

Tribute to J.j.

Caldera

Someone a break me out, take me away.
Someone a break me out, take me around.
Someone will break me on down.
Someone a break it down.

Some of the people gonna' take me right, some of the people gonna' take me wrong.
Some of the people gonna' make me seem like a mother-fuckin dream.

But you know we'll seem, something better than this, and everyday and everything we're gonna sing is, mother fuckin right.

And all the people that we're gonna steal from, and all the people we're gonna love. And all the people that you know, are all those hoes, down on fourth row.

Dont you know that we might understand, dont you know we hold our hands when we cross the street, we'll be so sweet, baby the people dont even know your name, maybe the people wont even know your name, but thats ok because your gay.

Sure the people wont even care, sure the mothers wont even care, and sure your mother might die tomorrow, and sure we might all die today.

Lyrics submitted by Barry.

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