

# TOM THIBODEAU

Marlon Craft

I'm feelin' like I'm Tom Thibodeau  
Create the culture, they just dribble more  
They hate the vultures 'til they is one though  
They givin' flowers, those different roses  
Put the pain in the pot, let it stir, let it brew  
Let 'em eat, let 'em take from the language of you  
They don't care bout a walk in a pair of your shoes  
All they want to despair, they don't care if it's true

I found a life all in the sentences  
They drownin' lives all with the sentencing  
I write mine down, recite with instruments  
They strike guys down and make them instruments of corporations makin' divid  
ends  
I earn for Spotify through Distrokid  
They all commodify through prisons  
Quite a difference just a sentence gives  
What system is you in?  
I gotta ask you, who you make the bread for? How they bouta tax you?  
Who they gon' cancel? Who they lob a pass to?  
Claimin' they blessed, now somebody gotta at you  
Who are these haters of which you speak, dog? Somebody gotta at you  
Far as I can see it, we just pick a narrative and act casual  
Boy your sentence might change, that ain't nothin but some punctuation  
Couple rolls of the dice, that just come from waitin'  
You look around like "Man, ain't no others changin'"  
Not me, I like to cook when no oven's bakin'  
That way I always smell what the fuck I'm makin'  
They lookin' for an image just to run adjacent  
Say you livin' in his image then I guess he ain't shit  
Put more goals on ice then the Gretzky blaze did  
Ain't you tired of waitin'?

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Coach of the year, the team is me  
The coast is clear to be what I dream to be  
Emotions near, but all that mean to me is that a motion's near  
I got a movement startin'  
Don't approach or cheer  
Don't gotta prove to y'all shit  
Got a new apartment  
Got a fuse to spark with  
I elope with fear  
We don't care who in charge if they don't want the dark shit  
Can't have my heart then  
Run these knees to the ground, Tom Thibs, Tom Thibs  
I don't want these cheap lil pounds, fuck who y'all is, y'all is  
I be in season year-round, can I live? I live?  
An ironic freeness I've found, I'm locked in, locked in

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