

(verse 1)

Sitting on this soapbox he's got it all figured out
Livin' in doubt and proud of it with this gun in his mouth
(Sitting on this soapbox he's got it all figured out
Living in doubt and proud of it with this gun in his mouth)
See I'm all like optimism, I'ma give 'em a reason to hate me
Stick to pavement to pay rent, pretend to stay beef
He sprays heat 'cause he's a coward, swears his rep is steal
Scared to pray at night, fightin' god to get a record deal
See I'm all like pessimism, let this wisdom hit 'em worse
Disturbed 'cause he don't get it, learned his wisdoms just words
Grew up in the hood, now he's too good to rep his crew
Read the pictures, laugh at the words, skip lesson two
Time is money huh? Time heals our wounds as well?
Let the blind lead the blind to hell 'cause I'ma trust in Qwel
Time is money huh? Time heals our wounds as well?
Let the blind lead the blind to hell 'cause I'ma trust in Qwel
Sitting on this soapbox he's got it all figured out
Certainly he's god and not enough churches ?? ??
Sitting on this soapbox he's got it all figured out
Certainly he's god and not enough churches ?? ??

(verse 2)

Pops is gone like hope and dreams
He jokingly admits he drinks
Controls his bitch not his temper
As he leaks into the kitchen sink
He thinks before he's white and figures it's niggers and 'spics
He dates your brother and his bible not the liquor he sips
See I'm gone like apathy after he drinks his own convictions
Holds opinions over wisdom with close fisted ass whipping
Ask his children if they're fucked up
If their mothers feathers soft
Calloused to death by your mallet
They're probably better off
Home is where the heart is huh?
I'm hoping dad dies
Love can leave a woman blind mom
But so can black eyes
Home is where the heart is huh?
I'm hoping dad dies
Love can leave a woman blind mom
But so can black eyes
Sitting on this soapbox with nothing much to say
Praying' for night the speed of light died yesterday