for threesomes

So come chill with me some

Then see if you can ever again in your life successfully have fun

Me? I'd say I tend to doubt it

But you can always be proud to party with the loud brown kid

-----

I'ma take it slow here, so listen close, okay?

Ah fuck it, none of y'all care what I gotta say

Just nod your head, put on a fake smile

Stay a while, what I say, I'll at least say with style

My thoughts drift hard, like "Initial D"

That was a game reference; stick with me

Or check your iPhones, y'all Apple lovers

I'm too old for your social shit; Danny Glover

At the ripe old age of 22

I'm out of touch with what these kids even do

Where they find free time for TV and drama

To me, the real fun is boning down on your

DAD

Yo that break was hella rad

Kinda glad you're not listening, 'cause these raps are straight bad

And not in the good way, and here's the best test

Of quality: I wrote this in class, when I was restless

Just be glad I'm not teaching you stuff

Preaching for no reason 'cause I know you've had enough

And that's what brought you here

So crack another beer and laugh 'till your eyes are filled with tears

Yes, eat drink and make merry

By which I mean literally have a baby, and name it Mary

Then jump on a ferry like I did, to Amsterdam

Canadian chanting "U-S-A!" with a space cake in my hand

Messed up till I puke like the Fountainhead by Ayn Rand-

Man

This is really pretty stupid, I like that other thing that you did

Struck my heart Cupid

But forget Cupid, I got my own cherub

The track you hear now is hella crack, thanks to the Arab

-----

Heavy hitter when it comes to neurotransmitters

I fiddle with 'em like digital sound emitters

Releasing agents, reuptake inhibitors

Could never accuse these neurons of being quitters

And my blood brain barrier is littered

And riddled with holes drilled by psychoactives

I was poppin' pills for cheap thrills up until I rapped this

That's show biz

And I'm about showmanship

Devout enthusiasts know that I own this shit

Petty bitches jump ship, best do it right quick

This stuff is way too norepinephrinergic

That's why I'm enraged like a coked-out Nicolas Cage

Even reading this I emanate right offa the page

Nucleus unstable: I'm radioactivity

I wreck your DNA from the front to the back, easily

-----

We came through with a plot to get him to speak here

Our rhymes back then were as off-beat as leap years

Stays icy, through to developmental

Saves you from reading Grey's until you go mental

He's so seasoned that his name's hot

Teaches you six different names for the same spot

2 minutes per slide; he's never in a hurry

So ladies and gentlemen, I present: Dr. Curry

-----

Unknown Internet pills until my skin feels dry

They didn't help me sleep but they sure made the time fly by

And sitting here writing verses that I make up

Probably won't remember writing when I wake up

Hot as fuck, somebody better stop me

Like the movie the mask, starring Jim Carrey

But way more stupid and way less entertaining

I'm gaming, hoping my consciousness starts fading

Braiding my hair and playing Braid

Only that Jonny Blow makes me feel this way

And it's not OK, 'cause I'm a pill fiend

Say I'ma live out the rest of my days too peacefully

Thanks to stims and the infernal benzos

My days are soon gonna come to and end, so

Here I write my last will and testament,

Rap Charles says staying clean's a good investment

-----

I'ma write a fast rap while my brain's slowed down

Your town gonna burn to the ground when I'm around

Don't do fist pumps only rock ground pounds

Make your car bounce high while the road rebounds

You don't know what I know do you? No I think you really don't

You should know my power's absolute, and that I simply won't

Hesitate to devastate the type that need eliminating

Never leave an eyelash like GATTACA, that's incriminating

I'll be here incinerating FBI intelligence

Never under the pretense that it'll make a difference

It's a drop in the bucket but fuck at least I rose a ruckus

Now the agencies are on the watch out and they try to duck us

If I don't pull back on this assault, the mic'll catch fire

Like the pants of that dude who was hanging from the phone wire

-----

Keep it so steady, you can call me Gibraltar

Sacrifice emotions at my ice-cold altar

Never not chill, facade's never altered

'Cause this motherfucker just can't be bothered

Roger? Confirm LZ status

Hot drop to the kill zone, now that's bad shit

And I'm bat shit insane

Think atomic radiation done fried my brain

But let's try it again, this time I'll make you shiver

If you wanna make it sound like a rush, I can deliver

So many words in a single line I'm sure they don't know what I mean

Neurotic flow so crisp and clean, like I'm spittin' with a mouthful of Listerine

But they pissed at me, shaking fists at me

Hold up for 2 bars before I make history...

Bone-shaking, life-changing

Rap Charles got what they can't give

Painstaking and alliterating

With synonymous hyphenated adjectives

Magic is, my labyrinthine verbiage

Not the least of which is meta-analysis

'Cause I'm rappin' 'bout rappin' 'bout how good my rappin' is

If you don't get it, let it happen, 'cause it's happening

------Hellifornia

Rolling on a seat that sits on four wheels

Valve clatter lets punks know I'm FOR REAL

Fuel cap says to put 91 in my ride

Fuck Big Oil; 84 till I die

Got rednecks tailing me in a suburban

So I'm weaving, screeching, drifting, swerving

Think you can drive smart? Fuck you

I can tell what you gonna do before YOU do

Dent on your fender, sucks to be you

I don't give a fuck, my ride was made in '92

Half milli on the odometer; I been around

The opposite of that up in the bank account

Loans just can't be ignored

It's like stealing that I signed for but can't afford

Just so I can ride on one-twos when I'm flossin'

12-inch-rims from a local auction

Some lines are sparse

And other ones get a little wordy

Never changed the oil

Flow like 5W30

Talk about my block's knock, I'll clock you

Only rapper joking about viscosity is not you

This is pure, this is fresh, it's a lemon scent

But the inside of my ride is anything but innocent

Need someone to talk to

My actions are never thought through

Foot pinned on the accelerator

Gears fallen out a kilometre later

Long haul trucker, got crank in my crank case

Freebase locked away in a safe place

-----

X xxx, xx, xx, XXXX

No stopping this once I got it going

Chill, grimy, jazzy, relaxed flowing

Kinda like rap in a Cali hot tub

Atari in the 80's knows what's up

And they wish they were here

To enjoy this flow with me

Gotta say I find kindred spirits in these

Coding, smoking, coked-out hippies

Cut it back like a minimix

Bring it back sweeter than the top of a Twix

Caramel, sweet as hell

Me and my homies got mad stories to tell

Zip-up hoodies, lookin' for a buzz

Lookin' over our shoulders because

They watching, they on the prowl

Takin shots at you like Tyler Stahl

Hip-hop trip-hop I never know when to stop

So please send a sign when my time is up

I could flow all day, if you ask me

Just a matter of the right opportunity

Got the ability

To bust these for as long as I please

So please

See these rhymes and feel free to chastise me

----- liquid lounge/hellifornia?

Drama fiends chasin highs from catecholamines

Habit-forming stress hormone release

Yo, I got my biopsych license

Permitting me to spit indiscriminate nonsense

God damn, my mind's been gone since

2011's major lapse in conscience

Spinning like a snow globe, 19 years old

There's a will, there's a way, then the way takes hold

Addiction's the affliction, I'm trippin'

Ain't a Christian but I'm on a holy mission

5-0 causes nothin but friction

Blue lights in the rearview got me flippin

I stay out my fuckin' mind when I'm outta sight

Clear glass coffee table and a sack of Snow White

So bright, so the Liquid Lounge is where I hide

All this cocaine hydrochloride

Yeah it's a salt, and it's hygroscopic

And nothing you say is ever gon make me stop it

'Cause normally I'm too tame to flip tables

But I gotta say: this 'caine makes me able

Physically and mentally unstable

I'm like a monster from a fuckin' fable

Like something out a fairy tale they would tell

Fucked up on pixie dust, chillin with Tinkerbell

-----

Headed down South for that Texas lovin'

Chromosomally abnormal yokels with dozens of cousins

-----

Say what I'ma do, then I do it even bigger

Ain't difficult, just throw words together

Stretch rhymes, ironic baller lines

Capable of blue, black, and white collar crime

I waste a motherfucker like he's holocrine

Subaceous, tenacious, I take my time

-----"Bounce It Big"

Yo, this my tasteless rap,

This some tasteless shit

Tasteless as fuck,

So anyone can get it

Like killin' you for fun

Like blowin' crack smoke

Like fuckin' on nuns

Like holocaust jokes

Nobody safe from the onslaught

Controversial, like marrying a robot

Futurama porn, that's a coversation ender

Call that Bender's gender-bender

Fuck Shakespeare,

I borrow and I lend

No class,

so I don't pretend

No time for cotillion, but I'm rollin' in millions

Put the fire to the weed then I fly with Fillion

Nigga rich bitch, big rims ya heard

Polite society is a fuckin' scourge

Hear my fuckin' words,

As I'm fuckin' her

My whole fuckin' life

Is a fuckin' blur

[chorus? Nah man fuck choruses too repetitive]

I'm poppin pills

In the hollywood hills

Doin' hella coke

Through hundred-dollar bills

Just today

I ate 4 meals

Yo developing nations

That's four-to-nil!

Keep corruption discrete It takes a lotta skill

But that's how Wall Street Knows that I'm for real

Get rich off misfortune Make fun of abortion

Testicular torsion givin' you loose motions

Take a breather

Tell this broke kid I ain't your father neither

Your ho-ass mom

Was high on ether

Create like Tyler,

Fuck TED like Skyler

Yo I'm talkin' 'bout the talks

-----

Fittin' in a minute of a video game

-----

I was at my kid's party, someone spiked the punch

Punch fulla molly, I was already drunk

Takin' swings at these 8-year-old punks

It kicked in, then I was singin Alvin and the Chipmunks

High as a kite

Every feeling so soft, every color so bright

Tracers from the lights, what a beautiful sight

But the party's gonna end at 9 so I should call it a night

-----

I could smoke a few rocks back in the day

Destroy dope, call me monoamine oxidase

----- Purple Pills, Med School Edition

[Prescribe a couple uppers

Prescribe a couple downers

I can fix anything with powerful narcotic pills

I've been through pharma courses

Ketamine is for horses

I can fix anything with powerful narcotic pills]

Cool, calm, like Shady's mom

Prescription pad up in my palm

Got a headache? Here's some oxy

But don't you dare OD on me

I can't prescribe the Vyvanse yet

'Cause the Shire guy still hasn't paid my rep

Aw, shit, you were listening

And I can't afford to go to court again

So ER, let's do rounds

I SAID COME ON, ROUNDS

Everybody in the break room passing out

Cause they spent last night up, watching House

I don't do shit, I just mess around

I got a white coat 'cause my skin is brown

Coulda been a physicist, I'm here because

I burned my brain out with hella drugs

-----

STOP THE ALL STARS

Aw shit, guess who's back up in the mix?

US Pipe on the mic with these fuckin' pricks

Up on the stage every night I primp

Just in case I see your girl because she thinks I'm a pimp

Who am I to let her think otherwise? As much as she tries to deny it

She knows I got that fly shit

So step to the All-Stars, bitch

Turn the local girls out because they think we're rich

P-town bar bound, the girl gets around

She got 2 pair of panties in the lost and found

She knew I had the knack, I eased my seat back

Like I was David Lee Roth, yeah, we goin' off!

Feel the sound, come on get down

Get your ass of the ground, as the beat pounds

Rock simplistic rhymes, near and far

You know I rock more leather than a country western bar

Dressin up in hick shit, to get a little patch

She said Shania Twain, my reply was natch

Got the line dancer on all fours in my room

And you know I drop bombs like ka-boom

That's around the time she started lookin around

CB4 poster was all she found

I was made, but fuck it, yo, I got laid, and man

Next weekend, we doin' it again

[hook]

Roper I'm dope, so don't even try to cope

When it comes to makin beats, yo I'm the pope

I ride up, stop, keep my shit on lock

Twist my hat around, I'm goin' over the top

Get sex on in my Camry, parents can't stand me

And god, DAMN we get trim at the Malibu grand prix

Fuck you up like a pop tart

Stacks of beer and cold cuts in my shopping cart

Couple 40s and a box cutter

Slit your throat, leave you bleeding in the gutter

Paramedics cleaning up your body with a mop

That's how we do it at the sandwich shop

Mas-master, the masta blasta, drinkin' Shasta

Like a fisher gonna cast ya

I'm the last to say no to a drunk ass ho

Because after the show, I'm gettin' mine, you know

The bitches say "Lexus C, why don't you have some sex with me?"

I hit up the Shell, for crisco and antifreeze

I hit the rump, from the word jump,

I hit her with the pump-pump-pump-pump-pump

That's right, you delight, when my rhymes take flight

No you can't have my cell number, girl, take a hike

You try to break the All-Stars but you read the dossier

We bust in your face and shout "have a nice day!"

[break]

I'm dodging calls from her friends and it's feelin' just fine

I shot a double bogey right up her back 9

Then OH SNAP she took Pipe to the head

Gave her Brennan's cell just to keep her mislead

Me and DJ Rope-dawg rollin' late night

We lookin for something, either ass or a fight

Because it's on. That's right, I said it's on

Got your chic to grab our sticks and it was on like Robotron

Igloo cooler fulla beer and guns

I'm on the lam again and yo I gotta run

Hop a train, take a boat, that's right, I gotta flee

And all the kids tryna look just like me

But remember this, you're gonna have to wait

It takes 4 to 6 weeks to get your Girls Gone Wild tape

I slice on the mic and I say what I like

I'm trippin over bitches like Dick Van Dyk

Up in front of the Foster's gettin' wine like a looter

Pushin over little kids on their motor scooters

-----

SOME OF THE REAL

When I roll up in my Cam I see you watchin me

All eyes on Roper, the fuck machine

I'm here to let you girlies know, now don't you tweak

I ain't lookin' for a lady that ain't down to freak

So don't say a word, just hop into my ride

The skirts can't resist me when they get inside

It could be my swag or my sex appeal

There's just so many reasons why I'm some of the real

When I walk into the party bitches stop and stare

They say "who's that sexy guy with the poorly dyed hair?"

Well it's me, the U, the S, the P, I, the P,

Add E to your drink and play raise the roofies

'Cause it's like that, you know I spike that

Knock you out and handcuff you to a bike rack

Leave you out all night chained up to a piece of steel

I think you know that I'm some of the real

Cells blowin up another 9-1-1

She ain't your best friend, she wants to have some fun

Don't hate her though, she's on the wonder tongue

Ain't another motherfucker she could get that from

She drives dick, she likes dick and she might split

When she gets up on Lex daddy's tip

I fill up your mouth, like meals on wheels

Recognize when you speakin with some of the real

Who wants some? Who wants some of this action

The SAS will put that ass in traction

The pill-poppin-est, the mall-walkin-est

Close your blinds, bitches, I'm the still-stalkin-est

When I'm rockin this, your entire block is pissed

You reminisce over how you were on top of this

In the street, I'm meek, but on stage I kill

Cause all the pre-teens think that I'm for real

-So I'm in rehab, right, a rehab clinic with the guy who played Mr. Belding from Saved By the Bell. We cut outta there one night after bed check, go to a bar, get shitfaced drunk. Long story short, two cosmotology students end up dead, buried by mile marker 114 outside Kansas City, Kansas. Heh, it was the best Columbus day ever

It was just an extended, one night stand

Until I crawled out a window with your purse in my hand

Told you and your sister we were long-haul truckers

Some bad old convoy-startin' motherfuckers

And we out. Yeah, I got that local clout

Roll back to Petaluma and it's on, no doubt

When I'm out on the road you better act with care

'Cause I fuck and run, bitch, laissez-faire

I know that you know that I thought you thunk

But I always fake the funk on a nasty dunk

And before you ask, about that klunk

Just know that your girl's tied up in my trunk

Bust locker 42 and I'm strapped with cash

And then I'll get you on the phone, then I'll tap that ass

Gotta grow a beard so I can change my facial feel

Just like Vince McMahon, you know I'm extra fuckin' real

I get my mac on, at the laundromat

Fuckin' hoes, doin' clothes, that's where I'm at

So what's up girl? Bend over the dryer,

Slide of your shorts, unzip my fly

And I'll do you

Like you deserve to get done

Tell the bitch my name's Frank then hit the 101

I hit the skin, hit the thighs, then I'm on my way

You might call it extreme, but I call it Saturday

Gettin' busy on the mic because I'm flagrant

Gettin' more dirty looks than a vagrant

Got my car fulla keds you know that I'm the man

And I got your missing puppy in the back of my van

We wire bus tickets to all these hoes,

They get rocked to and fro, then away they go

I drop 'em at the bus stop, without a fuckin' care

'Cause I told 'em the real was that I work at the fair

-So I wake up one morning, loaded pistol in one hand, and enough PCP in the other to put me through motherfuckin' law school. Dead on the floor, needle in her arm is Mary-Kate Olsen. Stark naked in bed next to me, Ashley Oslen. I don't know what happened the night before, all I knew was I was the newly elected president of Paraguay and I was bleeding from both eardrums. It was the worst Columbus day ever.

So now you all know what we mean by real

The All-Stars'll fill you up like a value meal

Drink, burger, and fries, I'm in between your thighs

The Suburban All-Stars come in supersize

Because we are part of the regulation

Fillin' you out, like a job application

Ain't a damn thing changed, it's always the same

R-E-A-L, bitch, that's my name

Make all these one-night hoes come and walk my plank

I said bitch, I never even known the shank

I stay alone and crank is what I'm dealin

Slangin speed to buy some new wheels

Aaand there's NO bigger picture, NO worldview

Just me, my weak rhymes, and my wack-ass crew

Now all the ladies in the place keep shakin it up

And take comfort in the fact that I'm real like WHAT

-----

WACK ASS CREW

1999, the number, another summer

Delivered like a load of lumber

The ill professor, top drawer of the dresser

Always givin you more and never the lesser

Hear these beats bumpin throughout your town

Fuck comin' up because this shit is goin down

Like Julie Brown, my career's a fuckin' mess

With a checka-Slim Shady, and uh, a god bless

I am the master of the black arts

I push my CD while you comin' on carts

I am the champ of the game called Poker

While I'm mackin on the ladies like a stoned pot smoker

Bust rhymes that I got inside a cereal box

When I get my milk on, I gotta have my pops

We choppin up game like a sandwich shop

Because I'm stone-cold mackin, sassy on and off the clock, bitch

[hook]

Yo Reb's an all-star that'll fuckin' amaze you

Step up on my block, I'll have to erase you

Like military school, don't try to follow suit

Cause I'm out a window with a bag and your loot

Compare me to the union cause I got shitty connections

Don't post questions, givin' bitches fuckin' erections

I don't mean to brag and, uh, I don't mean to boast

But sadness is a game and I am the host

The R-E to the B packin' the small willie

I never hitchhike, I cruise the 3 on the tree

So let me refrain in case you didn't hear

I'll pull you off the shelf just like Pepsi Clear

Pipe hits high, fuck it, I hit low

When it comes to dirty fighting I'm a pro

Sometimes I just wanna say I'm through

But then I'd still be stuck with this wack-ass crew

[hook]

Drop knowledge, like I was in junior college

Bitch, I dunno what rhymes with college

And that's cause I ain't never been to no college

Ulysses S. Pipe, rockin the mic like a dike

White men, gettin ends, doin what they like

Gut fulla Jack with my main man Mike

If I sell enough grit then I can get a bike

I sift through your garbage, I huff a lotta glue

That's right, girl, I'm gonna stalk you!

Yo I was talkin to your momma on her 900 number

Which one is that? 1-900-suck-my-lumber

Met my current girlfriend on a 900 line

Which one is that? 1-900-buy-my-pine

Just got a credit card that I swiped from you

So it's free phone sex for the wack-ass crew

-----DROP

You can banish the thought of replacing me

You motherfuckers couldn't stop once you got a shot of me

Yeah I been a fan of C, I faded to insanity

Rappin to the rapture with my fractured personality

The psycho's flowin, yo it's Rap Charles, see

I wrote this shit while I was high on molly

Make him stop, someone make him stop

Charlie just drove a tank over 80 cops

Ain't had a bite to eat, for like a week

This ain't a night for sleep, so smoke some ice and tweak

Told 'em all to hold me back

Before I had a heart attack

But I don't need a beating heart

As long as I still gotta rap

The bass drum kicks, the snare drum hits

Like a pacemaker, keepin me alive and sick

And I live to spit, blow rails, and trip

Judgmental pricks think I'm a failure, shit

Try to keep pace, you'll collapse in hours

You high octane, but I'm fusion-powered

[pause]

I'm lampin on the island

And I'm fryin all my myelin

We so fuckin' high

We walkin single file, silent

Don't do it for money

Don't do it for the fame

I don't do it for the ladies

Don't do it for the cocaine

I just do what I want to and you'd do well to follow suit

I'm cooler than a surfer dude and mad intelligent to boot

One last remark, so listen to this

Rap Charlie live life like I got a deathwish

I said

One last remark before I go

Can't fuck with Rap Charles, bitch, I told you so

----- DOMO 23

Drunk off a case of Heinekin

Never wanna see another pint again

Always in first place, never tryna win

I'm out my motherfuckin mind again

Fake-ass rapper named Rap Charles

Say that shit then we brawl

Witcha grandma in the middle of the shopping mall

Fuck spring summer winter wanna see you fall

Screw it I'ma do it gonna chew it then I spew it like diyyyup

Nah that's disgusting

Mad at the analogy and my infallability, shiiit

Is he on crack or something?

[fuck that]

When the beat gets a little silent

That's when people like me start wilin

You can keep the receipt cause I'm stylin

With these goofy-ass shoes I'm buyin

This lyrical inundation

Is causing more than frustration

It's washing the brains of nations

So keep that indignation

Cause I'm here standing, breathing

Duck, motherfuckers, it's open season

Suture the wound when I leave you bleedin

Police couldn't tell you what they're seeing

Ecstasy and LSD, it

Feels like a thought just got deleted

Smokin' fuckin' PCP

How's that for pharmacology, bitch?

[fuck that]

Now hold on just one more minute

There's something that I'm forgettin

You takin my place, I'm in it

I'm spinnin so let me finish

I took the oath and re-wrote it

I roll a blunt and I smoke it

Chop 2 more lines of the coke

'Cause I'ma hippocratic hypocrite

Charlie, M.D.

To me that sounds unlikely

So I'm takin bets on whether it's lockup

Or an oxy O.D.

Actually, it's neither

This complicated procedure

Is easy even on ether

When the beat drop have a fuckin' seizure

-----

I'm a modern man

Hell, I can't ape that, I'm a George Carlin fan

In about 60 seconds

The order's gonna go through

To turn on the music

And let those words flow true

For now I'll wreck shop like salmonella typhi

A little to hyphy to be a pure type B

The fact is,

Everybody loves me

But nobody likes me

I always get the short straw

Out of your wife's sports bra

Or push-up brassiere

Now there's image for ya

Oh yeah

Nah, I ain't confused

I'm always too enthused about choosing booze abuse

I'm a loser, playing it fast and loose, like a tooth from the dude I bruised

The sentences just sound intense

I'm linking vowels and consonants

Your girl thinks wow, the confidence

Fanatics spanning continents

Now if only any of that made a lick of god damn sense

----- Liquid Lounge 2?

I ain't talented

Shit I ain't even skilled

About as impressive to look at as roadkill

Confidence don't count

Still don't wanna stop it

Proud of my pride, that's my circular logic

A mobius strip of personality

You can get upset, but you just can't stay mad at me

Epistemologically solipsistic

If my psychosis physically existed, I would kiss it

I missed it, so deliciously twisted

Somehow still intellectually gifted

Stay lifted, pair of dimes got me shifted

Game so effortless when I kick it

My hamper's evidence that I did it

Got boxers covered in your bitch's lipstick

Yeah I'm narcissistic,

Total social misfit

Unequivocal dipshit

And the first to admit it

——————

Your life is fucking pointless, and fading fast

Every day a minor variation on the last

Lists of tasks, do em to get paid

Kiss the boss' ass if you wanna get a raise

I'm prepared to meet my end

You tryna make ends meet

But fuck it

Both our finish lines are 6 feet deep

----- pre-domo

Hey, I'm Rap Charles

It's nice to finally meet ya

I practice making hella different faces in my mirror

Fake emotions like a sociopath killer

Yeah I'm narcissitic

Ain't gonna fix it 'cause it's deliciously twisted

If my psychosis physically existed, I'd kiss it

Pair of dimes got me shifted, like a ship, listed

You could call me epistemologically solipsistic

But just in case you missed it

I'm a real pretentious dipshit

Worst part is that chics dig it

Don't call me skilled or talented; I'm fuckin' gifted

Game comes effortlessly when I choose to kick it

Dresser fulla evidence that ain't bullshit

Got boxers covered with your bitch's lipstick

Alright DJ macbook, hit the space bar, bust it

Time to deal some amateur musical injustice

----- Jump Around

Just did a line

Powder so fine

20 minutes I'ma have a one-track mind

Grow up, man up

Shit I ain't a fan of

Always having fun 'cause I got no hang-ups

This too easy

Bitch believe me

Never done shit just to put on my CV

That's Rap Charlie

Used to be nameless

Now I rap kinda like I'm already famous

I'm done with this music

It's time to get hype, so

Couple more shots, go fuckin psycho

I'm drinkin it down

I'm sniffin it up

That's how Charlie get fucked

So what's up

Fill a cup

Then your mouth

I need a drink, motherfucker, I'm out

—— Yet another possibility

[1: Stop the All Stars (~60 seconds)]

You know that I'm dope, so don't even try to cope

When it comes to makin beats, yo I'm the pope

I ride up, stop, keep my shit on lock

Twist my hat around, I'm goin' over the top

Get sex on in my Camry, parents can't stand me

And god, DAMN we get trim at the Malibu grand prix

Fuck you up like a pop tart

Stacks of beer and cold cuts in my shopping cart

Couple 40s and a box cutter

Slit your throat, leave you bleeding in the gutter

Paramedics cleaning up your body with a mop

That's how we do it at the sandwich shop

Cause I’m the master, the masta blasta, drinkin' Shasta

Like a fisher gonna cast ya

I'm the last to say no to a drunk ass ho

Because after the show, I'm gettin' mine, you know

The bitches say “oh please have some sex with me”

I hit up the Shell, for lube and some antifreeze

I hit the rump, from the word jump,

I hit her with the pump-pump-pump-pump-pump

I slice up the mic, and I say what I like

I’m trippin over bitches like Dick van Dyk

You try to break the All-Stars but you read the dossier

We bust in your face and shout "have a nice day!"

[2: Jump Around (~60 seconds)]

Bustin a rhyme

Cuttin a line

20 minutes I'ma have a one-track mind

Grow up, man up

Shit I ain't a fan of

Always having fun 'cause I got no hang-ups

This too easy

Bitch believe me

Never done shit just to put on my CV

That's Rap Charlie

Used to be nameless

Now I rap kinda like I'm already famous

Don’t have a life, though

Finna get hype, so

Couple more tabs, call me limitless psycho

Drinkin it down

Sniffin it up

If you don’t like it, get fucked

[3: domo music (~45 seconds)]

Drunk off a case of Heinekin

Never wanna see another pint again

Always in first place, never tryna win

I'm out my motherfuckin mind again

Fake-ass rapper named Rap Charles

Riled up kid in an all out brawl

Right there in the middle of the shopping mall

Fuck spring summer winter wanna see you fall

Screw it I'ma do it gonna chew it then I spew it

Finna wreck a fuckin SHOP when I hit it with a Buick

Better ready up a COP when I’m fully automatic

Charlie ever gonna STOP? Nah, bitch I’m fuckin blasted

Ecstasy, LSD

Take your dreams and hit delete

Top bets on my death are a little bitta blow

Or an oxycodone O.D.

Probably, it's neither

This complicated procedure

Is easy even on ether

When the beat drop have a fuckin' seizure

——————

Freestyle ‘cause it’s so motherfuckin easy

Nucleate the flow off the motherfuckin heezy

Like NBA Street plus jeezy, weezy, yeezy

Refine

Affect stable;

My limbic lobe in limbo

———————PUMP PUMP

Let the wishes of the party be the key, ‘cause we

Be the muthafuckin SkyLounge family

So let me say a bit about the place’s fame

Before we all up and black out again

If it wasn’t one thing, it would be a couple others

Don’t call them my homies; these people are my brothers

Cause we were studio’s 10-man crew

And when it came to cuttin loose, you knew to choose

Those chill motherfuckers up in 83

Bump beats, no sleep, goin’ crazy

Got the shieldfield green and we feelin aces

Come on, y’all know what the name of the place is

(Winn Studios flat 83) Nickname? (SkyLounge) Best part? (that balcony)

When they fly to my town, they don’t need to pack

The guys from SkyLounge know I got their back

———————OFFICE SPACE

A project that never made it

———————Whoops

Wish I knew what to do

So that’s why I look to you

You shrug and you keep looking

Like “what you want from me, dude?”

That’s the fog tide, making way to see the sunlight

And the raw side faking it to bear the spotlight

Where the law ride stating that the state is dead right

Then it all died when I got it in my gun sight

Had the glock cocked, dropped it in the trash, no enemies

Fly an F-16, felt like mach 10 to me

Ejected, wrecked a jet at sea, high on ecstasy

Cost the state a couple bill, still dry on empathy

Planted hemp seeds by some empty seats

That were lent to me, eventually, I’ll be getting weed

But I couldn’t hide my hydroponics from my CO

So I say bye to staying high on the hydro

My flow go slower than a slowbro go

More dough than overweight Pilsbury boy though

Till I snap like a croc, make you crackle and pop

I’m the other other guy with gator and the peacock

————— The one with Jeter in it

—Funk It Down

Find me passed out in a bathroom stall

Don’t call me Gaurav; my name is Charles

Too formal? Call me Charlie

Do I give a fuck either way? Nah, hardly

Get plastered faster, drop more money

Sarcastic and blasted, call me Drugs Bunny

What’s up, doc? I got a disorder

I can’t stop putting rhyming words in order

That makes me a rapper, see?

Doing MDPV with McAfee

Yeah now it’s all coming back to me

As my liver gets bigger from the Hennessey

The bright lady, she’s a friend to me

Now she tryna put a motherfucking end to me

Like entamoeba, it’s histolytic

Smoke diesel: The Chronic of Riddick

—Violin Chop

What’s going down in my head

Some psycho shit, better call the Feds

Still straight jackin

Feelin fucked up like my man Michael Madsen

Got more than I can write

At any opportunity, get out of my sight

Feelin like I’m gonna bust

Like an atom bomb, and be kickin up the dust

Been up, for 3 days straight

And my mind’s lyin somewhere in my love of hate

Just try and jack

Cause in this mood, you’ll be on your back, fool

Like Britney O’Connell

But I ain’t thinkin that cause this ain’t a porno

Got my head in the realms of doom

And there ain’t no excuse for me to leave my room

In the last corridor,

Now my head’s got more juice than the state of Florida

And I got no outlet

Was thinking it’d be over, now I’m starting to doubt it

And it’s spreading

Like metastasis, I know where it’s heading

Feelin like these words are weapons

And it’s my own mind that I’m wreckin

Just think about it, got a hunch

Must be that time of the month

For feelin crazy

Next week might be pushin up daisies

Psychopathic depression

Self-destruction is my full-time profession

I’ma glow, act like you know

Cause I do more blow than Peru can grow

Don’t remember where I’ve been

Just know my anger, not how or when

My contribution

Like corporate rock, my head is just pollution

Or dispelment

Living down to my fucked up fulfillment

Tension binding my cranium

Feeling unstable, carrying uranium

No hope

Of my redemption

So I said fuck church

And chose my direction

Here’s my message, free of purpose

Batten down the hatches and pray for the worst

———— Telegraph Avenue

Overstaid my welcome, now I’m overrated

Hold up, don’t know if he’s sober, faded

That’s for me to know, you can love it, hate it

Like this cadence lifted from a dark place

Stark rage like a motherfuckin Russian in an arms race

Keep rappin till the rapture, catch me up in heaven

Putting smiles on faces, like cranial nerve 7

I’m turned up to 11, so high I can’t read, yeah

What I spit is so dirty, you’ll get otitis media

You could never spit a single line that Charlie feed ya

Choking on the hotness like you messed up with atresia

Smoking till I turn to an amnesiac, turn to crack

Now I’m acting ill like Breezy act

Turned to smack another act I thought was wack

Wasn’t onstage, I was in the shack

On your girl bareback, all up on the bike rack

Handle the fact that you can’t have her back

Oh, you say you really love her?

Then you can have her back at the end of the summer

———————

wiyyuld [hook]

[I’m mad referential, stacking credentials

Give it all or nothing like an action potential

and she ain’t mine, but we enjoy our time,

Cuz when she speaks her mind, it’s like she’s speaking to mine]

I was so drunk I was crawling, but I still had to call

To say we go together like college classes and Adderall

Sped up is all, my heart rate when I make her crawl

say it straight even when I’m faded enough to fall

overall, your boy is stable though

don’t watch no cable, bro

no time for netflix and chillin

killin that pussy, workin, making a killing

money like coke, monkey like coke

the less I broke, the more I toke

Dangerous, words that escape this bass

Keep a case fulla base just to devastate the place

More than a taste, brain racing to space

Shit’s laced, I’m blazed, still face it with grace

Don’t get it twisted, Charlie still a dipshit

Wound up, being all too altruistic

ball through your local club, eyes misted

did he look you in the eyes? Yes, you missed it

he’s a boss he’s a king, and really the thing is

he’s blessed with the best gift of quickness

-

Aaaalllll eyes on me, style so free/

you could only hope to rhyme like me/

fact is your eyes DO see/

you recognize dope but you won’t agree/

I recognize hope can set a man free/

better wear a letterman or freeze in my breeze/

I'm under the weather, you can't get on this level/

Lyrics like rickets got you weak in the knees/

Keep speaking to these minorities/

sling words, I’m a trebuchet, you’re under seige/

every word from my mind could lead/

a legion of leaders to die for me

hyphy

looking tight, thinking bright, moving spritely /

getting through to me is unlikely /

my flow’s OK, my flow’s alright G

——————

Drink until I’m blasted / Puking up my gastric / Body saying that’s it / Brain saying fuck that shit /

Just get more smashed hit the block for a gram of coke, a wrap of smack / Crush it, rig it, slam it /

Leave the fuckin planet / If I die, I didn’t plan it / I wanna die without committing suicide /

But I’m so fly I make the Grim Reaper run and hide / Little pussy, gotta be this high if you wanna ride

=====‘RAWject=====

Man, I’m molten magic magma I can’t give a fuck about some lava

Too hot for that wack talk and in fact too hot to jaywalk

Trade stocks, chasing after places with traces of paper, stay dark

Trading with the mages or sages or masons, same talk

Waxing and waning like mental mania

That explanation would be wasted couldn’t even get to 8 of ya

You could even say that mostly every damn day the rapper charlie gettin faded to which I say “yup”

Plastered, fuck, forget that cut, it would never make me pass it up

So pass a joint, I’ll class it up, staying up through the night despite the stuff

Just spike the stuff, then you betta roll like teen at a rave on a speeding 18-wheeler truck

Real as fuck, fishtailing like my wheel is stuck

and fuck fishing, yo I’ve had enough

AJ stay shaping sounds that sound hella sick

Brain in space like that “Interstellar” flick

Charlie ain’t afraid to go stupid and straight up tell a chick

That his head been meddled with like blood on Eliquis

“thicker than water” still isn’t very thick

—————————

My flow solid like LEGO, yo it’s some of the sick

Some off-brand, like megablocks, diplo, sticklebricks

——————————

MSMSMSM========

——————————

now what I like about

YOU

You know how I do

When he need to, Charlie always come through

Cause I hate eating food, I got better shit to do

You got lead in your shoes, so I led a bitch to you

I’m a government secret, the federals refuse

To unleash old yet radical views

I don’t know what drugs your dad used to do

But you should try them, too

Yo I just had the best dream

Slow flow fast, sea turtle in a jestream

Dicks Rule Everything Around Me, that’s DREAM

Ain’t no game, motherfucker, you can check Steam

Feel this, don’t hold back, where’s your best scream

Hot like arson, better come arrest me

Hotter than the Sun by a couple million degrees

So fuckin hot, I forgot what hot means

Shit sound scary when it sounds like that

Wit builds tension, like the string section

Fucked up stuff history never mentioned

But drop that act, hit that TRAP

aw, shiiiit

Pass that J with the codeine dipped

That “rhyme lean with promethazine” shit

…Activis?

Act like you hard, tryna get rich

Back incision, backhand stich

Fuck sellin drugs

I could sling both of your kidneys, kid

Mexico, never do a bid

Professional, no women, no kids

Congressional, I’m full of shit

But still so skilled you might slit your wrist

Tell me an MD you heard spit so fast

Sniffin coke, smashed

Straight blast, street smack

Still flyin colors on the fuckin MCAT

======== all eyes on me

Aaaalllll eyes on me, style so free/

you could only hope to rhyme like me/

fact is your eyes DO see/

you recognize dope but you won’t agree/

I recognize hope can set a man free/

better wear a letterman or freeze in my breeze/

I'm under the weather, you can't get on this level/

Lyrics like rickets got you weak in the knees/

Keep speaking to these minorities/

sling words, I’m a trebuchet, you’re under seige/

every word from my mind could lead/

a legion of leaders to die for me

hyphy

looking tight, thinking bright, moving spritely /

getting through to me is unlikely /

my flow’s OK, my flow’s alright G

======dark side of the sun (sound test)

Nice metal box that sits on 4 wheels

Has it got you convinced that NOW you’re for real?

I ain’t hatin I’m just talkin let me appeal

Just what’s the motherfuckin definition of “real”

Could you tell me what it means?

Explain it in American, please?

To be real, who I gotta appease?

Your need to act “real” got you on your knees

your individuality is under seige

from Gucci, Versace, Bentley, and LV

Getting teased by luxuries is too sleazy

Hella money wasted, thanks MTV!

But you know

Me? I bump Suburban All-Stars

You can go have fun comparing rims on y’all’s cars

I’ma rock crocs and PJs at every fuckin bar

kick me out; the party always follow Rap Charles

YODA, in the booth

YODA, with the truth

You could be YODA, if you choose

Rap Charlie is YODA, read the news

——verse 2

ay it’s this is verse 2 this one I do for y’all

Lunch for a friend and all

I’m carfentanyl

probly I’m inside your veins

But I know how these rhymes stick inside your brain

stupid dumb numb, like lidocaine

we got real names, but don’t mention mine again

or I might have to lose my motherfucking mind again

the first time, I was shaken, the fifth time was plain

high and cold in America, just call me Maine

I’m off my pills and the chain

you already know you’re gonna play this again

this the kiss of death

scythe in hand

we got sight like the Enterprise

ride with fam

get you hype like lines of white and tan

whole world blossoming haiku like Japan

keep it light, sometimes go dark side and

let me give you thatmotherfuciing hook again

ooo, lemme giveya that hook again

you know we dark side, but we keep it light my friend

it’s the little green men, we’re from space,

listen in

========Area 45

fuck it, I freestyled that shit

======= Immanuel Kvnt

Immanual Kant speak anymore /

so I guess it's up to me to come and take the floor /

heard of imperatives thats categor- /

ical, no you're too fickle, never heard it before

let me explain: wrap this deep in your mind /

when you act think about the fullness of time /

the decisons you make should support mankind /

and any other beings that might run into /

you gotta show 'em love so they love and trust you /

else it's another war that we're bound to regress to /

but we've been there and Kant could come to our rescue

======== Palestine.99 (freedom ain’t free)

When we slowed down cause we sped through our pills

Snort a quarter-brick of crushed No-Doz, stay chill

That’s because I hate you like I hate my own brothers

Got love to spare, prepare to be smothered and covered

good person, bad person, there is no such thing

Don’t pray at night, just think “what did I bring

Today to the table for the people, what did I take”

If the latter beats the former, it’ll keep me awake

But if the former tops the latter, you never top the ladder

So peers or careers, steer toward whichever matters

I could do without a mansion, do without all of you

Decide and do you, but when I hit 92

Gimme time to choose, won’t take a second or two

It ain’t news that Rap Charles can get emotional, dude

So crack-crack another Guinness, we all together in this

Gold is gold, brick, coin, or leaf beat to airy thinness

For freedom in the Middle East, we gotta topple bosses

At great cost to all involved in these causes

Land sales were wack BEFORE compassionate times

Now terror’s the cost [register] Palestine.99

I wanna live forever, but one day it’s gonna finish

Individuals that lift each other up won’t be diminished

But they’ll trade our memories away for stories more juicy

In a future full of rappers rapping way less truthy

-

But this here is a rapper with a grin too toothy

Can’t get used to me, can be gloomy or goofy

Could snap and OD in the name of the party

Or use just a one-hitter to get into some Marley

All of the above explains this and the below

On the MadLib track with that Biggie Smalls flow

It’s sad, yo, but I know when it’s time to go

And get stuff a little stronger than cup of the joe

Too asthmatic to stay a blunt addict

The coppin, smokin, and the coughin, homie I’ve had it

Don’t mean I don’t wanna smoke a barn full

But for me too often means too darn harmful

That’s all, and that’s it

Blues clues got me givin negative 8 shits

So if you didn’t give a single one to begin with

Tizz dance like a fool you think this track’s a hit

=== ain’t a gangster ===

I ain't a gangster, but

Gangstas the real killers /

But I'm the real monster /

Tell a dude he can't stay here /

Like I’m a bouncer /

18 years old, cocaine overdose /

snow till his heart blow /

hold his hand till it cold /

I's entrusted with his wellbeing /

Now he staring at the ceiling /

Gangsters shoot, anger is an easy feeling /

Revenge is so basic-bitch-ly appealing /

But just imagine all the crazyness that I been seeing /

Failing when I try to help keep alive a human beingt

====AJ wrote this one====

I wake, lift, break, then I take shifts/

I hate spliffs/

I still take hits, but my face shifts/

All about that base I'm so base-ic/

Wash it till it smells so clean you can taste it/

Take an eighth on my space ship till I space trip/

See a space chick so I taste on her face lip/

Now I start to question what it's laced with/

Based on the taste? I yo mang'd it/

Rolled up the Ben Frank and star spang'd it/

Languish with my sangwich/

====0420h 28th April 2016, Hypnopompic ======

So food is your passion? Whoo, god damn /

Don’t get me wrong, I get into steak, too, man /

But your passion’s based in greed and evolutionary pressures /

Sidestepping overstepping boundaries requires measures /

Stay happy discussing the quesadillas you grillin /

I respect the skill, homie, and we’ll eat while we chillin /

But I came to this planet with plans bigger than bacon /

So consume baked goods, AND this culture we creatin /

=====

laguna seca blue, MS3 dressed like an M3 /

I’m a BM sitting up on dubs but my car’s empty /

Orange tank, black shirt round my waist, ready for halloween /

Scary British benzo bender, weaned off with some Nether-weed /

God-Amster-DAMN, tapir’d off, anteater’s cousin, follow dude? /

Phylum genus species, still pop the blues clues /

Not as often, no addiction, I do me and I do you /

Rap’s such an addict now you fully hooked on Charlie, too

===== A battle rap against SKEPTA for some reason =====

In a world lacking poverty, clothes would lack novelty /

Stacking chips to mac on chics would come off as a fallacy /

Hella straight men got thoughts about their phallic majesty /

Can’t you see? You only think you’re dope ‘cause inside is broke /

If nobody was broke, your rhymes might choke /

The flow dismissed as rote, philosophy up in smoke /

Trapped on scene, too on-message /

Pretty British since the overture, like Lethbridge /

Bragging bout uniqueness, trapped on scene /

Talkin bout the clothes you don’t wear, that’s not me /

========

Bend the truth like a prism does

Citizens are prisoners

============

MURDASPACE (caio magic crystal)

============

[homie we ain’t fakin shit, we some muthafuckin freaks /

we want peace in the streets, we want murder on the beat

when it come to makin hits, we some muthafuckin freaks /

only peace in the streets, only murda on the beat]

ain’t nobody tryna hear a word a rapper gotta say

unless they did bid for clappin cops and sellin hella yay

My body’s gettin old ‘cause my body’s been abused

25 years old coughing like I’m 82

what’s real besides a lie you use to mislead him or her

explain in plain language, unless you don’t have a way with words

back in the day I used to sit and pray

they say that those words’ll make things go your way

then one day I woke up and felt like that isn’t right

and had to look inside myself for a beacon of light

Either way I give thanks for everything in my life

I still send my love to those whose futures ain’t so bright

And that’s ‘cause god could be dead, or be alive and well

But either way, I ain’t countin on some outside help

“bitch I’m paid”, that’s all rappers got to say

the money pacified ‘em and they lost something on the way

I don’t know if contracts got their mouths locked down

or if bank accounts that’s maxin out are blockin thought out

Sounds poorly thought out, but produced so professional

Clubs bang alcoholic sex addict confessionals

Same old “I’m rich, excuse me miss, smokin drinkin this”

[but at least a nigga nigga riiiiiiiich]

Don’t get me wrong, this ain’t a dis, I’m also hedonist-ic

I just get bored easily, moving to fry some big fish

I leave them folks clues bout my criminal activities

The pursuit of paper turned my civility to villainy

No matter how they chase this, cases remain baseless

Can’t catch me, I’m the monster with 21 faces

I need 2-3 pills of modafinil

or the prodrug, that’s called adrafinil

I’m a pro with drugs, never gonna get my fill

Never slow it up, how else would I know how it feels?

There’s evidence, empirical and systematic

Then there’s anecdotes comin from consistent addicts

Read and talk, till your understanding’s mathematic

Still don’t know what trippin’s like until y’ass is at it

I’m the guy in back of your head

saying

“fuck that dumb shit, do the smart thing instead”

See it how I call it, I’m an alcoholic [that was Heems in 56k]

Had a couple mil, now there’s jack up in my wallet

There’s a good-ass reason I don’t keep cash around

The more stacks you rack, the more they weigh you down

I’m the type of brown who blows it on a month on the town

Wake up broke as fuck, joke it up, record some more sounds

When I went visited my docta /

Told me to stop drinkin fifths of vodka /

Me smoke dem erb and drinkin rum punch /

With a rowdy loud and shouting young bunch

on that super nintendo, and that sega genesis /

and that playbox x-station from 2016 /

got bored with having all this game /

supplemented that business with the plural, that’s games

that’s jokes, like they say if they East coast /

a fool try to bring that grammar west I make him eat toast /

(make him eat toast?) yeah, make ‘em eat toast /

Offensive, I’m the most, case closed, no joke

ain’t gotta ask, ain’t gotta represent, son /

you smoking ganja comin from the dirt that I come from

regular crack smokah / brown powder tokah / homie no jokah / mix it with my morning mocha

====J:KENZO at the 14 minute mark possible candidate for that Rick Ross (hardcore rap about listening to rap about doing hardcore stuff)===============

My mind thrives by being constantly altered /

Only cool stories I got are from when I faltered /

Upset myself, my family, and anybody watching me /

Top shelf stupidity, reveled in debauchery /

More than a few times, I believed it fully got to me /

This the last hit, the last line, the last popped E /

Hisself and those who loved him, couldn’t stop Charlie /

Methinks he won’t believe in death till he go Chris Farley

syringes and crumpets, living fairy tales inside fables /

My coffee table is my snack table is my smack table

==========

don’t ever let no white girl blow your whole entire paystub /

just let this beat make you act like you sniffin that yay stuff

==========

prior: “do you believe… at his core, broken?”

epilogue: “She said that once. About being a machine.”

========

I thought love was hella loving but it strays from that /

People fuck like they tryna stop a panic attack /

This ain’t healthy; you got scars where I put that strap /

This ain’t healthy; I’ma get a fuckin rash from this mask /

I’d rather talk it out, tell me, what the FUCK really happened? /

Folks emotional, they start up all the crying while laughing /

Do whatcha oughta, forget what you think you gotta /

I can be your therapist or I can dress like your father /

(OMG EW RAP WTF ARE YOU SAYING)

> Chill, sex is good-weird now. We’re learning stuff!

==================

How it happens:

the proposal

then say: “this ring represents nothing about anything to me or you, you don’t even have to wear it. All this is, is me using the sociocultural language of today to demonstrate that I am committed to being yours and only yours intellectually, emotionally, physically, and in every other way that can exist for at least… 250 billion years. After that we can look at the contract again, but for now, will you marry me?”

====================

sitting on the nimbus like I’m Trunks, and you’re Gohan

or Goku and Piccolo oh, you, know I could go on

That started from a line about Amal but you were too high to remember it

Also the two written there sound much better than whatever came before, if memory serves… and it only does so intermittently at the moment, so do forgive me,

====================

CROSSING (from Young Cole)

====================

Man I’m on that mark shit…

But I been on that Tony Stark shit /

Playin markets, smart kids /

Got cars they can’t park /

It’s wild, 18 year old child /

With an i8, a milli, and a confident smile /

I think I missed the crossing to blossom /

Not a lotta love lost, though; I’m hella awesome /

Sit down, baby, cuz I think we gotta talk some /

Now get up baby, cuz I know I wanna floss some /

Sexy young Gandhi, no I don’t got guns /

Broke often, no I don’t got funds /

Stick around, though, if you wanna have fun

‘Kay it ain’t a bad one, after all /

If I kill somebody it won’t be the alcohol /

It’ll be trying to save em in the hospital /

Still lost the patient, fuck it time to ball /

I seen enough, man I don’t need to see it all

Weighing on my chest like the dentist /

Said it and I meant it, wrote it and I sent it /

Fentanyl injected, forget I even said shit /

Now you need a med kit, or you got a dead kid

I’m in the nalox-zone /

Faking orgasms half the times I bone /

Can’t tone it down, kinda like my skin tone /

This is my setting; 11 is home

I tear up when I think of tearing me down /

Alone in a room, kinda staring around /

Lost my mind, and it later was found /

That’s all I need, fuck a throne and a crown

——————————

TWISTED FACTORY- (

——————————

Girl you blessed, I’m in cardiac arrest /

Got me feeling so good that I’m smokin less /

That means only all week, we be smokin sess /

Then on the weekend, what we do is anyone’s guess

Maybe we destabilize some profitable politics /

Keep em shook, got em screamin what the fuck is alla this /

Evil mistress, dunno who’s her mister next /

She Gone Girl, dunno how much time I got left

I ain’t slippin, I’m slipped, done lost my grip /

On the choppy waters, that is where I lost my ship /

As it tilt-lean-listed, and started to tip /

Now it’s cold and dark, my heart’s starting to skip

And slow down, it’ll soon be over now /

Tombstone on my mind, smile on my mouth /

Iridium up in my vein don’t bother pullin it out /

Can’t feel it anyway, I’m way up in a cloud

Folks don’t know when they’re just playin around /

Never meant shit to her, which was bringin me down /

Meditated, ate a pill, and I’m feelin me now /

Check the word-like shapes that I make with my mouth

And my world might shake, but I’m takin my time /

It’s a luxury we learn when we’re ready to die /

We were born that way, get it through to your mind /

Could be bleedin, not eatin, but you still can shine

——————————————————

harmony and hymns - PROD. K808 BEATZ

——————————————————

oh, god, wont’cha help me I been feelin so low /

You can roar the odd hymn and I can kick a couple flows /

not the type for throwin bows, more the type to catch a buzz /

more the type to find a wife for the night, to show some love

they can hop on if they want, also if I ain’t busy /

on the floor stay with me, and baby you might get me /

I been known for being bendy, get into predicaments /

But life is unpredictable, and nothin ever really ends

Gotta believe that, cuz I got dead friends /

Still hear them in my head, our conversation never ended, homie /

Broke up the flow up for us, cuz I know it would piss you off /

Not really, but, just enough so you would talk

Some folks I started missin that I haven’t even lost yet /

Some jokes I started tellin haven’t even got laughs yet /

Been living like a king, haven’t earned much cash yet /

But for some reason I ain’t found an exam I can’t pass yet

Bastards, make it impossible for souls like fossils /

To maintain chill and stay spillin that gospel /

Awful, gorgeous, beautiful diaster /

Spinnin yang slow like a Tai Chi master

Different people, same 3 things they say: /

Fuck ‘em, you don’t need ‘em, and you’ll be OK /

As a teen I needed advice I never did take /

Yea I heard you properly; I need to make this mistake

Put my name in your mouth, whenever you want /

Just don’t promote me; that ain’t your job /

Still deciding if I wanna get big and fall off /

Or just rap in the backroom, sippin my sauce

Put this thing in your mouth, whenever you want /

Just don’t misquote me; that ain’t your job /

Still deciding which one of us should start on top /

Or just turn me your backside, and slip those off

Cuz I been sippin a lot, and I been smokin a bit /

Actually, shit, I think I got those last 2 switched /

Guess it’s workin, don’t know how long since the last hit /

Yes I know it’s a vice, but I’m over and past it

and that’s it, and that’s all /

Your boy John on the beat, I’m Rap Charles

——————————————

Waiting for nothing - produced by Jeff Liu

——————————————

Beat sound like super mario is on life support /

But probably I’m projecting my own life, of course /

Haven’t been following with Pops’ hospital course /

I seen a few come and go in those halls; I ain’t a tourist

But at the ripe young age of 90 and 2, felt like we were just starting to… /

Nah that’s just bias that’s tryin to stop me telling the truth /

I been crying, it’s true, but we had like a quarter century or more up in the same crew /

He’s a storyteller, a speaker, a joker, homie, a talker /

Bored in the hospital; sneak him a toke and Johnny Walker /

Wonder if he ever went and got wasted on gin and vodka /

Wonder if he knew his Christmas hunnids used to sniff chalk up

Someday he may begone, a day I won’t be me on /

Someday we may meet up again way off in the great beyond /

I just think about my mom, all the years she always saw him /

And I worry how my grandma might cope with living without him

Still, you gotta see him walk without a cane /

With a turban or a white mane, killin the Gandalf game /

Pellet gunnin pop cans like it ain’t a fuckin thing /

My mama’s papa’s a G, but you can call him Bir Singh

So what happens now? These things /

No more talking, no more eating, or breathing, or heart beating /

It’s hard seeing it, harder to live it which you can take from me /

Up in the waiting room to nothing for infinity

It’s too easy to let life go /

Good to see a homie that old that chose to catch hold /

Newspaper, tea, biscuits, portable radio /

Eh coat bi naal rak’ho, or you’ll catch cold

===========================

“05. Damu The Fudgemunk - Streamline - Instrumental Version” (sent by Callum Davies)

===========================

Met a freaky deeky chica, she never seen me neither /

Off the walls like molly, on the floor like ether /

Ooh she teeny tiny sneaking through the little spaces /

Got a whole lot lotta style, she don’t need a lotta grace

It’s still an open case, ‘cause I kill that jealousy /

Hold up, Charlie. Just what are you telling me? /-

That lady I been seeing, got a lady she been seeing /

And I’m pretty sure she already arranged a meeting

Now these chics just won the psycho lottery /

All I need’s that right whiff, or that sangheili

Hardly ever made a mission outta going chic fishin /

Charlie got a slick vision, though and smart chics dig it /

And them hard chics dig it, and the drunk chics swig it /

And the fly ladies fly away, yeah it fuckin figures

[Oooh but they’ll be back, once they take flight /

Or someone kinda like ‘em, which is also alright /

Or maybe someone outta mind and outta sight /

Just stay loose, and you might pick on something tight]

Beat’s got me feeling right in my mind, for real /

I ain’t spoke about life like this for years /

Cuz my brain’s been broke for reasons I can now hear /-

Just touched down to Earth, and I’m lovin it here

Got to party with my big brotha cousin this year /

Got to lay a couple freshies with my dice in their mirrors /

Got to play my shit that’s lovely into stranger’s ears /

Watch ‘em laugh and nod their head, in my eyes, there’s tears

Yes, I’m a softie, don’t really like coffee /

That’s the truth and also something that might make my friends scoff /

[please!] cuz they’ve seen your boy on some next level shit /

And not the type that deserves much respect, but just a bit

Maybe I can smoke and wash pills with a fifth down /

Straight in the hatch or maybe smashed with a Bic /

To chill or maybe dull the pain of feeling pain a bit /

I’m leanin, can’t even sit, least I can’t feel shit

Often when I spit I hear em say “that’s some real shit” /

For real, I don’t know what that means, must be something I missed /

I just give the mic or air or just reality a kiss /

Because the mysteries of life seem downright obvious

[Oooh but my ego must come down when it takes flight /

Cuz I hunt that motherfucker down with alla my might /

Why the fuck it feel so right to do what’s right /

By my own standards, not another in sight]

Paranoid, and I’m worried about perceived sleights /

Psychedelic, and I’m running around percevied lights /

Philharmonic, pretentious, pretty on one, alright? /

Drown my sorrows, miss Obama, from way up in the white

===================

====================

we goin monoLOCO /

no boat, still wanna float though /

marijuana or best offer that’s OBO /

nah, check again, girl; that ain’t an oboe

so just float with me when we dance /

then float with me over to alla these cabs /

float this ice cream on root beer at the pad /

and make me feel good when I’m actin real bad

this beat stokes the plasma at my core /

nuclear fusion plus time and a whole lot more /

hold up, she’s bored, we could order up four /

what the fuck else could all these cash advances be meant for?

she dropped her panties down, down to the floor /

I guess clothes aren’t really up in this picture anymore /

lights on, mask off, blast off, mad soft /

smoke green, lungs black, pat my back when I cough

slack off on the hella lofty goals just to ease ya /

tension, friendship, passion, then I leave ya /

she didn’t really like it, and I and I, neither /

got me drinkin what I think is diethyl ether

I ain’t tryna leave her, I’m just tryna leave here /

anything from katamari to just 2 or 3 beers /

eyes set on hedonism, long term for all of us /

but now I gotta go, key low, so I caught a bus

===================

beats by GAURONGATRON - norepinephrine

===================

===================================

b-mad : infuence H

===================================

life and lies, truth and death, pricey and free, respectively /

by chance some folks succeed and others seem to wander aimlessly /

==================================

b-mad : LHSL (dat fast flow about dyem byiitches)

==================================

BPM 141

what am I gonna do with these honeys /

flockin all around me like flies, lookin fly /

ooh, my head light puttin up no fight, oh hi! /

you could be my new missus, I’m as likely to ditch it

all these words are is twisted thoughts /

bet you haven’t thought about this a lot /

lost in a fog, baby can I can jog that memory /

right when we ditch these pleasantries

and ditch these clothes, no time to tease /

get it all up on the bed or get down on your knees /

we all got appetites to feed, that body I need /

needa give it whatcha need, at just the right speed

have a chic changin her creed, raisin a flag to me

——————————

12-Jan-2019

sung:

walkin this way /

lookin that /

look behind me, all I /

see is tracks

from that legacy /

I can’t detract /

cuz no matter what else happens /

I still did that

I still rolled on the sidewalk, 3 ladies deep /

2 of them had to take a minute watch me weep /

shuffle to a stop, festination of the speech /

girl, weren’t we just on this street?

where the hell the heavy fellas we were gonna meet? /

shady situation with a sketched out team /

everybody relax, I’m playin, it’s me /

Back to the Bay Ridge, roll shitty weed

cuz I been smokin this hay /

And smokin that /

look around me, empty wrappers /

empty laughs

haven’t been to work in a, /

week and a half /

cellular is ringing, I think it might be dad /

couldn’t give a fuck less, got Mary Jane to thank for that

oh my test

======================

00:13

[how’d I let it get like this? /

Don’t know how I let it get like this ] x 2

Can’t believe I let it, get like this and slip and get this way /

like pop this or stop that, I’ll fix ya, promise mayne

sugar crashin, sugar got me up /

sugar crashin, prop me up, I’m fucked /

spinnin, spun, spinnin, spun, fully done /

chewing on the business end, of a loaded gun

problem is me and my brain, just the way this up here is wired /

just wanna spend every minute getting myself higher higher /

how many pills you gotta pop every single morning /

before you realize pharmaceuticals were never what you going

right in my mind, never in my right mind though /

I could say that, but what do I know? /

I ain’t here to validate, or set my wrongs or your rights straight

I’m just too old for hate; I ain’t a teen no more no way /

now it’s

panties, face, manic, taste, large fries, chocolate shake /

mama earth, make it quake /f

die in a tsunami party in the wake /

ok?

give a new west coast a new birthday /

yea we lost a few, promise you’re tougher than you say /

lots of us, fulla lots of love /

appreciate the help, don’t count on gods above

you got dirt, we got soap; lots more? Cool, we got shovels

see I’m the type that all this seems self-evident to /

I thank my lucky stars I feel it, now I gotta speak em to you /

[get him in the booth!]

this beat is sweet, know cuz Caio’s got his sight on it /

this verse is sweet, cuz I ate a croissant, while writing it

t-hem type A types be all about the “-go”, preceded by “E” /

and the hyphy love to roll, gone off fiending for that E

fortunately or unfortunately /

the only thing that princess charlie really wants is world peace /

from the heavenly palace, to the depths of sleaze /

so, peace

======

pluto

25-Jan-2019

[smokin on the nuken, mixit with the god’s green /

hate on tropes can’t hear you on the nod, see /

but loud in BC is loud enough that that stuff I do not need /

cuz I’m the type of dude that you have not seen]

meet me where blue water and the yellow sun kiss /

H2O or hydrocarbon, baby, never mind the diss- /

tinsel hangin from your nipples from the rave /

and you got my knees shakin thinkin bout the head you gave

BMI of 32 and she a mothafuckin BABE /

next to this skinny chick I might be in love with /

we met yesterday… under the influence of hella sangheili /

playing smash bros melee cuz we need that delay

sorry track, didn’t mean to be so thorough with the killin /

man, I’m really only kidding less I say that ain’t kiddin /

don’t need a widdiness; you already know /

Rap Charlie Valerie Frizzle: chill as Pluto

Or Juno, no teen pregnancies, please /

Just talk to me like I was Desmond, Juno, who ya wanna be with /

I’ve had life-changing sex that I could take or leave /

Charlie’s the type of cold that the Oort Cloud ain’t seen

From feeding all my appetites with pills, powders, and needs /

bars that we wrote down, and bars we said free /

and them broads we set free, the ones who tend to freeze up /

Telling the honey her drug is a good one and I’m in need of a re-up

But I might bowl you over, so you got a right to set me up

———————————————————————

you call them tears, I call it soul sweat

———————————————————————

==========

THIS WAS A FUCKING COVER

==========

1) DnB style starts after initial quieting; “WHAT’S, GOIN [etc.]” kicks in at complete quiet

2) ”batten down the hatches and pray for the worst” ends at ~100s (start of the second break)

3) freestyle starts after ^that^ break, goes through to pretty much end

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[ 0 - 17s ] misc

1) [ 17s - 33s ]

WHAT, stands in front of this mic /

on the first day of the rest of its life /

He’s got a feeling like it’s probably gonna be fine /

got some meaning that he cobbled together with these rhymes

schizoaffective /

sensitive kid, over affected/

Looked like he had so much drive and direction /

now he’s spinning like that top at the end of Inception

2) [ 41s - 90s ]

move dust like a motherfucking ceiling fan /

blow a whole G in one rail, there goes instagram /

whosat knocking whosat knocking at the back door fam /

I ain’t fuckin paranoid… k maybe I am

arrogant, hypocritical, and unjust /

not many people besides this one that I trust /

chips and dip, I gotta split, I’m finna jet, I better cut /

and really, these days, I’m less affected by this stuff

Whatcha been tryna make up for? /

Whatcha been avoiding waking up for? /

Why they never really hate the dust-poor /

Cutthroat traders traders drag em through the fuckin dust for /

what? A couple bucks?

To a get a chic they wanna stuff? /

And hella stuff to fill the space inside em that has got no guts? /

Me, I’m ALL guts (only on yola, but so what?) /

narcissism with the paranoia from the weed scare it up

I ain’t blazing, I’m inflamed, look at me flared up

I think I’m human, I think I have fears, but there’s nothing I’m afraid of

I KNOW I’m human, I MUST have fears; WHAT AM I SCARED OF

3) [ 98s - end ]

Professional in dress and talk progressing very slow /

Or maybe I’m the tortoise, all hopped up on hair (oh) /

talkin and smacking my lips, tardive dyskinesia /

new brand, call it orofacial akathisia

high society, to high on smack and sleazy /

won’t say no to drugs unless the ambulance sees me /

won’t say no to drugs until they see me on the YT /

Cautionary takeaway tales from getting too hyphy

Still up to my old tricks, they’re learning me new treats /

behind or catching up? I’m not sure, man

and I’m really concerned about what what you think /

I do like this: what’s in front of me is plain and clear to see /

and then I say it like it is perceived, obviously

and then I get myself completely broke free of chains /

cuz i am completely free

(well that’s my style anyways I got)

a googleplex

(waaaays to go)

and this is different because

(I blaaazed before)

them marijuana leaves I burned

(far to reeeeecently)

freestyle the ad-libs first

(are you feeeeeelin me?)

freestyles are bad, the worst

(I think ya feeeelin me)

girl look your eyes up

(yo that’s the ceiling, we-)

-iird, I wasn’t seeeeing it

(aren’t too concerned with it /

our destination is far beyond that shit)

professional in dress and talk and progressively very slow

maybe I’m the tortise y’all hopped up on the hair (oh) /

talking and smakin my lips

======================

Truce Lee (sonic shao garden)

======================

Swift like wushu, drift right through you /

You gettin rich off catnip, outlaw me like black tar /

Uber like a black car, life after death star /

You don’t know what facts are, do you?

Let a medic school you /

It would take years to tell the full truth /

I just drink down these raps and it’s foolproof /

I’m a spiritual jewel, dude

dudette, love it when she do that /

I love her cuz she cliché, and hey this isn’t new rap /

I just spit it like my cardiac boom-bap /

baby call me Mózì

love is all I love but love is not all that I know, sir /

she sweet like chéngzì, wanna fight? No, sir /

Maybe just another nerd who wrote a couple words /

But probably 2nd realest on this track that you heard

This track is head-tracking, a blessing /

Don’t get mad or stress, I just plan out the lessons /

And spread em to my best friends with good words /

Cheap drinkin got my sense of what’s good blurred

So put the 40 down and picked up a gift of gab /

I gotta say when I am on my game it’s pretty rad /

But it’s a balancing act, the heavier the bars I add /

I got sharp senses, so I tend to hurt real bad

That’s why I’m burnt real bad, Charred Charles, take a stab /

Toughest meeting that you had, spit the truth, not ads

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The Visitors (quadrivial)

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I don’t wanna be paranoid anymore /

Don’t wanna worry for no reason when shes with my boys anymore /

She claims to be down whether I’m rich or if I’m penny-poor /

Yeah that’s sweet as nutella, and that ain’t shit I ain’t ate before

Guess I shoulda hit record, but every time you play /

It tends to go the same way inside your brain /

Feels like the Visitors are talkin in my head again /

Putting terrible thoughts into peaceful spaces where none shoulda been

shoulda woulda coulda, didn’t /

didn’t care to fit in, infrequently stil all-too-frequently smitten /

love bug bitten, but I can’t be bitter /

cuz that’s part of what just got these raps written

Now I’m with another kitten, maybe a whole litter /

Yeah some looks might cross my face, but still go gitter /

Half the time I been a quitter, and the other half lazy /

Probably I could blame the blazin, check the ratio, go figure

=================

Well, THOT out

=================

Plenty more where that came from

And I don’t think she came, son

See, you ain’t the brainy one

Cuz people been fuckin with HER since before she was one

let go? my memory is eidetical

So I get fucked up and scream until

Love and violence are identical

celebrate the closed cyclical

like you psychos I just diagnosed

guided by a dying overdose

I just fucked your mind on Mars

Your sister screams for my Venus when I drop these diamond bars

cop a dime with bars, it ain’t hard

just think of mating dances you’ve seen between birds in the park

B\_MAD - SILLY TEENZ (feat. Rap Charles)

simpler words, mentalist scars

Charlie doesn’t make sense, you know who he are?

He do know what is, he won’t get your shit

can’t get fakeness, even when thizzed

Post up and say with me loudly “Fuck these” /

get on a horse up on ellen, and you’ll MAYBE see me /

I’m in the clouds moving at lightspeed /

I’ve flown in planes I haven’t seen

etizolam with promethazine /

clonazepam mixed with amphetamine /

That cop isn’t dirty, that cop isn’t clean /

That THOT ain’t your girly, don’t belong to me

Neither, raps fuk you up like diethyl ether /

soaked in lawn trimmings you bought from your weed dealer /

He didn’t know, either, silly teenagers /

Chasing ferraris and gold and pagers

getting so desperate they steal from neighbors /

tap into waves and wires and cables /

mics under the mikey chop /

you prolly lyin, you should probably stop

I should probably rap til the last shock wave

tears our little rock apart

[hook]

Rap Charlie is a lost cause /

no matter what the buddy does, he has just cause /

Why the fuck he do it? Just cause! /

Charles, why DO you do it? Just CAUSE, cuz!

x2

[verse 2]

You know what it is, you know what it was /

I would rather not get wrapped up by the fuzz /

And I’d rather not die just for chasing a buzz /

But addiction is a bitch, and you know how she does

fuck 30 dudes to know their deeper selves /

Or rip 50 lines just to love your fuckin self /

Syphilis vibes, cardiac rest /

Catchin diseases, throw away breath

The crips and the bloods are both on the left /

Let’s fuck up the East til nothing is left /

Never beef on purpose, fighting is worthless /

But people always think they heard shit

Act on heard shit /

until the world is tapsy turvay /

And I’m obviously wordy, nerdy, loving on some girlies /

West coasty, gnarly, but I never been much into surfing

now listen billy on the bass is steady serving /

and that’s what’s gotcha lady’s booty swerving in this dirrction

———

[Project - tracks]

[hook]

rock it till you got it /

and it is plenty obvious /

that I could run some shit that’s /

way bigger than your office

I rock it till I got it /

and it is hella obvious /

that I am on some shit that’s

plenty wilder than your raw shit

[verse 1]

this that G funk you always been missing /

I ain’t a musselmaan or jewish or a christiyian /

But I know what it is to be bullied /

And I know what it is to be the bully

and I know what it is to be the one in the middle /

tryna spread the love fully /

But it’s always fucked, no matter what your position /

so you better just keep on just giving up whatever comission

you can pick up, and part with /

get on your Tony Stark shit /

whatever your darkest, deepest desire is /

turn that shit into your profits

then realize when you got things /

That you don’t really need things /

now deal with the brief depression /

that being rich as me brings

verse 2

bust another lil verse to see how it goes

already referencinf myself like society though

back in grade 7 I saw chick walking round with chokers

couple years ago, grown ladies same chokers

I said oh shit now I noticed I been here too long

I know what is gonna happen ‘fore it even goes on

Cuz I been paying like hella that at-ten-she-on

even though I got a deficit of the very same

they say that he needs to be on this or that in pill wise

took me wayyy too long to agree about Rap with those guys

———

So here’s another couple

That cop running shit up there’s a real motherfucker

She was molested by some monsters, so she hates on brothers

But she loves comfort in familiarity under the covers

Turn lockup into a revolving door

she asks for it now, but she seemed to hate it before

They gon read between the lines and I’ma end up in court

Drawn and quartered, just to prove you’re still a bunch of spiteful [whoaaa]

I wrote this at night, got a bunch of head the next morn

She loves her cycle and them movies with the blood and gore porn

what’s the difference? riiight? It’s all just screams and moans

=======

warning - space arp bars

=======

Wouldn’t lose my mind even if everyone else did the shit /

===========

when ya run and turn your back, hon, that’s where the pain is /

thot we had each other’s back on this one like Janus

=============

depression, melancholic /

profession, I got it /

first created, now they wanna end it /

after learning and trying to defend it

x2

Man I stay sad about shit, call me dukhi mann /

it means irritable

====================

I mean Sunday

====================

gotta be ready to go, every time you hear a beat /

don’t fuck with the dough, just get in the sleet /

Get in the rain, feel that ice flowing over your veins /

You know you ain’t shakeable, you unslakable

The thirst is fully unfakable /

They can see it when you lookin at the cookies /

That’s that shit I shouldn’ta been smokin /

Probably that shit I was recently toking

Probably it was the pills that had you broken /

Probably it was the glass that had you broken /

…

Now that I think of it, I might just be a token

brown guy, tall guy, horsefly, spider

[hook]

come through, shine

whatever’s on your mind

come through and shine

don’t run from your own mind

(yo let us)

[verse 2]

hear what’s on your mind, lemme hear you spit it fast /

all you gotta do is run barefoot through the grass /

like you’re atcha favorite park from your childhood… /

now you come through my hood

and it’s basically that, basically heaven /

come through, you know we’ve been reppin /

that block, that alley, no shots, no felonies /

All Pac, plus Biggie, don’t stop, no enemies

got 2 cars stolen up off that shit /

2 bullets outta range that barely hit

man I was just tryna slide home and drink a bit

===========

Alotta lotta [K808beatz]

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[hook]

Sure is a lot, a LOT

the co-worker from hell

no marijuana smell,

but is he sober? I can’t tell

[verse 1]

you don’t give a fuck, don’t ask me a thing

THEY don’t give a fuck, don’t tell em a thing

we give too many fucks, Rap, we tend to overthink

so I feel I’m owed these drinks, till I fall over a minx

what’s that smell all in his breath and clothes

forget it, I don’t wanna know

eyes like on a lot of blow

smokin on a boat, no dro

enbalming fluid, Ferrrari fish tank

I’m already this dank, but I need a line, I think

These are probably modern versions of ancient rhymes

written in the scriptures of DNA in my mind

That feeling when the turbulence cost us a turbine

they scream and shake, I laugh and say I think that we’re fine

there’s 7 billion plus to replace us even if we die

don’t wanna go, but if I do, it’s been a helluva ride

Everybody say the kid is too aloof, and too rude

Un-understandable by most, and that is THE truth

Don’t be making promises it would break you to break

Don’t be on that superstitious numerology like 88

This is a faded baby’s fate, early to life, but too late

To change a thing, this is me, this is what I bring

we did just meet, let’s have a fling, catch some feelings

then pretend and later believe that none of it meant a thing

[hook]

[verse 2]

later, later, later, later, later never comes

these girls waited, waited, waited, waited, waited on the Son

overrated, rated, rated, rated, rated number some

and they rate me highly where I go and also where I’m from

they run the bands, I’m running fast but rap is over, rap has passed

so now I’m just a fool, category: rappin-ass

changing styles like the weather when the weather’s changing hella fast

and when the mood strikes me, I roll or strike up a bowl of grass

hold it, flash; did you really think that they would like that?

Who’s they? Anyway did you see me write that?

I wanna make me a beat that goes boom-bap

But K808 hooked it up, had to merc that

=============

slow burn [K808beatz]

=============

Been called a burnout ‘cuz I burned too much

now my thoughts about THOT

feel like they came from crack rocks

Me, I think that I just think a wack lot

had access to money, don’t remember what it bought

that’s a penny for every time I got up top

on the toppest floor, copping more

bumpin Ab-Soul, to borgore, brain under a lotta torque

a whole lotta torque

I’ll admit, I wanted to be famous and go on tour

Then I caught impostor syndrome, and my ego went to war

against the plain and simple truth that I can’t think too good no more

so now I’m that boorish bore

telling you about rap that you’ve already heard before

from a new angle, sure, and my insight leaves you sore

in the skull, turn your brain to mush, dry it out, dust

now I am outside whatever you people call “trust”

that muscle’s atrophied, and I don’t work it too much

gimme a damn good reason, and I’ll work it if I must

and it isn’t even that my heart is crushed ice, dark

probably just all the drugs done took my serotonin sparks

so now we roam around in parks, or chill in parked cars

and we smoke till we don’t even remember what we are

yea you’ve heard it all before, and this here is my take

go tell your friends that I don’t wanna fuck, cuz I’m too fake

or say I’m on an STD break, never cared about my reputation any-damn-way

never had too much professionalism, that is what ran up and bit him

you’re still a fan of this rhythm, and I’m the man up here hittin

every single syllable like it’s the ride cymbal; symbolism

sitting on a chair and writing till I get an embolism

still don’t know what anyone means when they say “ism”

but I do know my brain is split like schizophrenic light through a prism

wiz kid, still basic shit will hit or whiz by and miss him

his reaction’s always priceless, he’s an entertainment system

I am Sony, I am Bose, I am shiny, I am gross

I’m a rookie, I’m a pro, I rap cuz that is what i know

Charlie, fix that flow, mop that flow, chop that flow, get a cup of joe

Average joe, flashy though, leave your circuits wanting more

When my mp3s are up in your computer, swear it moans

and whether this plays in a club or not, I still am taking someone home

====================

Escrow fee [K808beatz]

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Come and get conscripted to my psychosis by force

This enlightenment you won’t find in your Sam Harris course

Come and get conscripted to my psychosis by force

This is darkness like Cumberbatch all up in Star Wars

I’m in a Volkswagen Jetta, setup hella stock

one-point-four, turbocharged, let’s see whatcha got

floor the gas, and it doesn’t even move a whole lot

tap the brakes by accident and it comes to a full stop

\*from the way I talk about it it’s a cold ride, innit

\*got the front wheel drive, so the sky is the limit

\*feel it struggle up a minor hill, wonder if the motor will

\*struggle or just hustle all way to Vegas still

sound system mediocre, drives like it’s half broken

cut off an old man, he hit it with the cane, it smashed open

\*put it back together with some lego and shit

\*them Germans made it so it could be fixed

\*well it’s an OK commuter, I’m just getting in my hits

\*it would take some real care to get this to Tokyo Drift

and I wonder if you know, hella vibration through the floor

she hit the I-5 for like 5 orgasms or so

Just to reach Rap Charlie’s door, dragonborn

Sometimes I got a fro, and sometimes the fro is shorn

try to race it on the 101 and wash up on the shore

and as a matter of due course, yea I died, yea for sure

[this is that people’s vehicle, straight fascist flow

had to say it outright, just so you bastards know

got that mendacity per gallon, tank fulla lies

I just kid like jimmy fallon, it’s an OK ride]

… I’m just playin, V-W, you know I love you

Time to say some wild shit now, just because I’m angry

Half is real and half is fake cuz that’s the nature of industry

In general, and not just music

These line’s aren’t mumbled, but they’re not too quick

They tell me Charlie, dumb it down, and I don’t wanna do it

Misinterpret my shit and I don’t know how these kids will use it

Refuse to fall back on that old “aw, it’s just music”

This is a rap so stank it smells like crack and it makes you sick

Not me, though, I beeeeen, acting like a fiend

up, side, down, usually out, sometimes go iiin

sick boy, trainspotting, brain rotting, like a biiiiittch

I do music to avoid the drugs, but it might just make me rich

Take your money, buy that white, yeah that Abercrombie Fitch

flyin fucked, I’ll slit my wrists in silence, won’t tell no-one shit

but it’s the living universe that I will stay all stuck up in

I know that I’ll wake up, bake up, have all that fun once again

[I am nobody’s vehicle, straight fascist flow

had to say that I’m right, this ain’t a class or show

this ain’t a lie, and I’m not high on smack or blow

I’m just thinking about thinking, talking fast and drinking slow]

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Forsaken Sin [K808beatz]

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just a minute 44 on the track, so we can’t be actin fake

opera singing in the back, like what I heard at heaven’s gates

heaven’s gates? How’d he make it? Just another vacant baked

kid, confused, a lot to do but no follow-through

the kid’s got potential, he has got a straight-up gift

but lord, just wait a minute cuz he needs to take a lift

reality shifts, he curls the corners of his lips

and closed his eyes a little bit

open up, open up, got people actin broke as fuck

while loading brand new televisions up into their flashy truck

fucked-up mentality, it really is a shame

it’s OK, just follow Rap Charlie’s crazy little way

and we can bring it back again, cuz time is a circle

for the galaxy, the sun, and the planet, and its workers

durka durka, I look arab, master chief take down that scarab

beetlejuice trickles down my chin laden poison take care of

buck, my horse, you could sell it of course

what’s an old west soul ready to die for?

shit he hasn’t seen before, rights he doesn’t understand

but I am down to make a stand in any way that I can

I can muster in this duster listen buster, you are done

I might tear down your sense of self, just for fuckin fun

I’m not talkin anyone, taking shots at everyone

not the type out of a gun, but those that make a difference, son

unh

=======================

Tracklist 1 [K808beatz]

=======================

sitting by the beach, Vancouver Cali or Caribbean

or on your desktop screensaver, that’s the vibe that we be in

whatever the case or place, just know that we are real relaxed

and no I won’t piss you off like usual by speakin facts

don’t remember facts in fact, let’s do whatever you think is action-packed

maybe that’s just kickin back to this track

maybe that’s snorkeling some marijuana back

put the light to the bong, put on the mask, roll that thing up now real fast

fiending still, fiending still, fiending for the grass

morphines and amphetamines are a while nother scene, yeah

plus the THC, the nitrous and the cocaina

I’m bewitched by the white girl, call that shit Sabrina

take my Melissa Joan Hart, while this blow blows up my heart

and my thoughts have blasted off past every known star chart

You wish you could be in here, girl, but I Mortal Kombat Finished Her

Always unsure and nervous, upset that so much could hurt us

Now gimme that hook, KZA, cuz I just left myself wordless

[tryna get my mind right

============

glokkinine - challenge

============

mad committed, till this shit is custom fitted /

sometimes with it sometimes not witted /

where these eye drops anyway? /

need the sunshine in my face

used to be slang, but it’s visine these days /

revising these thangs, like the united states /

fighter way, gotta be a brighter way /

fuck what other writers say

in the land of the blind, not too many sighted stay /

mighty baked, frosted flake, cops in your face /

choppin away at all of your faith /

faith you had in yourself, lying to your dad /

faking stealth, put stake in yourself

start making the wealth, banks take nothing else /

FaLaHeem mixing it all with the top shelf /

professional tools, we’re blessing you, jewels /

flow through the studio on the way to make it to you

[hook]

I get 16 in it, watch a big screen in it

Rap Charles with it blow some Fa La Heem in it

FLH, Science Lab, see what I invented

============

cai’o - wild

============

who the fuck is this talking?

Planet Earth’s Finest

Oh shit, it’s the space-cops

where the fuck my mind is

the timeless type-est

the mindless type-est

in zombieland, I’m the man created the virus

don’t leave me to my shit

that is for the best

don’t get shot and don’t you get

put under arrest

and I don’t think to expect much else

trapped in a gilded cage

still reaching for the wealth

so that’s why I move in stealth

Fa La Heem talk2em why don’t we walk to em

rilly give a shock to em

———

[hook]

the hourglass is dripping sands

we got time on our hands

[FREE] "KOOL AID" - A$AP ROCKY X KENDRICK LAMAR TYPE BEAT 2019

just trying to burst through the wall here

just trying to be like OH YEAAA

tickin, tockin

winding away

Fa La Heem in the blunt

and the mind is in space

Rap Charlie, Chip, Chuckie

steady minding his space

wouldn’t want to look his own

mind in the face

Mac Zero blinding in pace

so that time can be wasted

got this one on lock

face it

think on it replace it

with something more basic,

tasteless

it’s OK we’re mental patients

[hook]

so

welcome to asylum

Harley Quinn, Edward Snowden

where to find them

maybe in asylum

Rap Charlie, Mac Zero

that’s who I am

[8-bar sketch]

whistle blowin

kissin on psychos under the misteltoe

yes I love to thizzle dance

where the fucks the thizzle though

hidden with a little more

different spot than before

brown and crystalline of course

heroic dose, lethal force

[verse 2]

plus, minus, 3, 4,

methylenedioxymethamphetamine merchant

that’s why, these hoes,

pay 10 a pop to get the feel and really work it

out on the floor

they dancin, back achin, thighs burnin

gottta gotta make em work

for every inch of me they’re earning

when you tell em how you feel

and they cheer

listen here, there is nothing like

steering the vibe that’s commandeering your life

just bump this here in your ride

and you’ll be killin it live, with Arcie

right by your side

all day, twilight, all night, twilight

to me that cycle feels alright

I bring that vibe when I need that vibe

And I need that vibe when I feel alive

Cuz I feel alive not all the time

So when it clicks, believe I shoot

Right for the moon like the commies do

I’m probly cool, just like you

But I sound like that other dude

Your brother knew, but how bout you?

I’m a loud-ass dude, plain shirt, plain shoes

and my head is pretty fuzzy, too

friends like me are an ugly few

I’ll see you, son, in a month or two

when I get outta this

ASYLUM

Mac Zero, Rap Charles

that’s where I am

stcuk up in this asylum

Edward Snowden, Harley Quinn

That’s where you find em