

Cigarettes

Fort Minor

Man, I love this rap game mainly 'cuz it's cool
To add a little spice to the life you've been through
Everyone exaggerates, a tiny little bit
Make that shit sound more gangster than it really is
You can't appear weak, man, we wanna hear street
We wanna hear you spit your thug over this here beat
Don't take it as sarcastic, I can't get enough
I'm tellin' you, you can call my bluff
If it's not rough, then I really don't need it
I'm not even ashamed
I got too much reality that's fillin' up my brain
So sell me on that product, I'm addicted to the game
Suck it up like a cigarette, light it up
It's just like a cigarette, it's somethin' that I do
Once in a while but, between me an' you
It's just like a cigarette, nobody's really fooled
I don't want the truth, I wanna feel fuckin' cool
Let me tell you something, that I realized tonight
My hip-hop radio is like Marlboro lights
They're both sellin' stories and they sound about the same
Cigarettes say they're safe, rappers claim they really bang
We don't care if it's true when we lay the money down
We don't believe the words, we just love the way they sound
They're acting like we're idiots, they're lyin' to our face
Maybe we are idiots, we buy it anyway
I'm runnin' out to get the next rapper's CD
Just suckin' up the guns, drugs and misogyny
The same way that I suck up all the stories
When I breathe that little bit of death supposedly cancer-free
And everything they say's got the truth twisted up
But twisted up's what I want man, I can't get enough
'Cuz even though we know it's all just a big bluff
We just light another up, what, we don't give a fuck
It's just like a cigarette, it's something that I do
Once in a while, but between me and you
It's just like a cigarette, nobody's really fooled
I don't want the truth, I wanna feel fucking cool
It's just like a cigarette, it's something that I do
Over and over, but between me and you
It's just like a cigarette, nobody's really fooled
I don't want the truth, I wanna feel fucking cool
Listen to my words, listen for a while
Lip Service radio, don't touch the dial
If you're in the car, turn up the track man
Give your whole neighborhood some second hand rap
Matter of fact, listen for a while
Lip Service radio, don't touch the dial
If you're in the car man, turn up the track
And give the whole neighborhood some second hand rap
It's just like a cigarette, it's something that I do
Once in a while, but between me and you

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