

# Tribute

## D.I.T.C.

This one is dedicated to the excitable ones  
Not the possums playing dead messing with my head  
X amount of action, X amount of games  
For years again I tell you the same  
Gone already to the bored of it all type, lingo  
That I'm seein' every single night I'm out  
Bustin' head for it but your's gets busted  
Right back lip split and  
I messed up but I got back tryin'  
Don't bother lyin' 'bout constant disappointment  
But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front  
And you're unmotivated, sorta faded  
But the remedy is not so, get on with what you got  
Remember Lady of Guadeloupe, the times my mother made mole  
After mass we would get home, the girls are runnin' to the phone  
And I'm in my bedroom the 45 on my record player  
Was we're in this love together  
At the time I never realized how songs haunted  
The ones that I heard I played because I wanted  
Drawin' on my wall from time to time coolin'  
Makin' creatures come alive with no schoolin'  
When I'm on the microphone  
The method that I make is much patience  
The method that I make is much patience  
I'm waiting for the beat and then I make sense  
Ain't comin' in hot, forgot you definitely got no clue  
Ain't comin' in hot, you got, you definitely got so rude  
Boy, actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy, I tell ya  
This is a tribute  
No one looks as foolish as the excitable ones  
But then again there's no one that has this much fun  
X amount of action, X amount of games  
For years again I tell you the same  
Once I met a man who made nearly no mistakes  
He would never bet on a long shot and he never bet on a break and  
He's condescending and talks gossip galore  
But the dude was definitely such a bore, hear me now  
I messed up but I got back trying  
Don't bother lying 'bout constant disappointment

But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front  
Yeah, unmotivated, sorta faded  
But the real man is not the one hiding behind the gunshot  
Time travelin' through my memory  
There's a younger dough gazin' at the galaxy  
Space trippin' veto of the stars  
Searchin' for UFOs from Neptune and Mars  
Ode to an alien, I know you're out there  
Cosmic, lonely heart tell me if you care  
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground  
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground  
When I'm on the microphone  
The method that I make is much patience  
The method that I make is much patience  
I'm waiting for the beat and then I make sense  
Ain't comin' in hot, forgot you definitely got no clue  
Ain't comin' in hot, you got, you definitely got so rude  
Boy, actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy, I tell ya  
This is a tribute  
I'm vexing many mofos but I'm wishing you the best  
I keep 'bout half my lyrics and I throw out the rest  
'Cause fly on by, you can if you want to  
The method that makes sense is patience

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