Smooth

Even Rude

I grew up wholesome, middle class, Mid-west. The 4.8.1.9.7. is where my folks rest. I'm always on trial for the crime of the day. And always on line when they're passing out blame. Me and The Veteran, we know it too well, you'll never be free if you try to sell yourself as innocent. I'm not ignorant. I know your into it. I'm gonna take the fall for this shit that goes on, and take the break because my back is strong but bending. I can see it ending. Hold up, wait a minute. Whatcha gonna do when the south falls? Where you gonna go when we're climbin' your walls, not breakin' nothing down cause we want you to see what you done in the past, who's winning at last, who's running fast, now who's the bad ass?

Don't you wanta be dead when we get it through your head and you hear the beat this is where you'll wanta be. Smooth as you are, you won't go far.

Little Johnny Lunchpail, just like the next one, checking out the goodies just trying to get some. Snuffin out the budda, tryin to save a little, but since I gets none I can be limp like a noodle and I used to smooth, back around school, now I make ends when I act like a fool. It's like this and like that, I'm a talking black cat. I walk the dog and then I step where he shat. Momma told me there would be days like this. Daddy told me there would be friends I'd miss. But everybody wants to learn the hard way, you can't tell them how to live and thats okay. But as you grow up, things are gonna change on ya. Used to get the whip and now I'm puttin down the reins on ya. Putting down everything that comes to my head for ya, can't even remember the shit I just said to ya.

C

1,2,3,4 What the hell are we?

Fuck you, I'm smooth!

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