

That Pt. 2

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I remember he told me... calm down, calm down, calm down, calm down

Ya, God forgets my soul when I'm doing bad
the pain I'm feelin when living life too fast
so calm down were the words that I heard last
my ear drums are still numb from the first blast
I couldn't turn back past the grave into my head for the dead
putting ash in graves
and I smoke with the spirit so feel me rise
over the clouds for now up until we die, it's like that
I set off through the star spangled
looking for a light to guide me to an angel
gotta be smart and hide behind all the answers
when everythings dark my heart is full of anger

I rather be a bull for a day than a goat forever
my life is a joke so whatever
man prime time reason and rhyme, you know the rhyme be the reason
sling shots and Chuck Taylors, it's the season
there is no state of the art or no special effects
it's just money, politics, and these projects
can you imagine yo a playboy thats kickin it live
but in his own damn mind yo hes doin time
now thats deeper than the craters on the moon
crushin up weed in the back dressing room
I hate to be greedy but I love to be greedy
hope the little guy love me but dont be me
I do it like a gene, blaze in a beanie
life time contract and no you cant free me, Queezy

ya we live and die it's all for the cash flow
dont give replies, I'm high and we act cold
i dont know why I couldnt explain
lost focus of the love in the innocent way, live for the day
hey I'ma escape to the music, to try to make up for all the wrong that I'm d
oin
I swear I know better, but so far gone
and no gaurd hear the cry out in every song
it's upon everybody through moods of stars
rise and fall im there with my open arms

man it's such a rush that I get when the money is spent, and all the dope is
lit,
man this is how I repent, I keep a devils eye on tigas that spit the gift
and is it true in the after; like the souls adrift?
thats kamakazi logic, man the ghetto is the topic
you trying to cop it, you gotta sell it then you drop it
it's like its hot cause if its not then the plot starts to thicken
I'm sorry but moneys a religion, fly like a pigeon
man whats your decision? the homies is waiting in the Fillmoe division
rap life living, fast cars driven, it's something like prison
but this is how we listen, listen

go ahead and bounce homie... get up outta here... get up outta here... it's
like that... it's like that...
it's like that... it's like that...