

# I'm Odd

Mac Lethal

Welcome to 2011!  
We're gonna change things up this year.

I'm not addicted anymore.  
I'm finally free to think.  
Walking backwards looking at the universe I see it shrink.  
Tellin' every empty soul to slow it down and hit control.  
It's so profound I'm walkin' over open ground on tipsy toes.  
Serve a shot of whiskey froze.  
Clip a set of angel wings.  
We just kiss each other to avoid saying hateful things.  
More is in the picture than my selfish old face.  
I'm at a gorgeous wedding by myself with no date.

Panic stricken, head is swollen, I can't be forever soulin'.  
Halfway through I fell asleep and woke up with the credits rollin'.  
When you're at the top you feel alone, so every year I kill the king and let  
another person take the throne.  
Fish bones, alcoholic genes, vitriolic poems.  
White women call it the type place you don't walk alone.  
White men call it a place that you'll get your wallet stolen'.  
White kids call it scary.  
Black people call it home.

Mac Lethal, maricon.  
Crack feeble, collar bones.  
I am god, y'all are just some carbon clones.  
Garden gnomes that probably had some big plans on New Year's Eve.  
Even though it never makes the fuckin' blue tears leave.

I'm gonna die twice, I'm gonna die twice.  
Once when I stop breathing.  
Once when y'all forget what I write.  
My name is Mac Lethal and kid I'm the prime minister.  
Today I passed a bill to give kittens to life prisoners.  
(Therapeutic reasons, you know?)

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I swear to god, I'm scared shitless.  
Stuck on these mountains, and they're cliffless.  
No place for me to jump, no audience to bear witness.  
Their interest, has dwindled down to glimpses.  
For instance, even in Kansas City now I'm vintage.  
I'm trying hard to break away from underground hip hop, cause 99 percent of ya'll are gossipy bitches.  
So here's a warning shot.  
Keep talking that shit that you're talking and I promise that I gotta get vicious.  
I'm sorry ya'll I made a mistake.  
I let a couple fans get too close and now my real family sees a ghost at the dinner table.  
Silent, freshly home from tour but I don't even wanna tell the stories about

the places I went.  
I just wanna listen.  
I just wanna listen to the friction.  
I'm comfortable surrounded by addiction.  
See, I don't even wait for 5 o'clock.  
Lately I just wake up.  
Eat my lunch, make a drink, roll some pot and then I just

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(It's what happened to me, dude.)

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