

# Party for the Fight to Write

## Atmosphere

This is one of those songs you can clap along too...

Hides the eyes beneath the bill of the cap  
Walks amongst the flies that hover over the mat  
He lies, but only when there's a reason  
Measures life by the tragedy, the comedy, the season  
Poor at handling and managing income  
Got enough love to pass around and then some  
Been done, that there a name you can trust  
Read the whole match book and put a flame to the brush  
Good with pets, and rips up sets  
Put the show in biz, try to give what you get  
When you let him run free with the thought  
Pull the line in, try to see what you caught  
I ain't all that bad, but I ain't all that great  
I Went back to the lab and began to mutate  
Wait. I still look the same, still got the same dumb name  
Ain't a damn thing changed  
But if you like surprises, I know of a party  
Where they all dance around to your heart beat  
Bring your own agenda and embrace your flaws  
Lets put a face on this common cause

And he said some got pencils and some got guns  
Some know how to stand and some of them run  
We don't get along, but we sing the same song  
Party for the fight to write, and write on

Stay gold Pony Boy, stay true outspoken  
Make a record Mr. Gangster and get 'em all open  
With the theories, the stories, the truths, the myths  
Its all therapy, on top of turntable riffs  
This indutry's big, so big in fact (and fat?)  
We can all get some, and we can give some back  
And if its done correct, we'll make more than noise  
So pick it up, and pick me up when you're bored with the toys  
As a child Hip Hop made me read books,  
And Hip Hop made me wanna be a crook  
And Hip Hop gave me the way and something to say  
And all I took in return is a second look  
Son, you're shook, cuz ain't no such thing as half way there  
Gettin' good at actin' like you just don't care  
The circle of life trying to make it square condition  
And self sit still  
And Still.. where have all the sheep gone  
Burnt down the farm and turned the TV on  
John Coltrine, Marvin Gaye and Bob Marley all get invitations to my party

And if I spent anymore time inside my head  
I'd probably need some leather straps attatched to my bed  
And if I go another day without eating a meal  
I'm gonna show you what it means to keep it real  
And if they keep shootin' guns up and down my block  
I Swear to God I'll be the first one to call the cops  
And if I gotta hear that song ever again  
You gonna have to share some of that beer my friend  
They mistake me as happy-go-lucky

Just another base-head bobbin' nobody  
But from where I stand, they sould like spies  
Fillin' all the children's head with lies  
Well alright, get your money right  
But right now tonight I want you to pick a side  
So when you got your power and you got your cheddar  
Let's get together soldier over throw this hold and make these roads better  
(Bring it on.. he said bring it on right now) Ain't nothin' but a party y'al  
l... lets get it on