The Otherside

Tom Sinclair

I come, they go, I run, they slow
I aint ashamed that I did what I did
I just live how I live, you don't like it, say so
Ain't a singer on my payrollIm platinum, theyre probably that gold
Buckhead bouncing, move a little ounces
Talking out loud, but I ain't low
Wait for the day that Bubba can't blowAnd get them fosho, bitch cant blow
S.V. style, you know what Im talking about
Mofucking bank account, you say Os
These hoes better stay on their toesThe big play threat, I just may go
87 yards in the blink of an eye
It really dont matter what you think of the guy
Cuz Im eager to try this style, and that styleAnd stack piles of cash, while sayin' something
Dudes agile, hear that? Wow, a bad child that turned good
Now, Ive earned good, but Ive burned better
That cush, please just sush, wuss, Im the team captain
Get your first letter, bitch
(Pussy)You thinking, you dead, boy?
Know where Im at, boy?
Im on the other side of the room, your lady feel frisky
Tell her come get me, Im on the other side of the roomIf you came to party, lets go get it started
Im on the other side on the room
Whether you with me or youre against me
Im on the other side of the roomI remember when we used to carry them things
Back in the days
Hot as a flame and Im setting through the blaze
Homey, full of hateDollar bill full of cane
Its the mister motherfucker with a hundred different names
Aint fuck with nobody
Cant roll no problem, diamondNever could quite understand a man that never talked how to
Stay to himself, quiet as kept
With a coldness in his eyes that will scare you to death
I was on my way, man I had one foot in the graveMotherfucker, I stayed contemplating about my last and final day
Im supposed to be nothing, they were supposed to give me life in prison
Last pick, misfit, probably did a full twenty, hey, Im right here, head up
Got the whole world shaking for me, I saidYou thinking, you dead, boy?
Know where Im at, boy?
Im on the other side of the room, your lady feel frisky

Tell her come get me, Im on the other side of the roomIf you came to party, lets go get it started
Im on the other side on the room
Whether you with me or youre against me
Im on the other side of the roomMaybe death and taxes aint the only thing certain
To come unnerved from out behind the closed curtain, bubba skirting
Whats the word? You must have heard a lot of BS was asserted
Since none of us is perfect, wonder who it was unnervingNot me, not you, grin and bear it? Got to
If they aint worried about you, then they aint worried about you
Hear, hear, get it clear, disappear from out my hemisphere
If indeed youve got some business here, then state it crystal clearAll this fake innuendo from little minnows
Is gonna make the big goldfish unload on the fish hole
Fuck Cane and Nate, baby tell me that it is so
Id rather watch my momma get low than quit this, fo sho, yoYou thinking, you dead, boy?
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