Campfire

Raiponce [Soundtrack][french]

Today I'll talk about kindness
Justice, faith and kindness
I want you to listen carefully
Kindness and faith are the foundation
Without them, we can't become good people
And with justice, we know we can lead a good life
And how can I be a good man then, eh?
Huh, well, first of all, you have to practice honesty
Mmm, keep your temper
Never lose control of yourself
Keep control, be patient
If you learn to do these things you can master anything
Out of nowhere there came a caravan
This was around a campfire light
A lovely woman in motion
Her hair was as dark as the night
Cruisin' on the interstate, just follow while I innovate
Too many try and imitate, medallion like a dinner plate
Front and get your dinner ate, chinchilla for the winter, wait
I'm tryin' to bring the 'Sexy Back' with Timbaland and Timberlake
Spittin' like a calico, kush from a Cali hoe
Tell that joker, "Tally ho", put shots in that Denali yo
RZA you know how we go on them 20's, that's how we roll
And I don't eat berries but eat a Berry like Halley though
The game criminal, my, my chain Figaro
My, my dame's pigeon toed, I'm still the same nigga though
Uh, Kid Rock a fitted low, still got a wicked flow
And I'm like Barry Bonds on anything that RZA throw
On anything that RZA throw, Ironman's invisible
I left my chick for cheatin on me, now that bitch is miserable

Poppin' bottles, paintin' hella Wallo's on my physical
We gon' have a ball, might as well pick a testicle
Purple haze festivals, smoke a nigga like a bowl
Fuck a coma, now the state you layin' is a vegetable
You wanna see me like you ain't checkable?
You like a CD, I burn you and I wrecked a few
Out of nowhere, there came a caravan
This was around a campfire light

A lovely woman in motion
Her hair
We gotta get more cake together, so we could branch out
Preserve land, get a boat and a ranch house
Call me a dreamer but I hustle for real
You thought that I fell off but now I'm attackin' the field
All in Chicago, grindin', puttin' it down
Crush blocks of MCs, I ain't playin' around
Yo you heard me on The Bassment, givin it to 'em
Fake dudes hidin' theyself but I could see through 'em
Diggler, what? I'm tryin' to live and raise kids
While you throwin' up ya sign, I'm layin' 'em down kid
Plus I'm back home now, doin' my thing
Thirty dollars to Medina just to cop me a ring
Out of, out of, out of, out of
Out of nowhere there came a caravan
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