

# 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

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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 job 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)  
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