

Book of Life

Hobotalk

I got so much trouble on my mind
So I take time, out my day to pray and I say
Now I lay me down to sleep
Hopin' that I keep my soul, peep
I'm gettin' old and it's a cold, cold world And I ain't even got a bomber
Livin' with my momma
It's the same routine
Keep my room clean I'm lookin' to do some new things
But ain't shit to do, I'm twenty-two, catch
In the prime of my life, I have no time for a wife
I funnel through the tunnel
Disgruntled, tryin' to find me some light
In the rim of darkness Aight you sing, I may not be the darkest
Brotha but I was always told
To act my age and not my color
Knowin' that my color was that of the original
So now I sing the new negro spiritual It goes get up stand up, etc.
It's like how can you understand the pain
When you never had to stand under the rain
When it rains it pours and it's about to come down hard
Thank God, I found you As I walk down the road of existence
I get resistance from all angles
I tangle for cash, hopin' it'll last
'Til the end of the week but all I eat is fast food
And you know how junk food goes right through ya So I return to the Arab and on the way back
I stop and the liquor store, grab me a six pack
Knowin' that once I'm done with that I'll be back
To get some more, once I get started I don't wanna stop
And I can't turn around, brew, I can't turn it down
Ironically I turn it up, my liver I burn it up
(Fat line) It's my life, I live it up, the cup I gotta give it up
One day, I'm cruisin' down a one way street
And I done passed fun day, three blocks ago
It itself life is an obstacle
As I maneuver through the manure I try to be responsible I want a job but I ain't lookin', how come
I ain't tryin' to degrade myself bein' nobody's Calvin
But I'm a couch bum, what makes it bad I had incentive
But I disintegrated to a state that's stagnated I procrastinated, I can't recall a day
Without bein' intoxicated or blowned

Ain't dealin' with a full deck and any day I could fold
What makes it bad, I wasn't dealt that bad a hand
And I had a plan but things didn't go through
The way they were supposed to
Thank God, I found youIt's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
How I keep from goin' under, I ponder
And try to keep my concentration in this idiotic nation
They say become I doctor but I don't have the patienceAdjacent to that situation, I want an occupation that I'm
into
'Cause yet if I begin to live to my potential
I went to school for fourteen years
And my best teacher was experienceI reminisce and wish
I could go back in time to eighty-nine
When there was just sunshine
But now it's like I'm gettin' olderTo so much strain and stress
I don't think I'll ever be happy until I rest
In peace of mind and find who I am
But thank God, I found you

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