

# 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

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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  
Hmmmmmmmmmm  
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 there  
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

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