

Keep It Relevant

Urthboy

I never ever entered any beauty contest
And I never gave a shit about a supermodel search
And this verse first busted on my twenty-third birthday
Earned some cash for rent, now it's rehashed and bent
Spent like government cents, in the the bank
Out the bank like the tell us their thanks
crank it up like the PA at a death metal gig
This is no lecture or a lesson, I'm just You wanna show the world your flow
bro I listened to your whole album and it wasn't that great
Haven't dug into crates as much as searching my mind
You're looking for the perfect beat, I'm looking for the perfect rhyme
patient, practice takes exercise
It's like tryna look at someone with the sun in your eyes
I never compromise integrity, I'm not a sellout
My perspective is no penthouse
So get the hell out like a rabbit at the races
These greyhounds in suits got murder written all over their faces
Stressed out like paces, place your fake Create an image from the simplest s
peech, it takes weeks
I beat the drum like single mum: till exhausted
Devoted to what's important, what's my calling
So caution, I'm forced in and trampling like elephants
You wanna contribute son? Then keep it relevant

You're gonna use your effort and your time, use your wretched little mind
Don't forget your spine and get the rhythm relevant
You wanna rock the spot and give the people what they want
But who cares what you give 'em 'less you get the rhythm relevant
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This is for the people and only for the people to consume
It' a method of relaxing, spark 'em up and write tunes
It's just a little thing we developed in our rooms
Voice, pen, pad and computer, tools of a user
Machinery accompanies the raucous And vocal rhymes, a pleasing little fiery
collision, isn't
It 'I wanna rip the mic up to bits
I wanna dance like a breaker with wings on hips
Surely we don't need another half-arsed braindead
Well-dressed breastfed volume annoying emcee
On this stage talking Benzies, cash flows and cars
In a whack induced frenzy, your own stars
Please man don't even tempt me, you cut yourself in half
With your empty bag of battle raps that's tearing us apart
Not looking for the last laugh nor the past etiquette
I'm just here to contribute and keep it relevant

You're gonna use your effort and your time, use your wretched little mind
Don't forget your spine and get the rhythm relevant
You wanna rock the spot and give the people what they want
But who cares what you give 'em 'less you get the rhythm relevant
You're gonna use your effort and your time, use your wretched little mind
Don't forget your spine and get the rhythm relevant
You wanna rock the spot and give the people what they want

But who cares what you give 'em 'less you get the rhythm relevant

This is for the losers and the bruisers who just skills built from useless,
now take 'em in

Improvised on the fly, no, there's no instructions to read

Another day, December 31, the time has been felt

Another year has pasted him, ring of a bell

Am I that much older or that much an I'm at clubs or [?], bum-
rushing for a verse, I'm not a Rambler

Microphone fiend shit chatterer

Not a pro nor an amateur, I'm not a barrister

More like Ozi Batla, live and full frontal

Got the flows mixed with substance to confront you

We run through like streakers, freak the whole show

Not a game ladies and gents, it's all about the pros

That's in poetry sense, plus some samplers computers

Here to alienate the damn pop consumers

Lessons but no tuners, all day with the Biro

With or without hyrdo, filling out the rhyme book

Just wait for the side look, I'm runnin' at you like an elephant

If you wanna contribute then make it relevant