

Star 6

Scapegoat Wax

This is for the children, this is for the streets
This is for those cigarettes
That keep you coughing in your sleep
Let me go on I had a vision, it took place right here on the curb
(Had a vision)
Everyone listen, I have to let this here be heard
(Everyone listen) It was a little boy all dressed up in orange
(All dressed up in orange)
It looked like he ain't been washed
Since that boy been born Now fifteen feet apart
He's staring right in my eye
I didn't know what to say
I damn near wanted to cry He said, "Who do you think you are
To judge on the way I look?
I want you to know I'm ten years old
And I'm a motherfuckin' NorCal crook"
(Hey) Here was the mission
Just make sure that I could eat
Anything after that
I'm a just consider a treat But I'll be standing here
Until these building bricks come down
We can keep rocking y'all
Until the cops start firin' rounds This is for the children
This is for the streets
This is for those cigarettes
That keep you coughing in your sleep This is for those county checks
That keep you fed when you can't eat
This is for those people
That try to knock you off your feet
Let me go on I'm Marty James, I come from Chico, CA.
I'm a Leo, I enjoy long walks by the bay
My other interests are pornographic sex
And snapping mic. necks and Duran Duran's The Reflex My intellect is just based on the beat
I can be Ben Stein or I can be like Screech
It's up to you to what you want to see
You could look deep or glance right over me I'll still sleep but when the morning comes
I'll still root for the fish, I'll still root for the Mets
I still fart when I piss. I still rock this shit if I lost the gig
If you're interested in me, you can press star 6

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