

# Gloves

Charles Hamilton

Sit back let me tell you where I'm at  
And everywhere I been, everywhere and back  
It starts with a stare, your heart gets a flare  
You sit in your chair, but you've departed from there  
Where? Here, on the dance floor  
The air got your hands, this ain't what you planned for  
But it's so natural, you don't have to question it  
So let's begin  
Got a whole lotta rhythm overnight it appears  
So I listen to the wisdom and advice from the years  
Time teaches, my mind is what time reaches  
To leave everyone through all time speechless  
He just snapped, or maybe I got it together  
Whatever chick is the hottest I'll get her  
I'm just being modest, but whatever  
Long as we all rocking together, let's go, c'mon

Take a shot, and just roll with the punches  
Just roll with the punches, just roll with the punches  
Don't take a lot to just roll with the punches  
Just roll with the punches, just roll with the punches

You still sitting? Cool, you listen well  
Even the beat is a message within itself  
Haven't you heard how I made my name?  
The game think I'm insane cause I'm a Sega slang  
But I'm an old soul like Dana Dane  
But way more insane since I was an 80s baby, 90s toddler  
Crazy language cause I'm being raised by a f\*cking game I played  
Somehow I had to step from the mess I was left with  
Life got reckless, so pops hit the exit  
Mom was my bully, my victim, my best friend  
So for every moment of stressing comes a lesson  
Yes, I've been besting  
Never settle for less than your best when you question  
Protect what you're blessed with  
Yes mama, I got the message  
Watch out, I'll put my gloves on, who wanna get knocked out?

Take a shot, and just roll with the punches  
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Now we living in a country that's being led by a black guy  
That's why the status quo got a black eye  
Don't even ask my honest opinion  
This recession got my whole block in detention  
N\*ggas robbing Bodegas for that old paper  
Some black and gold gators owing' old favors  
Old school hustlers got no paper  
Little girls growing fast, no savior  
If that's your daughter, I suggest you locate her  
Cause some pimp is out there trying to OK her  
She just got acne, face full of ol' craters  
And old make-up, in a sense don't mean a n\*gga won't rape her  
Little boys wanna grow to be a pro skater

The hood got 'em first, now they ten year old gangsters  
That kinda sh\*t shouldn't be in his owed nature  
He's too young

Take a shot, and just roll with the punches  
Just roll with the punches, just roll with the punches  
Don't take a lot to just roll with the punches  
Just roll with the punches, just roll with the punches  
Sometimes you just gotta roll with the punches, know what I mean?  
I know life can throw you some hellified jabs... Don't be afraid to swing back.  
What's the worst that could happen, life knock you out?  
Well, yeah you'll be dead. Whatever.  
Roll with the punches  
Roll with the punches  
Charles Hamilton... Haven't ya heard about me?