

When The Lights Go Out

Atmosphere

Do you remember that knife you wouldn't part with?
You kept it sharp just to carve my fuckin' heart like a park bench
Well I found it this morning in a Southside bus stop
And I'm smiling for this mugshot
That's when I knew the plan was bound to fail
By the time you hear the song I'll be singing it from down at the county jail
Still filled to the maximum, so fuck Bill Clinton with his saxophone
And cut, I'm trying to follow a lit fuse
I must have missed a day's allowance of fish food
Like who's tit do you think that this is dude?
She ain't your bitch to misuse
And when there ain't nothing more to grab
I might give something back to the floor of this cab
I might tag my name on the door of your building
Might even make a couple of your children
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(One, two)

Click is when they go in, we keeps it flowin'
Wrote this poem from a swollen place of deep knowin'
Winter showin', we scared of the dark as night approaches
Until a time comes, some run like roaches
Stop, drop, pop a slug out the mag
Tag, thug it out, brag, hold on to your bug out bag
When he's out on tour [?] and the drink go down
Grab your girl, he might arouse her, yowzers
What dreams may come
Some plot and scheme on the scene, he play dumb
From the load out, true emissarie who forever ready
Ask your secretary 'bout the melonberry
It's elementary, fedora or the ski hat
Draws or Dungaree slacks, where you gonna be at?
Don't repeat that, she ain't the type no doubt
If she wanna eat it's goin' right in her mouth
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Yeah, you know it's like...you know. All this political stuff, you know what
I'm saying?

This gossip on TV. You know everybody tryna get they talk on.
You know the rumors and all that, that's where they make...you know, that's
how they make their money.
You know, talkin' about things, but you know...we a part of that. You see wh
at happen?
Money don't mean nothing, it really don't, money don't mean a damn thing.
You see what happened to Joan Rivers? All that money for her face and skin a
nd...vain? You know what I
M saying? I might just walk up to one of these motherfuckin' super stars and
pull they're wig off.