Paper Route

Calexico

You don't know who you fucking with
Ain't no democrat, and by far I'm no republican
This the type of talk that'll probably piss off my publicist
And I ain't even started, the water ain't even bubbling
The type of talk that'll probably get me in trouble with the law
Or make the government come after me in public
Won't hear this on the radio, this here ain't for publishing
This ain't that bubble gum shit, no, this ain't that double mint
Consider this a risk, I swear I see 'em building pyramids brick by brick
They'll aim at anyone bold enough to go against the shit
You don't believe me? Look what happened to the Dixie Chicks
It's like nobody else complains
Till you tryna be more than a nigga with a chain
Cube already told you, they corrupted everything
And we these out here just tryna function, tryna maintainA 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground
Thoughts moving through my head at the speed of sound
I pray, I pray my prayers make it through the cloud
I pray in heaven ain't no fuck niggas ain't allowed
A 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground
Thoughts moving through my head at the speed of sound
I pray, I pray my prayers make it through the cloud
Till then it's back to the paper route, the paper routeAnd of course it's unfortunate that niggas out here robbing for Jordan's
Can we not afford them but got enough to get a Glock 40
Is our views on reality kinda distorted
But still, even though I understand the story
I still fall weak for a booty that's proportionate
On a sexy short bitch, so what's the score?
Chilling with some Regs dog, drinking white man's poison
Ah, now that's a forfeit
Selling what's for free, that's extortion
But still I'm wondering what family was present when history was recordedA 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground
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Till then it's back to the paper route, the paper routeYou think you really know what's going on?
They passing laws where they can run up in your own home
Cameras on your laptop, TV and your iPhone
The battery don't come out, that means it's always on
Smile and say cheese, yeah niggas got you
I told you fuckers three years ago 'bout the watchers
If you won't take the microchip then you can't make no dollars
This ain't no lovely day for a neighbor, ain't no Mr Rodgers
Don't let these fuckers rob us for our freedom and your rights
And you be like: "it's on the news so it must be right"
Who's pulling the strings? Who's rolling the dice?
Who's calling the shots and who's starting the fight? Think twiceA 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground
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