Firewater

Jimsaku

Talkin' shit like shut up and listen to me
Because cutting through the crap is my specialty
Like a bomb I'm dropping yes a ton of lead
You're trying to figure out the last thing I said
I'm a redwood I love to be a tree yes I'm a druid
My words are flowing out like a fluid
Never give in never conform
I'll be bustin' out rhymes in a triplet form
Dead leaves on the trees in spring can't hear the birds sing
A light powdered snow on the ground is glistening
Vipers slither atop a colder ground they quiver
A crack in the sky snow is falling and inside we shiver
While I doze I suppose I could get lost
With a brown skin friend claiming kin to crazy horse
I stink of vino my greasy clothes are rancid but
I tip the bottle back the spirits are in me kid
Firewater call it liquid rapture
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature
Firewater the world's a mixture
Of broken liquored people get the picture
Firewater call it liquid rapture
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature
Firewater the world's a mixture
Of broken liquored people get the picture
Whiskey be spittle at the corners of my mouth
I'm rather liquored light flickers, I got the shakes and jitters
I roll I'm like raging bull bumrushin' the show
Hand to my head sway in the fire I've waded into
All alone except for the whiskey voices
Whores laugh, neon signs flash other choices
I stagger stumble to toast the past while I mumble
Slur my song slow porno show marquee words crumble
Firewater call it liquid rapture
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Firewater call it liquid rapture
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Firewater the world's a mixture

Of broken liquored people get the picture
You're hangin' around the house with all your friends
Steady drinking smoking the green weed
And head is sort of blinking you're going with the flow
And everybody is getting plowed
The voices and the music and the noise is getting loud
You got a heavy buzz on when seven o'clock rolls around
So you piule inside the clunker start heading downtown
Only nineteen but you know where you can get it
So you slide inside the bar and everything is hitting
By about eleven o'clock your brain is near dead
You really can't remember who was the one that said
Let's go into the bathroom and meet this guy Chuck
He's got a thirty dollar white powder pick me up
Ten minutes later the whole vibe had changed
You try for conversation but you know you're acting strange
Your eyes are wide open but your smile is gone
You just keep fiending 'til the fucking break of dawn
Vipers slither atop a colder ground they quiver
A crack in the sky snow is falling and inside we shiver
While I doze I suppose

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