

# Not Messin'

Dispatch

It's as if the fore fathers  
Gonna trade it for a piece  
They can lick the wound slow  
Like they're from the northeast  
They resist I'm going easy  
Bankin on the hearsay  
But they all know the man with the co-pay  
Mixed up in the mid, they get the high to low rap  
Its a tight rope, til the rope goes slack  
It'll blow your mind, but it don't get you around,

I ain't messin' around.  
I ain't messin' around.

So I got my gold parachute  
Turn one more left turn  
With my chloroform and a monet  
'fore we can take a long ride down the narrow drive  
And keep ya head down, yeah  
They come and jump in  
Now may I ask to who you reach all the money so I  
Don't sell the van  
Can't find my,  
Can't find my cat's got nine times  
So let the poochie on the record and ya got 'em on the messin around

Can we do a re-vote  
Backed by hard-earned job  
It's hard to get to things of my own  
As if I don't think, think, thinkin up and sippin on the world  
He was lookin from the top look out

Say preach,  
Buy them treats, and this guy he prayed  
Father told them pick them on the fallen tree  
Father picked them off the top  
And so we're getting caught up in the mountain,  
Still no pay check.  
To be found  
I ain't messin' around  
Are ya sorted?  
Are ya sound?  
Are ya sound?  
Are ya sound?  
Are ya sorted?