

# 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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