

Hack

Billy Woods

I hate driving at night
Just increase the chance Quality of Life gon' flash them misery lights
Stay home
Write that Richard Price
But when the script don't flip
Right back at it like a neighbor on the pipe
Pick up
Drop off
Pick up
Drop off
It's just a job but you can't never knock off
Gettin' old, goin soft or just seeing things for what they are
I'ma die up in this car
Hunched over the wheel with a big roll of small bills
Tray fulla ash
Quarter tank of gas
Dog eared photos tapes to the dash
18 years pushing this cab
From bush dimes to kush in the bag
Youthful crime to this is all I really have
Flash high beams on the boulevard of broken dreams
Oh, you don't know it?
Last exit off the road to riches and diamond rings

[illegible]

They told me:
Woods, you need a new free project every month and a half and moving forward
The publicist only accepts cash
Something to think bout while I drive like when your connect retire
Introduce you to the new guy and he's twenty-five
HMMMMMMMMMMMM
The meter runs
Release reefer in lungs
Now we're cooking with gas
Good times? I ain't have fun seems like errybody else had a blast
Your last tape was half-assed
Few weeks pass ya mans already got the microwave on rehash
That's what's hot on the local thoroughfares, huh? Fuck it, I'll take you th
ere
Red light
The beast just stare

Watching you try to play it cool
Everybody plays the fool
Sometimes
Hit the corner like we playing pool
Sink the nine
Moving goalposts them folks change rules
No reason or rhyme
I compete with great vigor within the lines that are painted, nigga
Now I'm out here graveyardin'
Narrow margins
Pathetic pantomime
Grey Gardens

Write the rhymes they wanna hear, right
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