

Speak Low

Mac Lethal

Hey yo speak low, your voice can't shatter my eagerness
These kids still draw sand patterns with fingertips
And try to catch balloons so they can stuff em in their shirts
I finished all the puzzles that are underneath the skirts
Of these girls plagiarizing didn't read without something
In my lungs vaporizing, hit the weed without puffing
It's like I can't acknowledge misery without bluffing
The most violent fights tend to be about nothing
Absolutely nothing, nothing but a lack of control
Or the need to make another person back up, patrol
Comes siren spinning eagles beaming even with the cherries lit
People rather die before they feel any embarrassment
Pretty and careless with witty old phrases
Just to get a giggle the world'll spit in your faces like pew
But what you gonna do? Let it cripple your steps
The end is serious in death, infinite jest

Sweet love, won't you please speak low?
You got a sweet love, won't you please speak low?
You gotta hush, understand there ain't no rush
And that my patience is a little too sensitive to touch

So sweet love, won't you please speak low?
You got a sweet love, won't you please speak low?
You gotta hush, understand there ain't no rush
And now my patience is a little too sensitive to touch

Speak low, you're weakening the stock
Cause all you do is talk talk talk talk like Tupac
In interviews so crass and ravenous
Passionately soaking me in old-fashioned adages
Reload, my ego is so damn savage
That it sometimes convinces me that I'm above average
Below madness, right here, right there
If I never heard your voice again I probably wouldn't care
So just stare with the jolly crooked stare
Finding people like me in Hollywood is rare
See I don't act, I don't retract any statements
And I don't give a fuck where all the cuteness in my face went
I got a belly and I'm balding on my skelly
And I'm not in need of food, love, or money so I'm wealthy
My well-being works like this, I'm satisfied with my life
Therefore I'm rich, get it?

Everybody's fucking out their minds
Everybody's acting like we're running out of time
Like time is so precious, your patience is tested by this place
This place of rotten rancid faith
This taste, this cotton candy taste
Comes when I spew waste out over the boom bass
So let's discuss time, I see you get upset when you gotta wait in line
When you're in a traffic jam getting plagued with personal troubles
The whole entire universe is bursting your bubble
Like this world is yours, so selfishly sure that
Everybody's else's intentions are impure
The universe is shaped exactly like the earth

If you go straight long enough you'll end up where you were
The only thing that matters is the changing of the shapes
If you want to time travel just stand in one place