

## Misheard lyrics

1. Noun
2. Adjective
3. Adjective
4. Adjective
5. Noun
6. Type Of Food
7. Noun
8. Verb Present Ends In Ing
9. Adjective
10. Part Of Body
11. Animal
12. Verb Present Ends In Ing

# Misheard lyrics

Look, if you had one Noun, or one opportunity

To seize everything you ever wanted, in one moment

Would you capture it or just let it slip?

Yo, his palms are Adjective, knees Adjective, arms are Adjective

There's Noun on his sweater already: Mom's Type of Food

He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready

To drop Noun, but he keeps on Verb Present ends in ING

What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so Adjective

He opens his Part of Body, but the Animal won't come out

He's choking, how? Everybody's Verb Present ends in ING now

The clock's run out, time's up, over--blao!

Snap back to reality, oh, there goes gravity, oh

There goes Rabbit, he choked, he's so mad, but he won't

Give up that easy, no, he won't have it, he knows

His whole back's to these ropes, it don't matter, he's dope

He knows that, but he's broke, he's so stagnant, he knows

When he goes back to this mobile home, that's when it's

Back

to the lab again, yo! This whole rhapsody

Better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him

You better lose yourself in the music

The moment, you own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better lose yourself in the music

The moment, you own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better...

His soul's escaping through this hole that is gaping

This world is mine for the taking, make me king

As we move toward a New World Order

A normal life is boring; but superstardom's

Close to post-mortem, it only grows harder

Homie grows hotter, he blows, it's all over

These

hoses is all on him, coast-to-coast shows

He's known as the Globetrotter, lonely roads

God only knows, he's grown farther from home, he's no father

He goes home and barely knows his own daughter

But hold your nose, 'cause here goes the cold water

These hoses don't want him no mo', he's cold product

They moved on to the next schmoe who flows

He nose-dove and sold nada, and so the soap opera

Is told, it unfolds, I suppose it's old, partner

But the beat goes on: da-da-dom, da-dom, dah-dah, dah-dah

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better...

No more games, I'ma change what you call rage

Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged

I was playing in the beginning, the mood all changed

I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage

But I kept rhymin' and stepped right in the next cypher

Best believe somebody's paying the Pied Piper

All the pain inside amplified by the

Fact that I can't get by with my nine-to-

Five, and I can't provide the right type of

Life for my family 'cause, man, these goddamn

Food stamps don't buy diapers, and there's no movie

There's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life

And these times are so hard, and it's getting even harder

Tryna feed and water my seed; plus, teeter-totter

Caught up between being a father and a prima donna

Baby mama drama, screaming on her

Too much for me to wanna stay in one spot

Another

day of monotony's gotten me to the point

I'm like a snail, I've got to formulate a plot

Or end up in jail or shot

Success is my only motherfuckin' option--failure's not

Mom, I love you, but this trailer's got to go

I cannot grow old in Salem's Lot

So here I go, it's my shot, feet: fail me not

This may be the only opportunity that I got

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You better lose yourself in the music

The moment, you own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better...

You

can do anything you set your mind to, man