

Pause

Cal Scruby

V1

I wrote this when I was speeding, I think I mean it
I was drinking with my demons, started signing agreements
And every morning now, I'm forced to say the Pledge of Allegiance
To a nation that's under satan, hoping God can redeem us
All I really need is Freedom of Speech and a pad and pencil
Preferably mechanical, #2, with a stencil
I write until the verses are perfect, it isn't working
I listened to the radio, I guess the words are worthless
It sound like they conversing in cursive, they got me
Yelling curse words when church is in service, I'm tryna
Blow up like a middle-eastern insurgent
Give me some virgins; if not, I'ma need a bottle of Jergens

HOOK

Man I feel you - pause
Round of applause
For those staying down for the cause
Break bread with the same motherfuckers down to break laws
Break it down, roll it up in Raws
Hey, let me hit that - pause
Round of applause
For those staying down for the cause
Break bread with the same motherfuckers down to break laws
Break it down, roll it up in Raws

V2

I wrote this when I was sober, you think I'm joking
I'm used to blacking out and just blocking out my emotions
A little smoking fixes everything that's broken
If you're feeling all your feelings, take a dose of the potion
Abracadabra, now shit don't even matter
You don't got the grey matter that can handle my data
Had to break it down for you like it's all mathematics
They know how to lose money, just don't know how to add it
Applause and laughter for the small-in-stature
Fast-talking, honest rapper who's an awkward dapper
Every time I try to dance, I'm getting called a cracker
Even my girl wish I was tall and blacker

HOOK

V3

I wrote this when I was drunk and high at the same time
If I needed, couldn't even walk a straight line
I can't lie, it's something I can't hide
I'm drunk and I can't drive this truck and it ain't mine
I ain't signed, I mean I could if I wanted to
They see your Twitter followers and tell you they loving you
Put one or two offers on the table in front of you
Then they cut the budget down when they discover another you
Only more commercial, not as controversial with the verses
A younger, dumber group of fans with credit cards to purchase
That's how they always get you, man; they pitch the perfect picture
Then it finally hits you, this about the richest getting richer

HOOK

Lyrics provided by

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