

THE HONORABLE
SLEAZE
"TOO MUCH"
b/w "BETTER DAYS"

A

I. **Too Much (2:37)**

Produced by: The Honorable Sleaze

Written by: The Honorable Sleaze

Recorded at: Home Studio

I think the shit is too raw for em
Naw bee just in rare form...
Told u I ain't dealin wit their scorn
I ain't running away I'm jus airborne
Cloud nine wit mine im so fine
Like wine I don't need y'all lime to shine...
I glow so you know that its time to rhyme
And I don't stop till they drop the dime
I'm a pop the line no card either thats just me
B I Z you don't need to see ID
I'm right here in the flesh like bht
Running this road I'm chi ali
Back up lest you feel the pain I'm dealing
I'll stop the track if you really playing the villain
We can do it like that but I'm a let yo know
That I ain't playin games no mo I'm a give you too much

Maybe it's too real for ya.
Just maybe it's too ill nigga
I hate coons and slaves that can't feel
Dats real tommy hill niggas



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I think spike when I write for this mic
Jordan got doe but I don't wanna be like
I ignite these beats set fire to lame cats
That don't realize he hype deranged black
And he look cool and he don't say much
When he rhyme he don't get tripped up lets get these bucks...
Too much for the non believers...
And not enough dope bizzie rhyme in seizures
Spaz like a brick shot my shit is this hot
Turning up the heat for the big pot.
I'm a get it if it's there for the taking
Bringing home bacon legend in the making a little too much.

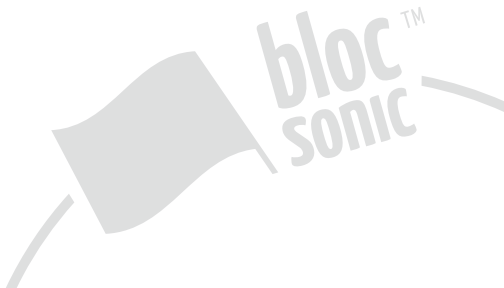
2. Too Much (Instrumental) (2:37)

Produced by: The Honorable Sleaze

3. Too Much (Acapella) (2:37)

4. Give It Up (Instrumental) (2:03)

Produced by: The Honorable Sleaze



B

I. **Better Days (3:18)**

Produced by: The Honorable Sleaze & Just Plain Ant

Written by: The Honorable Sleaze

Recorded at: Home Studio

Better days ahead I ain't looking to the past
Except for inspiration to get up off my ass
Do something monumental over instrumentals
Here I stand now as a man with no credentials
But niggas wanna hear the flow so I do it love uh lee
No regard to the rappers rite in front of me
I don't see them bitches mayne naw I ain't listening
JPS what I'm bumping in my system and
Giving you that raw shit straight against the norm shit...
Lyrically I'm a God just anoint him...
No advice fuck ya feelings or ya point kid
Niggas like hoes always spillin' what they points its
Remain calm we gone get it up yo
Smilin' in the face of them kids lookin' stuck yo
And thats just about erylbody niggas hatin or they jealous
At me and fellas but
We gone do what they don't look like accomplishing
All I want is respect lil acknowledgement
Cuz these so cowards so sea salty faulty
Hatin' of all them now but could you fault me
Better days coming thats what I'm a strive for



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Write a rhyme for keep it all the way live for
And thats the way it's going to the end black
Never gonna follow their trends wack. tell em sumin'

Yea thats the way it's going down jack...
Me and Ant killin' erylody on the sound track...
Beats bang and the chops always sound phat
Y'all birds rapping to garbage where u found that
From out the gutter I ain't nothin like dem other cats.
Southside motherfucker y'all bruthas run from dat...
They call it the dirty but we worthy like magic
No look passing how we serve these
Fly trax ladies jumping on the nuts quick
I tell em don't even bother if they don't suck stick
Yea what you think they call me sleaze for
I'm a grimy ass nigga not ya hero
Saving y'all out of the question go get the downloads
And don't even stress him
Cuz I'm soaring through the sky right now
And I ain't tryna stop or change flight now
I'm tryna get the world by the bra strap
Unhook that wit all of these raw raps
Give the people what they need they ain't looking for
Brains are starving thats what bizzie cooking for
This funk be the essence of my mind frame...
Givin' y'all be in the sound and the lines mayne
Just plain hotness bizzie rocks it...
Better hold on to hats pull up ya socks bitch

The logo for 'bloc sonic' is displayed in a stylized, lowercase font. The word 'bloc' is in a bold, sans-serif typeface, while 'sonic' is in a slightly lighter, more rounded sans-serif font. A trademark symbol (TM) is positioned to the upper right of 'sonic'. To the left of the text, there is a graphic of a flag on a pole, with the flag itself being a solid grey shape. The pole is a thin grey line that curves upwards from the bottom left towards the flag.

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2. Better Days (Acapella) (2:50)

3. Pray 4 Me (3:07)

Produced by: Rowan

Written by: The Honorable Sleaze

Recorded at: Home Studio

Gotta strike when the inspiration hit
Giving y'all shit that you prolly won't get
My mind so thick the clouds stay forming
All on my brain and the pain so enormous...
Stress got my heart rate running out my chest...
Blood pressure high whole life is a mess
Cuz I want what I know ain't good for me
Gotta admit the evils feel good to me...
Even tho christ leading my steps I will stray
And satan want a nigga just play naw not today
Cuz everything you told me was fraudulent
Sold me the product in tiny little cartridges
And when I tried to grow up you told a nigga slow up
Keep drinkin' liquor till yo throw up niggas stay tore up
Smoke cigarettes fuck it kid you need that...
What's cancer? nigga where the weed at?
And I listened liked a stupid little poohbut
Still smoking chron, cigarettes, and I'm brewed up...
Still keeping dinner on my plates that's prolly
Gone lead to a dinner with the late...
Tryna change but then again why bother
Wanna fall back but I need to be a martyr



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Cuz so many folks living worse than me
And that's the only thing that hurts to me.

And writing this is hard cuz I don't wanna open up
Try to hold my thoughts in like smoke that I'm tokin' up
And erybody else don't care they just joking but
1 brother do he ready and he cloaking up
Cuz I can see the goal line if can't nobody else see
And I'm a fight even if nobody helps me
And I'm a praise everybody that I'm really feeling
Everybody else I guess you found a villain
Cuz I don't care about being the cool dude
I played that role and did what a fool do
I gamed, I stole and moved wit a tool too
What it gave me nuffin' but lose lose
And now I see clear understanding the cliché
Listen to myself can't move on what he say...
Walking to my destination really ain't running fast
Tryna milk every moment to my fucking last

4. Unused Beat For Your Consumption (2:13)

Produced by: The Honorable Sleaze



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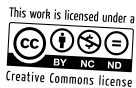
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A very special thanks to The Honorable Sleaze!
Welcome to blocSonic!



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