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
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

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 ba
ck.
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?

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