

## **Lil Purple - The Format**

**{Verse 1}**

**Hey yo its Purp man living higher than the atmosphere  
Better pass the weed before my temper severs past severe  
Six pack of beer, and a couple dutch masters yeah  
As we head into the supposed disaster year  
Buckle up for the ride it's gonna be a bumpy one  
I get jumpy like a junkie when I'm on my monkey funk  
Purp's Palace in the jeeps GPS  
I don't believe in this shit its all b.s  
I keep it Melo like the New York Knicks, Nike kicks  
For the win like Mike Jordan in 1996  
Rest in peace smokin' Joe, so in honor of your name  
I'mma smoke some dro that packs a punch straight to the brain  
Knock you out one by one, championship won  
Grant me one wish and I'mma get shit done  
Rest in peace Big Pun, I'm raising hell like Run  
Rhymes tougher than leather, my era just begun  
Man I storm like the weather, my team stays together  
And I never say never, I rap forever clever  
For those who don't know man my name Purplias  
Smokin weed so high all the time you see my eyelids  
Only lilacs straight violets and I'm flying with the pilots  
On a mission to the vision quit missing man I'm rising  
Sharp lyrics like a spear is, don't fear it like a spirit  
And I'm shifting gears on this Premier beat, so try to steer me  
**{Hook}****

**This the motherfuckin Format**

**So before you walk in wipe your shoes on the motherfuckin doormat {x4}**

**{Verse 2}**

**Hey yo it's Purple man back above the atmosphere  
With a dash of hash blasting Nas through my plastic ears  
I never sank below the spaceships in the stratosphere  
Waiting for the right time to ignite my rap career  
I say the time is now, I'm high above the ground  
And there ain't no looking down I'm on my hunt like a hound  
I'm puffing blunt clouds and punching dumb scouts  
In the first round of the bout, a technical knockout  
There's no exit once you step into Purp's ring  
I'm always working, spitting like a baby burping  
I got swag like Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All  
I let my mind spill my thoughts through the ink ball  
I'm on my crystals you can call me crash bandicoot  
Smoking on the dankest danks call that the Panda Fruit  
And if you hand two dutches to me I split the crease  
And fill it with the sweet sticky, and then breathe**

**(Pause)**

**Ok I'm not finished yet, so I jump in like a trampoline  
Rolling up more joints than Miss Jolie, Angeline  
Fly like a peregrine, hazy from the tangerine  
If I could have one wish I'd say, Mary Jane please marry me  
Enjoy yourself and welcome to the fuckin mixtape  
Acirfa all the way so grab ya headphones and then click play  
Cause this the motherfucking Format  
So before you walk in wipe your shoes on the motherfuckin doormat**

**{Hook}**

**This the motherfuckin Format**

**So before you walk in wipe your shoes on the motherfuckin doormat {x4}**