

**December 4th**

**Danger Mouse**

They say "they never really miss you til you dead or  
You gone"  
So on that note I'm leaving after the song  
So you ain't gotta feel no way about Jay so long  
Atleast let me tell you why I'm this way, Hold on  
I was conceived by Gloria Carter and Adaness Revees  
Who made love under the Siccamore tree  
Which makes me  
A more sicker emcee my momma would claim  
At 10 pounds when I was born I didn't give her no pain  
Although through the years I gave her her fair share  
I gave her her first real scare  
I made it from birth and I got here  
She knows my purpose wasn't purpose  
I ain't perfect I care  
But I feel worthless cause my shirts wasn't matchin my  
Gear  
Now I'm just scratchin the surface cause what's burried  
Under there  
Was a kid torn apart once his pop disappeared  
I went to school got good grades could behave when I  
Wanted  
But I had demons deep inside that would raise when  
Confronted  
Hold on

Shawn was a very shy child growing up  
He was into sports  
And a funny story is  
At 4 he taught hisself how to ride a bike  
A two wheeler at that  
Isn't that special?  
But, I noticed a chance in him when me and my husband  
Broke up

Now all the teachers couldn't reach me  
And my momma couldn't beat me  
Hard enough to match the pain of my pops not seeing me,  
SO  
With that distain in my membrain  
Got on my pimp game  
Fuck the world my defense came  
Then Dahaven introuced me to the game  
Spanish Jose introduced me to cane  
I'm a hustler now  
My gear is in and I'm in the in crowd  
And all the wavey light skinned girls is lovin me now  
My self esteem went through the roof man I got my swag  
Got a volvo from this girl when her man got bagged

Plus I hit my momma with cash from a show that I had  
Supposedly knowin nobody paid Jaz wack ass  
I'm geting ahead of myself, by the way, I could rap  
That came second to me movin this crack  
Gimme a second I swear  
I will say about my rap career  
Til 96 came niggas I'm here

Good-bye

Shawn use to be in the kitchen  
Beating on the table and rapping  
And um, until the wee hours of the morning  
And then I bought him a boom box  
And his sisters and brothers said he would drive them  
Nuts  
But that was my way to keep him close to me and out of  
Trouble

Good-bye to the game all the spoils, the adreneline  
Rush  
Your blood boils you in a spot knowing cops could rush  
And you in a drop your so easy to touch  
No two days are alike  
Except the first and fifteenth pretty much  
And "trust" is a word you seldom hear from us  
Hustlers we don't sleep we rest one eye up  
And the drought to find a man when the well dries up  
You learn to work the water without workin thirst til  
Die YUP  
And niggas get tied up for product  
And little brothers ring fingers get cut up  
To show mothers they really got em  
And this was the stress I live with til I decided  
To try this rap shit for a livin  
I Pray I'm forgiven  
For every bad decision I made  
Every sister I played  
Cause I'm still paranoid to this day  
And it's nobody fault I made the decisions I made  
This is the life I chose or rather the life that chose  
Me

If you can't respect that your whole perspective is  
Wack  
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black

If you can't respect that your whole perspective is  
Wack  
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black