

One For The

Pigeon John

Ladies and gentlemen boys and girls
This is the way that you rock the world (2x)

Let me tell you 'bout my gangster wit I dont follow no clique
I'm quick to flip a dollar out of 15 cents for rent
I'm a scholar in a blue Impala with dents
Such is life a stand up man that bent
I use this mic and MPC to vent
2000 ways to slay a beat and hint
At what it all means brothers gonna call me dense
When I take my brain and let it touch the rain
And since then I'm a young king in training
And listening to the wind to see what its saying
In glimpses sometimes it all seems senseless
You trapped outside of white picket fences
Still gotta figure out a way how to make it real
In 3 ways sports crack or a record deal
And the homies know how I feel
Till I'm on the next level I'm a grind at will

One for the money two for the show
Three for the homies who got in the back door
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Us rappers we love to tell the stories again and again
About the burning fire that rages within
But all you ever hearing everyday from your friends
Is that if you leave the herd there's no way you can win
So what you gonna think about?
When everything around you is negative including your bank account
Scrapping out a living in a major draught
With no avenue to let your angry out
You rattle your cage and shout you pray they
Break you out you stay truly devout
Cause you wade through doubt so deep
that you can't tune it out
Blood boiling and you ain't cooling out
And that's why I stand on every stage and kick that verse
Like it the first and last time I'll ever say it
I'm nothing if I'm not dedicated
Every win is celebrated for the soldiers that never made it
Trying to figure out where Awesome Dre went
And why Grand Master Caze still ain't been paid yet
So since I'm blessed to run around the nation
I'm obligated to find a new lane and pave it
So if the little homies ever want to disconnect
From the matrix and jump off the slave ships
And when they swim they'll have a destination
And they come right on along and hit the same lid
Its entertainment but its more than that
Why you think Slug took me on the tour in fact?
Why you think El-P put his boys on wax?
And why you think Little Brother's in the door like that?
Its because God gave us something that makes us
More than record breaker we're our own saviors
Ask the average man about taking his life

In his own hands and he won't understand
That idea was stolen with the land
And we scrape for the few crumbs that fall from the hand
Live life hungry work to get bummy
Or run we they 3 2 1 for the money

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