

It never gets easy, and that's the fun
In a matter of days it comes around like the sun
It's a backlash, and a backlash backlash
Hours of judgment, diggin through the trash
of artists, that didn't get their props,
digging through the bins, at the record shop
Might as well find your own favorites,
Cause in the music biz no one really knows shit

Those who can't do it surely fuckin will
And those who can't [?] try to teach that skill
Those who can't teach and know they never rise,
Above the sweetness that they criticize

If someone enjoys your art, that's a reason to live
And if you gotta give then you know that you gotta give
If someone digs your art, that's a reason to live
And if you gotta give then you know that you gotta give

Believe that, are you with that, the contact
gettin on down, to the music,
Twistin effects, is the ever present swami
And like the eluse of Yawnee, mixed with scotch with satchi

That's all I want, oh!
Lookin' for something to stop me!
Gettin' on down the trickle flow,
It's a writer's block party!

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No props to those who don't give props,
with respect due, I give it up nonstop
Big up around the world, to all the positive,
so many sad people, don't even wanna live
Best believe they want to take you down with 'em
Ruin it for you, if you're ever given
Professional cynics, let me hear your band
until you make a rhyme, where are your fans?
You didn't put us here and you don't have a sound
Rock coast to coast, before there ever was a down
Like flaming guitar, and that's really all that matters
Say what you will but the rhymes get fatter

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