Dorian

Melampyre

"Here we are in the apartment corridor,
Dorian, right? yeah I been meaning to speak to you.
I don't get up in my neighbours business normally right,
But yo these thin ass walls got everything leakin' through
Now first thing's first, I don't judge you for the weed smoke
But I can hear your daughter yellin' "daddy, please dont"
And it's not once or twice, but every damn night
Man there's somethin' goin' on up in here that ain't right
Now, man to man, I can understand
They like to stress a brotha out, man we cuss each other out
But you crossin the line by puttin your hands on 'em
Ain't nobody ever told you not to hit a damn woman?
Boy, I can tell that my presence was painfull
Breathin' truth down his neck it must have felt like a strangle
His eyes flashed confusion, wavin' his hands around
He's used to raisin' his voice on people to back 'em down..."
"....See this is specifically why I left the pistol in the linen closet
Pullin' this shit, if he was taller I woulda went and got it
Damnit man, I'm in the right and I'm civilized
But little boys really ain't used to bein' criticized
First off scooter, take the bass out your voice
I'm respectfull with mine and yo you makin' a choice
Here and, understand it's only once that I warn you
Make a move, make a threat, I'll make it rain knuckles on you
I ain't a woman or a baby dawg, I'm out of your league
My wife heard us gettin' loud so she's prayin' for peace
She's stuck her head down on some keep your temper shit
Little man gon' say "Over there's your door, mind your business bitch"

Ha, now that's sweet, just what I needed it, it seemed that
He invited my right fist for a party on his left cheek
I didn't mean to seem rude so I accepted,
But arrived a half a second early, right cross connected -
Oh, staggered him, just by taggin' him,
Mr. tough guy, one punch bring out the fag in him
Little man could make moves that I couldn't,
He cut and tried to foot it, now how should I put it
I stood at full posture and swatted him down the staircase
Bare knuckles to bare face, all punches knew their place

Airport style, the second one take off, the next one land
Learn some respect young man
He glanced down for the brick on the ground,
Fist still clenched up I'm still stickin' his crown
He's in the jaws of the most turbulent blitz in the world
So fuck hittin' ya' girl tonight you're hittin' the ground
I said somebody need to beat your ass,
And then teach your ass, and I'm sorry I can only do half
And while his mellon swell up, a police cruiser pull up
He hopped out all puffed up with the holster of his gun up
Ready to protect and serve,
And it's in his nature to .38 ya' if you're testin' his nerves
He helped the wife-beater stand up,
But not before he helped Brother Ali into some handcuffs
And you can imagine my surprise,
When his girl came down the stairs with tears in her eyes
And a phone in her hand, holdin' her man
Damn that was not the plan...

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