

Accent. Accents.

Trophy Scars

Writing poetry to instrumentals
expressing sentimental mental images
this lyricist's mission is
to send MCs in hissy fits
with my mystic lyric whips
kids try to mimic this
cause Ford0 makes these vicious hits

I stay hot and don't stop
on my block we hold shot
from Towers to Balgate to Rosehill to Belmont
seen rat cops and crack rocks
these classrooms have no shot
watch my clock go tick tock
past my time with hip hop
tick tock and tick tock
we smoke till our heart stops
handouts come easy
and that's when the beat drops