

# Lost

## Cool Calm Pete

Lost Cool Calm Pete Yo party people in the place to be  
yo this is cool calm pete  
Ima do this in G minor It 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 streets It 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 history Its 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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