

## 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 beenie  
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...