

# Scalp

## Far-Out Fangtooth

[Slug]

I sat down and put a fifty on the bar  
A whisky and a beer, let's forget where we are  
And keep 'em coming till I drink that whole grant up  
Filling up that cup till I can't stand up  
Look around, see what the room's got  
Well there's Sunny by the jukebox  
Grab my drinks, headed over to say peace  
But had to think, do I owe him any late fees?  
Wait up nah, I'm all paid up huh  
Yeah I made it square last time I came up town  
What up Sunny? {What up?} How's business?  
{How you doing Sean? I ain't seen you in a couple of minutes}  
Man I just been working and jerking  
Tryna get the rent right and be perfect, how bout you?  
{Oh you know how the same old game go  
Hustle through the wind, rain, snow or tornado}  
Yeah bro, spent time catching up  
The bar tender kept the drinks fresh enough  
Good conversation, no pretension  
I drank up my whole fifty bucks and then some  
It was getting close to last call  
So I grabbed my coat and stood up like that's all  
But Sunny say {Hold up Sean, it's your day  
I need a favor, let me throw some money your way}  
I sat back down in the booth  
I said, I know your deal Sunny, what I gotta do?  
He said {I'll give you three-five piece of the pie  
If you pick up a package for me on the eastside tomorrow}  
Three and a half for an hour and a half  
Saint Paul and back's only ten dollars gas  
Yeah I can handle, give me all the info  
Only one thing though, I won't bring a pistol  
{Hahahah} He laughed and said {It ain't like that  
It's simple, grab the package and come right back  
It's a tattoo shop, it's called...} Shhh don't snitch  
{They some nice cats} Nice cats? {Cool as an icepack}  
Well alright jack {Discretion is a must  
Keep a hush, other than that I don't give a fuck}

Cool, I got this, it's done like dinner  
And then I stepped out into the winter I got behind the wheel of my vehicle  
Streetlights shining on my face, you can see it glow  
The rearview reflection got clearer  
I starting talking to the image in the mirror  
I said, you should go back in and decline  
Sunny will understand, everything will be fine  
Sean calm down, get a grip, you're tripping  
I took a deep breath and put the key in the ignition  
Stop being a bitch now, man up  
Rolling down twenty-six with thoughts of handcuffs  
Pulled out on Lyndale, killed by a couple of drunks  
broad side of my pickup truck

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