

Campfire

Antony Partos

Today I'll talk about kindness
 Justice, faith and kindness
 I want you to listen carefully
 Kindness and faith are the foundation
 Without them, we can't become good people
And with justice, we know we can lead a good life
 And how can I be a good man then, eh?
Huh, well, first of all, you have to practice honesty
 Mmm, keep your temper
 Never lose control of yourself
 Keep control, be patient
If you learn to do these things you can master anything
 Out of nowhere there came a caravan
 This was around a campfire light
 A lovely woman in motion
 Her hair was as dark as the night
 Cruisin' on the interstate, just follow while I innovate
 Too many try and imitate, medallion like a dinner plate
 Front and get your dinner ate, chinchilla for the winter, wait
I'm tryin' to bring the 'Sexy Back' with Timbaland and Timberlake
 Spittin' like a calico, kush from a Cali hoe
 Tell that joker, "Tally ho", put shots in that Denali yo
 RZA you know how we go on them 20's, that's how we roll
 And I don't eat berries but eat a Berry like Halley though
 The game criminal, my, my chain Figaro
 My, my dame's pigeon toed, I'm still the same nigga though
 Uh, Kid Rock a fitted low, still got a wicked flow
 And I'm like Barry Bonds on anything that RZA throw
 On anything that RZA throw, Ironman's invisible
 I left my chick for cheatin on me, now that bitch is miserable

 Poppin' bottles, paintin' hella Wallo's on my physical
 We gon' have a ball, might as well pick a testicle
 Purple haze festivals, smoke a nigga like a bowl
 Fuck a coma, now the state you layin' is a vegetable
 You wanna see me like you ain't checkable?
 You like a CD, I burn you and I wrecked a few
 Out of nowhere, there came a caravan
 This was around a campfire light

A lovely woman in motion
Her hair
We gotta get more cake together, so we could branch out
Preserve land, get a boat and a ranch house
Call me a dreamer but I hustle for real
You thought that I fell off but now I'm attackin' the field
All in Chicago, grindin', puttin' it down
Crush blocks of MCs, I ain't playin' around
Yo you heard me on The Bassment, givin it to 'em
Fake dudes hidin' theyself but I could see through 'em
Diggler, what? I'm tryin' to live and raise kids
While you throwin' up ya sign, I'm layin' 'em down kid
Plus I'm back home now, doin' my thing
Thirty dollars to Medina just to cop me a ring
Out of, out of, out of, out of
Out of nowhere there came a caravan
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