

Party For the Fight To Write

Atmosphere

[Intro:] This is one of those songs you can clap along too...[Slug]

Hides the eyes beneath the bill of the cap

Walks amoungst the flies that hover over the mat

He lies, but only when there's a reason

Measures life by the tragedy, the comedy, the season

Poor at handling and managing income

Got enough love to pass around and then some

Been done, that there a name you can trust

Read the whole match book and put a flame to the brush

Good with pets, and rips up sets

Put the show in biz, try to give what you get

When you let him run free with the thought

Pull the line in, try to see what you caught

I ain't all that bad, but I ain't all that great

I Went back to the lab and began to mutate

Wait. I still look the same, still got the same dumb name

Ain't a damn thing changed

But if you like surprises, I know of a party

Where they all dance around to your heart beat

Bring your own agenda and embrace your flaws

Lets put a face on this common cause[chorus:]

And he said some got pencils and some got guns

Some know how to stand and some of them run

We don't get along, but we sing the same song

Party for the fight to write, and write onStay gold Pony Boy, stay true outspoken

Make a record Mr. Gangster and get 'em all open

With the theories, the stories, the truths, the myths

Its all therapy, on top of turntable riffs

This industry's big, so big in fact (and fat?)

We can all get some, and we can give some back

And if its done correct, we'll make more than noise

So pick it up, and pick me up when you're bored with the toys

As a child Hip Hop made me read books,

And Hip Hop made me wanna be a crook

And Hip Hop gave me the way and something to say

And all I took in return is a second look

Son, you're shook, 'cause ain't no such thing as half way there

Gettin' good at actin' like you just don't care

The circle of life trying to make it square condition

And self sit still
And Still.. where have all the sheep gone
Burnt down the farm and turned the TV on
John Coltrine, Marvin Gaye and Bob Marley all get invitations to my party[chorus]And if I spent anymore time
inside my head
I'd probably need some leather straps attatched to my bed
And if I go another day without eating a meal
I'm gonna show you what it means to keep it real
And if they keep shootin' guns up and down my block
I Swear to God I'll be the first one to call the cops
And if I gotta hear that song ever again
You gonna have to share some of that beer my friend
They mistake me as happy-go-lucky
Just another base-head bobbin' nobody
But from where I stand, they sould like spies
Fillin' all the children's head with lies
Well alright, get your money right
But right now tonight I want you to pick a side
So when you got your power and you got your chedder
Let's get together soldier over throw this hold and make these roads better
(Bring it on.. he said bring it on right now) [X2]
Ain't nothin' but a party y'all... lets get it on[chorus X2]

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