

## Sideline

David Dallas

Know the boy D-Double do it all day  
Get the messing with his tracks, no foreplay  
Seems simple now but it wasn't always  
Used to sit up in the Pap High hallways  
Teacher put me there saying that I talk to much  
I thought I knew it all but I never knew much  
I come to school late because my form room sucked  
And we hang out by the canteen all through lunch  
Young teen with a pac(men)talility  
No dream I can make reality  
All I care about is popularity  
Trying to pass Jessica trying to get a touch  
And a Mufti day try them with some new Chucks  
Try them with some new Nikes or something  
They didn't give a fuck about assignments or nothing  
Didn't make music even though I loved it  
Scared to try , high to shy get busted[?]

So I sit on the sideline  
Despite in my time  
If I could be in their shoes  
The things that id do  
But wishing won't get you know where  
Don't be scared to go there  
If you sit in my wake  
Do it the right way  
(yeah ya)

No I wasn't in the first fifteen  
Wasn't in the choir, Never learned to sing  
Couldn't play an instrument or pluck a string  
Or the little rich kid who's dad bought him a car  
A regular dude fading in to the background  
Never took center stage, didn't really stand out  
I remember school TalentQuest  
We would hang out see this other dude rap  
Then he'd be the man around E block  
For like the next two weeks, scoring all of the chicks  
While these Diggas my mom bought, are falling to bits  
And I'm off in detention, for ignoring Mr. Smitts  
And this bitch mocked me in class for having big lips  
It was a hard knock life for a kid  
Till I realized that a life isn't lived  
If you're worrying about what other people might think of it  
Don't sleep on this little boy's raps because he might be a hit

Don't let it go by  
There ain't no reason known why  
You're waiting around  
You could be a star  
Just watch from a far  
Just stop waiting around

School finished did a little bit of growing up  
But it wasn't like music was blowin' up  
Shy as ever figured out I had to grow some nuts

And put my self out there, so they know what's up  
And yeah I was pretty scared what they might say  
They FENZ at it and say its bad in a nice way  
Or I wasn't doing it the right way  
But there ain't no right or wrong  
Got one life to live and it ain't that long  
So you gotta stay strong, gotta stay on  
Another day sittin', wishin is another day gone  
Another day doing dishes, or just mowing up the lawn  
Colud've been another day that another star was born

Don't be scared man  
Don't worry too much about what people are going to say  
Because at the end of the day  
The only person who still thinks about that stuff is you  
Ya know?