

Yea, check it
I'm a real dude with real problems real issues
I live life just like you do
I eat food
Stayed up late, nights grindin to the tissue,
Grandpa gone but God is still with you
I guess death is just another form of rest
But, nonetheless I ain't in no rush
To be another body layin on the corners desk-I'm fresh to death
Well I ain't really tryna be that fresh
On this rap tip, he clips you next. So you on deck? Be calm.
Yo, how am I supposed to be calm when I'm, tired of being on de
ck like Tony Hawk?
And I grind the same so niggas is all talk
I feel like I'm gettin strangled by angel halos
Irony, I know it is,
The chronic for older kids,
Hooked on phonics, ebonics is for the slower kids
Time provided I'll show you just what a poet is, I know what it
is yo
See I'm angel hat high while you grade po-lo
And I still go deeper than most
I kick rhymes with a steel toe, reason to boast
Keep my head above water man keep it afloat
And if I start sinking I know, I got a couple niggas with me in
my boat shoot three at my head, homie
Man before it's all said
They gone give you foreign exchange just like Fez
No Eric, no Red, no Donna, no Kelso
This ain't that kinda show, so
While you was hanging out, down the street,
Doin the same old thing that you did last week
I was off inside the lab offmitting my speech,
And all you haters do is Sleep,
Ya'll could rest in peace. Peace