Simple Man

The Grouch

[Grouch]
What are you?
I'm just a simple man
I like pretty things
I'm a simple man, really
I'm just a simple man
I like pretty things; I like funny things

I like my high hats on eight notes
Basic, don't double up the flow
I ride the beat; you chase it
Hennessey straight with the lemon squeezed to quench
Sounds from the town, they pound with intent
Experiment with this like it's different 'cause it is
They make the norm, and it's not what I live
I give my all and want to ball like y'all
But I can only spit my shit, you get it?
I'm not a clone; I got a zone, and Grouch fits in
Forever rockin' twenty-dollar pants to the end
I stand six-one and eat food with cheese in it
Make g's and spend it at the music store
I never use no more than my head to be led where I'm goin'
Knowin' points of interest well
And with the sense it takes to make underground tapes dope
I formulate how I set sail
Whether direct or retail I prevail on tracks
A few bars deep and bizarro on scratch [Ah, yeah]
Borrow from a batch of, let's say, garbage-ass records
Not too safe to me with few exceptions
True direction comes from inside the mind
And everything else is just accessories
That is my recipe for life, invest in me
I want my lady here tonight caressin' me
Now you can pay me in this type necessity
Electricity of mic, invest in me the soul

I'm just a simple man
I like pretty things
I'm a simple man, really

I'm just a simple man [Yes, I am]
I like funny things; I like beans and rice
I'm just a simple man
I like stupid things
I'm a simple man, really
I'm just a simple man [What you like?]
I like funny things; I like cheap things

Give me the body of a goddess ???? from God
It's odd how things fall in place
I'm all about good taste, expensive or not
No sensitive spot in you, I like what I got
Now don't mistake man for mind, 'cause I'm not simple-minded
Just logical, efficient and completely on time
With my thoughts in the process always bring progress
I guess this clockwork enabled me to not work
Nine to five, I rhyme and drive to eat
Check the Internet, fuck and make a beat
Go to wack show, sometimes it's still fun
We criticize fools for bitin' on Big Pun
Since this is the West Coast I like my hip-hop bumpin'
Get heated off some wax with the side of sayin' something
In the trunk and in the earphones
I'll make it clear, homes
I'm all about how it sounds
I deal with audio
My graffiti looks like shit
I dress how I dress and can't really dance a lick
The chance is this shit might never catch on
But my friends like my songs, and I like my songs
Life-long endeavors for the pleasure
Measure of ??? comin' weak, that's the treasure
I'm just a simple man
I like basic things
I'm a simple man, really
I'm a smart man [Yes, I am]
I like pretty things; I like dope things
I'm just a simple man
I like music fresh
I'm a simple man, get it?
I'm just a simple man
I like pretty things; I like pretty girls
[That's the point, got it? Not too hard. Yeah!]
[Don't you just be something on a shelf; just always be yourself]

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