

This Time Around

Mac Lethal

KC legend, purple belt in jiu-jitsu
I wanna talk about my issues

Two wrongs don't make it right
But too many wrongs might get you left by your wife
Don't think about death for the rest of your life
'Cause you can't think about life when you rest to the death

This time around as you come so creeping by
And I see the black hole is closing so fast
So I will not get back in time that is past
This time around as you come so creeping by
And everything's burning, the snows made of glass
So how is this universe going to last

Wise like an old man, always taking baby steps
Smoking ounce of weed 'til there's not a ounce crazy left
I accept the criticism you might display
A broken watch is still right two times a day, okay!
But never take your life for granted
Set a fuckin' goal then excute it like you planned it
My energy is kinda frantic, I'd like to vanish
And travel the entire planet, 'cause I'll be damned if I just die in Kansas
I'm a manic, depressing, schizophrenic, and quite romantic
Type of man with excessive mental panic and psyche damage
I'm hypomanic, I either feel like the king of a diamond planet
Or feel like a failure to my entire family
I don't dream about having wealth and billions
I just dream about having healthy children
At Sunday dinner, the family gets together
And we tell some good stories, goddamnit, it gets no better
I don't dream about buying expensive artwork
I just dream about doing extensive yardwork
So look, you probably won't relate to my rhymes
If you ain't been to home depot, eight or nine times in one single day
That's the vibe, you understand me?
I'm trying to win yard of the month, fuck a Grammy

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Ayo two rights don't make it left
But too many wrongs and she left
Holy fuck what a mess! Okay!
I'm even wrong with the truth I display
'Cause a broken woman still right two times a day (Yay)
You know when woman is never wrong
She'll divorce you like "Sorry that I led you on"
When you got the puppy love, the clothes are never on
Then you get married and have kids and the stress is never gone
It's freezing outside, and there's blood in the snow
Apparently there's things God doesn't want us to know
Apparently there's things God doesn't fuckin' control

I gotta broken hearted woman with the gun to my soul
So live the fuck out of your life, 'til you have no breath
And if you live a fast life, you'll die a slow death
Just remember slow steps is better than no steps
'Cause when you take slow steps, you still making progress
Just try to reach your final destination before death
And if you die hopefully you don't have goals left still to do
But if you do, then do them in the afterlife
But if the rain in the afterlife, I guess you're fucked, that just life
This life after death or death during life
Remember for the rest of your life be nice

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