

Something To Speak About

Clyde Carson

I'm Huey P. Newton with Air Force One's on
Doctor Martin Luther King with two guns on
I'm one zone short of a break
One chronic blunt away from a classic
I'm a motherfucking bastard... literally
I let my lyrics overflow on the page
Until they spill on the beat
I do what you niggas can't
I am what you niggas ain't
You say you an artist motherfucker then paint...
That's the base line
The motivation for Jamie to play rape line...
I paint pictures in my mind
Imagine who dead if I see a flat line
You niggas ain't like me
And it's likely that I'm Spike Lee in some coke white Nikes
At the Knicks game with my legs crossed like a boss
How a nigga from Compton become the talk of New York?

We been broke so long it's so hard
Hiding from behind my scars
That's something to just think about...
It was no dope, just hope in my heart
Tired of reaching for the stars
Now, I'm something you can speak about

Look into my eyes, ain't too much I ain't seen
Except death and the penitentiary gates leave...
My mark on the world 'fore I cut
The artist homie spoken with the potent brush
Paint a picture of a world made up
I try to be different but I'm just like them
Fairy tales and fantasies of made up jims
I never went as far as rocking fake ones still...
The pressures of life, if that's the career
To say what they want, and not what you feel
What's inside your soul is uncomfortable fear
To let it out the only way you be clear
Ain't been in a Lear
But you can bet I rapped about it
So far life good without it
Strive for what's great though the hood is grounded
And punishment can't leave the block but I'm bouncing

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Aye homie I'm just talking my shit
Everyday hustle I'm just authoring hits
Scorsese penned last puff then flick
Light up and let the world hear this
Sharp as the guitar that plays in the background
Torn as the baton that's passed from the playground

Youngen with the slick tongue thugin'
Years later, opened up the oven
Years later, who knew that they love me
And thank me for everyday hustling
Consider me the king but I act like I don't want it
Lab rat, elaborate, rapping performance, stage is enormous
Doing my gig
Feeling myself like Mac D.R.E
We be the best like Fat Joe dj
The ghetto to a multi-mil estate to know that...

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