

When the People Cheer

The Roots

Lights, camera, chemical reaction
Attracted to a body of lies with fat asses
Thank the most high for high of high fashion
My art of war is killer couture, denim assassin
Am I a douchebag or just another doo rag?
Tryna get ahead on some brand new wave shit
For your entertainment money is the language
So every time I speak I'm tryna make another payment
I do 'em dirty sleep and get a dirt nap, that works
Tell my P.O. ask me where I work at
Think I woulda learned that sleeping in the bird trap
Living on the run like somebody tryna burn fat
I don't give a fuck, now maybe that's abstinence
Or the arrogance of someone who ain't got shit
That think money over bitches is a stock tip
I live in a trap where things load crack
Wake up in the boxes with a box of Apple Jacks
Everybody acts like God is all that
But I got the feelin' he ain't never coming back
So I got an angel that answer my prayer
Floating on the cloud that I blow in the air
Nobody wins but nobody cares
They just want blood when the people cheer
I'm down to 95 dollars, that's the extent of my riches
Out of 99 problems, 98 of 'em is bitches
Out here hollerin' what's ironic is
I've honestly been tryna do what's right
But ... your legs in the air tonight, like Phil Collins
I'm a sex-addicted introvert
Sucker for a pencil skirt
Looking for a shorty coming from work, that I can pervert
On my existential grind doing consequential dirt
Searchin' for physical pleasure if I don't go mental first
Molly poppin', trolley hoppin'
Know somebody prolly watchin'
That ain't stoppin' me from coppin' a feel
Karate choppin' in this after-hours spot
Watching mommy body rockin'
First I feed her vodka shots then she eat my Jonnie Cochran
Livin' fast, drinkin' capt'
One of them hoes even had
The audacity ask me how long this thing would last
I said,