

It never gets easy, and that's the fun  
In a matter of days it comes around like the sun  
It's a backlash, and a backlash backlash  
Hours of judgment, diggin through the trash  
of artists, that didn't get their props,  
digging through the bins, at the record shop  
Might as well find your own favorites,  
Cause in the music biz no one really knows shit

Those who can't do it surely fuckin will  
And those who can't [?] try to teach that skill  
Those who can't teach and know they never rise,  
Above the sweetness that they criticize

If someone enjoys your art, that's a reason to live  
And if you gotta give then you know that you gotta give  
If someone digs your art, that's a reason to live  
And if you gotta give then you know that you gotta give

Believe that, are you with that, the contact  
gettin on down, to the music,  
Twistin effects, is the ever present swami  
And like the eluse of Yawnee, mixed with scotch with satchi

That's all I want, oh!  
Lookin' for something to stop me!  
Gettin' on down the trickle flow,  
It's a writer's block party!

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No props to those who don't give props,  
with respect due, I give it up nonstop  
Big up around the world, to all the positive,  
so many sad people, don't even wanna live  
Best believe they want to take you down with 'em  
Ruin it for you, if you're ever given  
Professional cynics, let me hear your band  
until you make a rhyme, where are your fans?  
You didn't put us here and you don't have a sound  
Rock coast to coast, before there ever was a down  
Like flaming guitar, and that's really all that matters  
Say what you will but the rhymes get fatter

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