

Sod in the Seed

Why?

His homes in dirt pound and eat up ground
He cannot remain bound when the trumpet sounds

Let review some basic facts

I make decent cash im a minor start
And we cant last if she don?t drive a hybrid car
I scribble vapid raps on your flyer backs
Though word is I purchased a refurbished mac g4

Pull up to critical mass in a gas guzzling ford
Just to ask you when next your rock outfit performs
Before you tell me the facts im on the road yelling back
Please post it on the whole foods bulletin board

Id earn a lick of respect and slum hard for sure
But I threw out my lumbar picking up checks
Im so numb lord yes despite how im blessed
Im destined to end up a slum lord depressed

Come by poorly dressed you address on the first
Hum something under my breath that half resembles some words
And like a bird in a suit cut for a brutish bear
Back out of there bowing like a jew in prayer

Ill never shirk this first world curse
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse

A small dark bard ill give an inch to start then
Leave you home dreaming of the whole nine yards
Leave you home dreaming believing that you?d seen
Me loose skin breathing like a cathedral at evening

Screaming like a demon in the garden of eden
Missing what parts that a stork in its beak brings
But even what an evil man thinks is really pink
And on his insides doesn?t mean you shouldn?t pull his card out

So what if a man blinks in morse code when he sings if he sings his heart out
Everybodys got to get paid

Id say far out no way frankly id be amazed
But a patriot would save the day make the hit shout cia

Whats bad whats good a complicated man
Is misunderstood even to himself
Acutely unaware whats ina shallow breath of air
And a long exhale of something else

Ill never shirk this first world curse
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse

Two sips instant drip sank mud
New corpus publicist thanks ya bud
As hundred bucks worth of wordy blogger thugs
Come forth forthwith to four seasons aflood

To morbidly orbit your toilet like hornets abuzz
Forming above like buzzards in love
When you first wake up spitting sick from the gut
And shitting black blood at six

And you wonder why im high up sitting
Yup the blundering braggart
From a covered wagon spitting
Onto the vagrants and gutters

What does it make me evil
Am I a feeble deranged fuck
Because jesus would and I would not
Drive the needle exchange truck

Well if im out of luck im still
Pitching notes through this throat
Pissing fears and hopes
Through the ears of folks listening

No matter what batter up
Enough of this nonsense
You can gather up the contents
Of the catchers cup and suck

Do you kneel and squint your eyes and cup your hands
Against the window just to see who rides to get a
Glimpse inside the limo have some self respect and
Exercise some tact while I supply the info that you lack

One must pay the frat fee to enjoy the fat free snacks
Strippers roofies and six packs and groupies with big breasts
Sending out mass texts asking whos next
To get his lance waxed in the wickedest sex acts

Step back from the stretch mac and mind the gap
With all due respect sir theres a limited cap
Youll need a ticket to kick it in the back
Of this rented tinted out black Cadillac

But I can tell by your polo slacks sebagos and blank stare
Your good for the total package and game to be back there
But who am I to judge another mans heart by his yacht wear
And it scares me to death yes that im starting to not care

Ill never shirk this first world curse
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse

Good and evils often neither strength or flaw
But sod in the seed of what you are
A filthy silt stashed in a white silk sash
A dule of doves smashed in an airplane crash

Ill never shirk this first world curse
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse

Lyrics submitted by adamsmith.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>