

Little Man

Atmosphere

Dear Jacob

I won't take up too much of your time
I know you're trying to get your video game-grind on
And that's fine
Just gimme a second to empty my face
Before I hit the road again to go and win this paper chase
I've been watching you man
I'm proud of you man
You're growing up to be the best man that you possibly can
I know you understand
Why I go out of town
I also know my days are colder when you're not around
Sometimes I wonder what it's like to be adapted to the fact
That daddy never lived inside the same shack
And sometimes I get this pain in my stomach's pit
It's what I get
I'm convinced it's my punishment
For those nights I got drunk and let go at some bar
In some city with some people I don't know
For all the times that the lines on your face
Reminded me of the days before the dragonflies escaped
It trips me out how you pick up all my traits
From the way that you spit to the fists that you make
I watch the way you try to keep your mom happy
Daddy learned that from you
You're supposed to learn that from daddy
I can't teach much when it comes to women
I drive safe and slow but don't know nothing 'bout the engine
You're doing good little man that's all I really meant
I love you
You're my best friend, thanks for listening

Dear Craig

What up bones? How it goes?
Yeah, me? Well, you know, you know, same old, same old
Sorry that the phone calls ain't too routine
Just been runnin' around the globe tryin' to do my thing
Sometimes the weeks fly a little too fast
And sometimes I go to sleep a little too trashed
Other times I'm not sittin' on enough cash
And other times today feels too much like the past
Sometimes at night I would watch y'all fight
A child wonderin'
Why your life just ain't alright?
What's the violence about? Why's it in my house?
And even the memories are turned up too loud
Yeah, I got some issues in my head
Knew we should've started fixing 'em back when she left you
I'm not trying to get you down, I know you're different now
But your little man just wants you to listen now
I'm over thirty, can't maintain relations
All these women wanna hurt me and I just don't have the patience
I can't trust 'em
And they're not much help
When they start to push and pull the buttons I don't trust myself
What pride, fists, and words just might do?
I'm afraid of my fate, don't wanna turn out like you

I've never hit a woman
I won't do coke
And for that alone I love you and I wanna thank you old man

Dear Sean
What's goin' on?
Not much to say
Just checkin' in wit'cha trying to see what's wrong today
I know there's gotta be something kickin' your bruises
How's the love? How's the music? How's the self-abusiveness?
Got a lot to lose, it's breakin' your shoulders
So you let your paranoia place your bets for you
Too many cigarettes, messin' up your voice
Too many arguments, tryin' to test your poise
The only women that love you are fans and family
Mom has no choice, but fans leave you randomly
No heavy rotation
In any location
You're not ready to face that you have no steady vocation
Plus you're gettin' old, your raps are exhausted
Stop it, everybody knows that you've lost it
Singin' for these kids you don't know
When you should be at home with your own instead you're on your telephone
Fightin' with your girl like it's you against the world
Another drunk hotel bedroom corner, curled up like a naked fetus
Come and save him Jesus
Place him back in time before the Reaganomics and Adidas
Sometimes you're not impressed with the work you've done
And love isn't love if you didn't hurt someone
Your son says, "Hi dad."
Your dad says, "Whats up?"
And me, I wanna thank you, but I won't, I'll just say, "Good luck."