# Not Messin'

## Dispatch

It's as if the fore fathers
Gonna trade it for a piece
They can lick the wound slow
Like they're from the northeast
They resist I'm going easy
Bankin on the hearsay
But they all know the man with the co-pay
Mixed up in the mid, they get the high to low rap
Its a tight rope, til the rope goes slack
It'll blow your mind, but it don't get you around,
I ain't messin' around.
I ain't messin' around.
So I got my gold parachute
Turn one more left turn
With my chloroform and a monet
'fore we can take a long ride down the narrow drive
And keep ya head down, yeah
They come and jump in
Now may I ask to who you reach all the money so I
Don't sell the van

Can't find my,
Can't find my cat's got nine times
So let the poochie on the record and ya got 'em on the messin around
Can we do a re-vote
Backed by hard-earned job
It's hard to get to things of my own
As if I don't think, think, thinkin up and sippin on the world
He was lookin from the top look out
Say preach,
Buy them treats, and this guy he prayed
Father told them pick them on the fallen tree
Father picked them off the top
And so we're getting caught up in the mountain,
Still no pay check.
To be found
I ain't messin' around
Are ya sorted?
Are ya sound?

Are ya sound?
Are ya sound?
Are ya sorted?

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