

# Child's Play

Chris Welch

I'm in the wrong fucking place, at the wrong fucking time  
Don't worry motherfucker cause I'll still get mine  
I know the magnitude of the right attitude  
Remember one day you'll be showing me gratitude  
Inevitably you will agree, your fragile ego I'm denting  
Unnecessary jealousy, why are you resenting  
Lucky Boys Confusion ripping leaves off clovers  
Adam I'm about to send the limelight over, kid  
Well, hello my my how the tables have turned  
You got your new style and the tricks that you learned  
From me, go let go of the ghetto phase  
It's like everybody's trying to earn a buck these days  
Ripping off my kids, with your ziplock bags  
You think you're rolling now, you need to step the fuck back  
We'll take care of Arizona, handle the schwag  
Shorty got a brand new bag  
When say opportunity knock on me door  
Such a shame it's not the music, it's how much they score in their pocket  
Now, the band plays I see the dollar sign in your eyes  
But guess what Mr. Parasite we can see through all of your lies  
I'm rocking mic stands daily, I'm merely  
Two blocks away from the venue,  
It's not as if you can hear me, clearly  
Bringing up on the styles which were ours, nearly  
With help from the stars of the past  
Enhanced with your modern day melodies  
  
Beats that kick your ass and you agree  
I'm not up here to rock the room alone  
Stubhystyle pick up the microphone  
I'm back by popular demand, some people don't understand  
Why I'm laughing fucking up all the shit you planned  
Cause your motives weren't true and either were you  
Trying to figure out how I do the things I do  
A word of advice if you already haven't  
Go out, step out, special order some talent  
Don't say I'm not a musician cause I can hold my own  
And bitch I play the microphone  
Ooooh, mama did you hear they want make me superstar

Oooh, mama did you hear they're gonna make me a star  
You seemed startled by the way that I approach the mic  
But isn't my tongue spitting out all the things you like  
    Mixing flavors together like Neapolitan, tight  
    Clam baking the limousine  
He sprinkles on his stardust before he hits the street  
    A victim of his ego, pop rock society  
His gear is nice and trendy; you got your baggy jeans  
    He's got a few piercings but nothing to extreme  
    Radio friendly writings is the highway to money  
Maybe we'll be stars if we give them what they need  
    I get twelve percent off the music I make  
    And the image that they're selling you is fake

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