

PENSION

Marlon Craft

Flu game feet, all I need's the red leather
Feeling good, but I've been better, trendsetter
If the heart's a muscle, I could bench-press ya, yeah
Many wantin' vendettas, none of them clever, though
I get the same green, just with less feta
That mean I get the same paper, just with less extras
They wan' get down since I came through in a fresh get-up
Oh my, guess my prime is ahead schedule
Realized less pressure don't mean less effort
Confrontin' all the feelings that I let fester
Told Arbus it's Homecourt, he said, "Let's get 'em"
And if they dig their own grave, we best let 'em
Flow nuts and preposterous
If they ain't seen Craft, they need fuckin' binoculars
The views got me paid, I'm like a fuckin' optometrist
But do it for the love and all the solace, it's
Been a while since they seen a guy this solid miss
I'm such a rarity these days
Amidst the fog, what's rare is the clarity these days
Dudes soundin' same, lotta parity these days
To the point that it's become a parody, jeez, wait
We ain't mean to get here
Can't be mad when you arrive 'cause look at who we let steer
All these money melodies, the rhythm's even less clear
So when they tellin' me I'm next, really I'm like, "Next where?"
I might not even be in line to buy the dreams they sell and try to project h
ere
Perpetually tryin' make next year my best year
I don't know if I got more confidence or less fear
Either way, it's workin' for me, pension is eventual

Yeah, said I'm just here for the pension
You get hurt workin' for a cheer or a mention
They out here doin' it for peers or the guest list
Shit gon' be exactly as appears at the exit, yeah
'Cause the end of the night is a cruel mirror, yeah
And I need my pension
Bitch, I need my shit

The grooviest of flows, it behoove you to oppose
Any lunacy supposin' be aloof to how he flows
Why would you try to hate?
You one them dudes who overuse the word ideate
You workin' too hard, kid, relax a bit
You know the name, they all chatter it
The jersey game is so Paterson
If given a choice 'tween the former and the latter
I use the former to climb the ladder with until the former's what the ladder
is
How you gon' speak on behalf of this but couldn't be half of this?
How you gon' tell me when I mastered this
When without the money, I made it cool to be passionate?
Your faves try to do what I do, just with a capitalist twist
Their applause might be louder, but it's blood on the hands that they clappi
n' with, shit
So I'ma just relax and sip this tea and it's jasmine, bitch, yeah
Name ring bells from 11th Ave to Madison

You contradictory but inevitable like pastor sins
They threw me in the concrete and I had to swim
'Net tried to numb me, be checkin' I still have my lens
The beat-breaker
Function, might make it, but of late, frequent flaker
Bourbon sipper, lotta nights, I meet my makers
Their top five in the mirror like, "I need my makeup"
Oh, Lord
When you know more, you gotta say, "No more"
One the best alive, I never been so sure
But fuck a accolade, bro, I'm here for the pension

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