

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 is Wallace? Huh?! I don't want this Payless wearing motherfucker representing me. I'ma get my own man. Alright? So just get back in your car and get the fuck back down south."
"Alright you stupid motherfucker. You made your decision.")