

Morris Day

Felt

Stepped inside this depth of a dive
with nothing but my breath and this rep that I'm riding
Check around the room to get a fresh look
Most these names already in the guest book
So I'm gonna sit on my stool and sip solo
The missing half of a stack of ripped photos
If she don't know so, the odds of blowing up
Watch the word work, the gods are growing up
I never had trouble with the lovable
Walk down that hill and fuck all the buffalo
And by the time I get done with the small town
Ashes of bridges and all the walls fall down
Sitting in the middle of dialogue
I know I'm not the brightest star
Otherwise I'd probably be one foot out the front
entrance
Before one sentence even starts breathin - I'm leavin'
Don't need another reason to carry guilt
But she got a fair grill and she very built
Plus I like her smile and her eyes are wild
Should I try to aspire you to write my style
Hold up - you can't take every 20 something back to the
lab
just to jelly up her belly button
No thank you, my name is Sean
Here's a dollar for the jukebox - go play my song

Cause this type of shit happens every day
We all go to heaven, even enemies may
You better stay in your place where the memories play
I'm just trying to live life cool - Morris Day

IO n the B L O C, laying low key
Hair gettin' braided whilst I'm talking to the homie
Old Gee, standing in the corner not talking
The little homie's sister wanna borrow my walkman
It's front yard politics, we talk a lot of shit
Who we wanna fight, broads that we're trying to hit
Kinda get bored so we bail to the store
Then we back, posted up for a few hours more
Now the homeboy cousin bring his ass down stairs
Tryin' to spark some convo, but don't nobody cares
Neither life or a square, I'm not even lookin'
No respect on the block cos he a mark n a hoodie
And I know this fool gonna say something sideways
The homeboy just start him out last Friday
Twenty years old, getting punked every Friday
Think that he hard cos he dips on the ?YA?
But my crew don't play, no time for discussion
Kept talkin' shit so my homeboy rushed him
Stomped him out in the grass 'til he had a concussion
Take ya ass in the house fool. don't say nuttin'
As he walked up the stairs heard him cry through the
screen door
Sucker ass chump, what he tryin' to make a scene for
Know that he heard me cos the window was open
So I talked even louder and we kept on jokin'