Lost

Cool Calm Pete

Lost Cool Calm PeteYo party people in the place to be
yo this is cool calm pete
Ima do this in G minorIt goes lost in season
Running out of choices
Hard to cope with these lingering voices
Its hopeless Ive got problems with authority
Its like the moral of the story is calling me
With silly pranks like you aint gonna win kid
This game is bugged these kids done jinxed it
Fix these plans I got hopes and dreams son
Rolling down hill and the year has just begun
I see America lonely with its dick hard (Hello)
Wrote this on the back of a greeting card
From this bleeding heart rolling down a bitter start
Its these lessons you learn from that time apart
Pull my guns out shooting at the TV.
So medicated that I damn missed the TV
But news is syndicated go catch the repeats
No place to hide run amuck in the streetsIt goes lost in the city
Running out of choices
Going nowhere fast
Still hearing voices
Come on legs come on feet
Im just tryin make a little bit of historyIts like you write with a sharpie
And you make a fine point
Not all city you hitting up the five points
Jonsin for another attack next wave
You fake stunts thats strictly for super Dave
Sun dont shine now kiss the ass cheeks
These cats there testing lost there cheat sheets
If youve got questions then you must ask pete
The antidote over these working class beats
Woke up in the pm the face is all crusty
My feet cold even the kicks are dusty
Im snowed in I plowed through these negatives
Its such a pain when the Bullshits repetitive
So why bother even takin these next steps
Even yesterday is harder to recollect
Muster it up and step out of the house

Take a little trip and start tearing it outlost in the city
Running out of choices
Going nowhere fast
Still hearing voices
Come on legs come on feet
Im just tryin make a little bit of historyIm home sick rocking the New York logo
Its only been a week and you aint made no doe ohh
Well that blows and these are the breaks
A tall order of beef is high stakes
This is dedicated to the ones who think they getting old
Since childhood theyve been callin you an old soul
Now bop that head its hip hop irony
For twenty sum odd years probably
Actin the same way aint nothing really change
Mabey that internet and new heads to blame
Glimps of the future makin these toes curl
And mabey then ill stop spyin on my ex girl
In this world famous to nameless
None of it is easy and none of it is painless
Weighless on the moon watchin the earth turn
Time on ya side and got money to burn
Got a new watch I got heat in the house
Got rhymes got beats no kid no spouse
And ima turn it out
Yo its my turn baby ima turn it out
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