No Matter What

Susan Egan/Tom Bosley

[Verse 1: Grieves]I was born with the ability to see stars
Walk steady on the beat, meeting each bar
Little goofy motherfucker, hitting C sharp
Swimming through the game like I'm a riding on a reef shark
Please, all I need is 88 keys
And the drum line jumping off an MPC
To be easy, got a lot of ghosts to chase
And a couple lady problems I'm supposed to face
Hold off on em, take another sip of the swamp water
Put a kiss on the cheek of your mom's daughter
Dance around like a fool spilling my lager
And I won't ever be a pimp, so baby why bother?
Ha, I guess it ain't my style
26 with a twist and a face like a child
Hate it if it makes you smile
Cause in the end of it it all fades away when the fake takes trial
Kick rocks
[Hook: Grieves]No matter what, it comes to be (Hey here's a suggestion)
You can kiss my ass if you doubted me (Yup)
Cause all that jabber that you're babbling (Babble on)
Has left you stranded and standing alone with your head in your hands
[Verse 2: Krukid]Look, I was born to be a moon walker
Walk into the club, suddenly the room's darker?
Fan favorite of the street preacher, peace keeper
Bridge groomer jumped the broom said skip it on a street sweeper
But don't come at me with beef, I'm a meat eater
With tongue and teeth that'll cut you like a meat cleaver
Miscreet beaver, like damn it all to hell
Told the fam I'm gonna rap, none of that went over well
I could tell they just worry
I'm trying to court the game and judge you by your hung jury
And I don't sport a chain, blame it on my ancestors
Brought to port of slaves while I failed to be affected with a lust for foreign aid

And none of y'all to blame thinkin' rap is all the same
But I can promise you to never keep it formulaic
I'm here to raise the bar though, I never caught a case
And maybe while I'm at it score a babe and fornicate
I'm human is all I'm saying

[Hook: Grieves]No matter what, it comes to be (Hey here's a suggestion)
You can kiss my ass if you doubted me (Yup)
Cause all that jabber that you're babbling (Babble on)
Has left you stranded and standing alone with your head in your hands
[Verse 3: Grieves]Skinny as a fence post, moving through the crowd
Dancing off rhythm just a minimal amount
For the hell of it
I've been on the road too long
And got a head like a weather balloon floating along
Approaching the dawn
You ain't got a jab I ain't ever heard
I let sarcasm fly like a feathered bird
So if you're looking some gratifying better words
You can try writing out a letter to the editor
Ha, cause I ain't got not time
I'm on my 24/7 and my 3-6-5
I got my heavy oar paddling to reach that prize
And you can see the dedication in my eyes
Or maybe it's the hangover
Creeping up my skull like a bad shadow
I can take it to the rocks, I am that agile
So if you came here to be that asshole
You can pick another cat to hassle
I should slap you
[Hook: Grieves]No matter what, it comes to be (Hey here's a suggestion)
You can kiss my ass if you doubted me (Yup)
Cause all that jabber that you're babbling (Babble on)
Has left you stranded and standing alone with your head in your hands

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