

Somewhere in the World It's Midnight

Street Sweeper Social Club

Somewhere in the world it's 3 o'clock
Time to get out of school and think
Somewhere in the world it's 5pm
And quittin time means it's time to drink
Somewhere in the world it's 8 o'clock
Let's get fly, man, and go to the gig
But somewhere in the world it's midnight
And the guerrillas just shot two pigs
Somebody needs to bottle
This adrenaline
Throw death the middle fin
Stompin through your suburbs
Like coke, meth, and riddling
Streetlights and little sins
We fight for little yen
Despite the bitter end
And ignite carcinogens
This here's a little shot of
Can't-Be-Stopped
A lot o' Fuck-You-Pay-Me
A little Fuck-The-Cops
Cuz them parasites'll suck your wop
And bankrupt your flock
Chuck you overseas to duck the glock
And in the gallows of San Quentin
The officials were smitten
By the smooth, suave way
Which my initials were written
So they paid no attention
That the scribbled transmission
Read "Imma get outta here,
Pray I don't get ammunition"
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Sometime the night falls just so
You can't see the scars

Discourse between the stars
Is dialogue of stolen DVD players and VCRs
I know a corner- if you say "cocaine"
They claim that you takin the lord's name
In vein
I cam to spit flames
Until this shit change
Until we switch games
The streets drown in pain
Now
Y'all might just drink and fuck to this
Let's knuckle up and deconstruct the shit
Imma show you what they dysfunction is
They need some nickel-plated acupuncturists
Vile and vulturous
Let's get tumultuous
And bring a multitude
To where their luncheon is
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