Tribute

E Bone415

This one is dedicated to the excitable ones
Not the possums playing dead messing with my head
X amount of action, X amount of games
For years again I tell you the same
Gone already to the bored of it all type, lingo
That I'm seein' every single night I'm out
Bustin' head for it but your's gets busted
Right back lip split and
I messed up but I got back tryin'
Don't bother lyin' 'bout constant disappointment
But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front
And you're unmotivated, sorta faded
But the remedy is not so, get on with what you got
Remember Lady of Guadeloupe, the times my mother made mole
After mass we would get home, the girls are runnin' to the phone
And I'm in my bedroom the 45 on my record player
Was we're in this love together
At the time I never realized how songs haunted
The ones that I heard I played because I wanted
Drawin' on my wall from time to time coolin'
Makin' creatures come alive with no schoolin'
When I'm on the microphone
The method that I make is much patience
The method that I make is much patience
I'm waiting for the beat and then I make sense
Ain't comin' in hot, forgot you definitely got no clue
Ain't comin' in hot, you got, you definitely got so rude
Boy, actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy, I tell ya
This is a tribute
No one looks as foolish as the excitable ones
But then again there's no one that has this much fun
X amount of action, X amount of games
For years again I tell you the same
Once I met a man who made nearly no mistakes
He would never bet on a long shot and he never bet on a break and
He's condescending and talks gossip galore
But the dude was definitely such a bore, hear me now
I messed up but I got back trying
Don't bother lying 'bout constant disappointment

But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front
Yeah, unmotivated, sorta faded
But the real man is not the one hiding behind the gunshot
Time travelin' through my memory
There's a younger dough gazin' at the galaxy
Space trippin' veto of the stars
Searchin' for UFOs from Neptune and Mars
Ode to an alien, I know you're out there
Cosmic, lonely heart tell me if you care
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground
When I'm on the microphone
The method that I make is much patience
The method that I make is much patience
I'm waiting for the beat and then I make sense
Ain't comin' in hot, forgot you definitely got no clue
Ain't comin' in hot, you got, you definitely got so rude
Boy, actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy, I tell ya
This is a tribute
I'm vexing many mofos but I'm wishing you the best
I keep 'bout half my lyrics and I throw out the rest
'Cause fly on by, you can if you want to
The method that makes sense is patience

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