BOZOS

Marlon Craft

If you loved me you wouldn't do that
No more talking, you gotta prove that
All of that ego and insecurity blockage, you gotta lose that
Leave the immaturity at the door with your shoes, jack
Cause if the dirt get on my rug, it stays, I don't sweep it under
Time spent is my wealth, and trust, I'm too cheap to wander
If you don't care about me enough to admit a blunder
Can't say what's on your mind, how I'm 'posed to to believe what's under?
They knew Marlon 'fore the craft but don't love him without my last name
A mistake, you don't need friendship when you have fame
Write a lotta sad songs, they all like, "Congrats, man"
Something don't add up, I'm reading what the stats saying
Come all, hear the tale of the young and aggravated
Who gets overlooked by the undercalibrated
Realize I ain't have to fake it and unlock the other half of my greatness
Now I live in the room where you left your passion waiting
Now I got the sauce, they wanna jerk me like I'm half Jamaican
Now that I found God and myself, all the past is waiting
Now that I'm passed away and they wanna have a plate
When I was serving it up on a platter their chatter was mad complacent
Make me wanna bring it home when I have the bacon
Connoisseurs across the world could smell with the masters baking
Outdoor dining shit, it's been a long year
Opinionated off rip, y'all wait to get voir dire
Maybe what I said was right, just spoke it to the wrong ears
Who across the table is important?

And I ain't really with the bullshit, no no
I'm a cool motherfucker, ain't a bozo
And I ain't really with the bullshit, no no
I'm a cool motherfucker, ain't a bozo though

Look at me, I'm cool as shit now
Bad chicks look my music up and wanna get down
I woulda drowned in it back when I used to get round
But I love my woman and know they would be a letdown
I used to pull up to events round town whip
In the back of my head, the thought I hoped somebody recognized me
Now I fulfilled myself and can't get around town
Without pounds, shouts like, "Yo, fam, you inspire me"
That's real
Incapable of having a rivalry
Nobody dominates as many styles, got as much drive as me
I wear myself to my destiny and they cabinet like where files be
Quit trying me, sick irony, 'cause I am who I'm tryna be
I spit direly, sip Irishly, you all in the DMs begging like, "Bitch lied to me"
They ain't heard nothing this sad and this fiery
Mixed in one moment since Rich Pryor, b
RIP

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