

# Copycat

## Quarashi

One one one two  
I'm as big as they come when I'm over the phone  
I'm as clean as they come when I'm fixing my zone  
On my own, clock my clone, lock my home, cool it  
I don't pretend to be gentle because I fool it Well, I tackle the Jekyll on his mission to crack  
And I'll be squeezing his throat and I'm beating him back  
We gotta go for attack before he gets far  
Blow up the death star and kill the copycat Now to the next episode when we are back on the  
road  
And we are racing time and we are cracking the code  
It ain't the new players mode that makes it worth while  
We walk the extra mile  
Twenty-five hundred years reclaiming what they had  
Don't blame the copycat  
Seventy years reminiscing what they said  
Yeah, don't blame the copycat Twenty-five hundred years reclaiming what they had  
Don't blame the copycat  
Seventy years reminiscing what they said  
Yeah, don't blame the copycat I broke the fall and covered you all, so what's that  
I make the call for bouncing the ball, you got that  
Mr. Jekyll or Hyde, well I gotta decide which one  
I'll get you screaming like a bitch in case you want some I'm seconds behind, behind my own  
pair of mind  
You see I gotta catch up if I wanna be found in me  
Holding my brain that looks like going insane  
I feel like Dorian Grey and I'm out of the frame  
Twenty-five hundred years reclaiming what they had  
Don't blame the copycat  
Seventy years reminiscing what they said  
Yeah, don't blame the copycat Twenty-five hundred years reclaiming what they had  
Don't blame the copycat  
Seventy years reminiscing what they said  
Yeah, don't blame the copycat Make a false move bitch, I make you fall like Niagara Falls  
Big and hairy balls, hear my calls, break the dolls  
Mr. Hyde breaking out from my fucked up mentality  
Read the news tomorrow another lyrical fatality Lurking in the shadows I wait for my prayer to  
come  
Striking from the darkness I invite you all to get some  
Tall dark and handsome I hold your kids for ransom  
Psycho motherfucker I'll be famous like The Hansons London after dark, feel me breathing  
down your neck  
Sending chills down your spine, hear my microphone check

One time, two time, three times, here it comes  
Your life is nothing now, dust you off like bread crumbs  
Twenty-five hundred years reclaiming  
what they had  
Don't blame the copycat  
Seventy years reminiscing what they said  
Yeah, don't blame the copycat  
Twenty-five hundred years reclaiming what they had  
Don't blame the copycat  
Seventy years reminiscing what they said  
Yeah, don't blame the copycat

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