Evidence

Lucky Boys Confusion

I saw some kid that knew when to say fuck it
Someone always caught the middle of a ruckus
Move over move over Mr. Johnny cool money
Don't you be acting tough in front of Gold diggers love
I never got caught with the apple in my pocket,
If I'm gonna sport a hat, you know I'm gonna cock it.
All out of 40s, not even 32s.
The old man's after you.
CHORUS
Hey, you got the evidence,
So it's irrelevant
It's not the truth, it's black and white.
Hey you got the evidence,
So leave your bloodhounds at the door.
I'm not the type of kid that you bring home to daddy,
Five pimps rolling up, bumpin' in cockboy's caddy.
Windows rolled down, smoke pouring out,

Water cooler conversations what we're all about.
I'm 145 but my fists move quickly,
If I don't kick your ass, we got chilly willy.
All out of 40s, not even 32s.
The old man's after you.
CHORUS
Always thought this last forever,
You're never satisfied,
You're afraid of what you're after,
Maybe you just can't decide.
You're accusing me of changing,
Maybe I'm changing too.
I just cannot bear to lose
CHORUS x 3

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