

## Strippers + White Lines / Smart Monkey

Brymo

All over the world I'm known but I'm still that kid from the ghetto  
Where I'm from the tide is attached  
And the people rarely make plans for the morrow  
When the whole town is poor in their minds and the slavery we choose we deny  
This foundation, it won't survive  
It would splinter  
It would shatter

Oh, what a night  
Strippers and white lines  
And a fighter jet that won't fly

Being alone was all I'd always known from the pain was when I passed out on this floor  
And I borrowed when I didn't have my own, from the poverty, folks who love to moan  
Win upon win and I still can't sleep  
Life always brings suffering you see  
These dreams of mine they come alive into nothingness it all falls down

Oh, what a night  
Strippers and white lines  
And a fighter jet that won't fly  
Oh, what a night  
It blooms and withers and dies  
And as a fire detects the warmth of lies  
What a night  
Peaches and white wine  
And a fighter jet that won't fly

Smart monkey don't monkey around with another monkey's banana  
Smart monkey don't money around with another monkey's banana