

Master of My Craft

Parquet Courts

I got a gold medal record time, gold record, diamond mine,
Name in print, tongue, t-shirts and minds.
Thread count - high
Commissions - high
Hourly rates - high
A minute of your time?
Forget about it.

I didn't come here to dream or teach the world things,
Define paradigms, or curate no livin' days,
With high thread counts and staircases high.
Hourly rates - high
A minute of your time?
Forget about it.

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People die I don't care, you should see the wall of ambivalence
I'm building
I got no love for the living.
Thread count - high
Commissions - high
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A minute of your time?
Forget about it.

Death to all false profits around here we praise a dollar you f
*ckin' hippie
Wanna walk around in my shoes and then tell me how it feels
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Forget about it.

From the hands of my mother, said I'm master of my craft

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Hourly rates - high
A minute of your time?
Ya know Socrates died in the f*ckin' gutter!