Child's Play

Jim Johnston

I'm in the wrong fucking place, at the wrong fucking time
Don't worry motherfucker cause I'll still get mine
I know the magnitude of the right attitude
Remember one day you'll be showing me gratitude
Inevitably you will agree, your fragile ego I'm denting
Unnecessary jealousy, why are you resenting
Lucky Boys Confusion ripping leaves off clovers
Adam I'm about to send the limelight over, kid
Well, hello my my how the tables have turned
You got your new style and the tricks that you learned
From me, go let go of the ghetto phase
It's like everybody's trying to earn a buck these days
Ripping off my kids, with your ziplock bags
You think you're rolling now, you need to step the fuck back
We'll take care of Arizona, handle the schwag
Shorty got a brand new bag
When say opportunity knock on me door
Such a shame it's not the music, it's how much they score in their pocket
Now, the band plays I see the dollar sign in your eyes
But guess what Mr. Parasite we can see through all of your lies
I'm rocking mic stands daily, I'm merely
Two blocks away from the venue,
It's not as if you can hear me, clearly
Bringing up on the styles which were ours, nearly
With help from the stars of the past
Enhanced with your modern day melodies

Beats that kick your ass and you agree
I'm not up here to rock the room alone
Stubhystyle pick up the microphone
I'm back by popular demand, some people don't understand
Why I'm laughing fucking up all the shit you planned
Cause your motives weren't true and either were you
Trying to figure out how I do the things I do
A word of advice if you already haven't
Go out, step out, special order some talent
Don't say I'm not a musician cause I can hold my own
And bitch I play the microphone
Ooooh, mama did you hear they want make me superstar

Ooooh, mama did you hear they're gonna make me a star
You seemed startled by the way that I approach the mic
But isn't my tongue spitting out all the things you like
Mixing flavors together like Neapolitan, tight
Clam baking the limousine
He sprinkles on his stardust before he hits the street
A victim of his ego, pop rock society
His gear is nice and trendy; you got your baggy jeans
He's got a few piercings but nothing to extreme
Radio friendly writings is the highway to money
Maybe we'll be stars if we give them what they need
I get twelve percent off the music I make
And the image that they're selling you is fake

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