

# Scales

Billy Woods

Who gon' take the weight for all the shit in the trunk of that car?

No justice, no peace  
People filled the streets  
Many a fine speech  
When that die down, still you and the police  
Murder-by-numbers, one, two, three  
Better have you a piece

Better have you a college degree  
Better move where there don't be sweeps  
Never gon' be what you want it to be  
It is what it is  
Brutus slid the shiv 'tween Julius' ribs  
Two types of people in the world, kid  
Those with loaded guns and those who dig  
Rhetorical question: Can I Live?  
Found the place of your final resting, danced a jig  
Fiddle under my chin  
Pirouette spin in a pair of Timbs  
Heard 'em on the stairs, pulled the pin  
Either which way they comin' in  
Might as well go for the win  
We all got it coming  
Smoothed her skirt, made sure her shirt's buttoned  
We said nothing, what would you say?  
Never told her husband, just sautéed the onions  
A Good Man is Hard to Find

Fruit of the poison vine  
Gin and tonic with the lime rind, kept that balance  
Another bottle of wine, accept that challenge  
Use untruths to fill that silence  
Kids in they rooms listenin' to nullified nihilists spill styli  
sh ultraviolence  
Credit to his race who gives credit to his stylist  
Boss said "Any questions?"  
I said "Where's Wallace?"  
("Where the fuck is Wallace? ")  
"Huh? String, where the fuck is Wallace?"  
("Huh? String. String. Look at me. Look at me! Where the fuck i  
s Wallace? Huh?! I don't want this Payless wearing motherfucker  
representing me. I'ma get my own man. Alright? So just get bac  
k in your car and get the fuck back down south."  
"Alright you stupid motherfucker. You made your decision.")