

## Left Turn Slow

Nic D

A bunch of wannabes that wanna be dope  
Know that I'm gonna blow, and they wanna be close  
I guess we'll see how this summer unfolds  
Now I can't walk around my town cause my cover is blown  
They finding all your shortcomings to rub in your nose  
But I been okay with those so they got nothing to show  
Always title my poems like how I butter my toast  
Smooth, since we talkin' titles, I'll bring another one home  
Jon said pretending I'm not dope just another way to be arrogant  
So is pretending you don't care it's embarrassing  
Said I'm the man, son, like Marilyn  
They think I'm arrogant for postin' my hair again  
I'm over here trying to figure out what you're staring at  
I know I'm making noise, you pretend you ain't hearin' 'em  
Not acknowledging 'em just another way to be darin' 'em  
The only thing that ever holds me up is the chair I'm in

We know  
We know what's golden  
What's golden

They don't need us they just keep us to the side  
I just tee up then I drive, now I'm free  
I got trouble freein' up some time  
Actin' like you gonna change if you just see another sign  
Yeah okay, take my left turn slow  
If you know then you know  
Everybody know they role  
Vision clear, you could telescope  
Like the [?]  
Ain't no problems houston  
I'm like Russell with all these triple doubles  
Watch 'em miss and then we get another year  
Talking shh with the lips you use to kiss your mother  
You ain't hurtin' me, it's Dwayne that you livin' under  
Yuh, Johnson, common courtesy is getting more common  
Lucky 7's then I double like I'm [?]  
This a warm up like the climate  
I'm just stretchin', what's the word? The word is spreadin'  
They can shoot then disappear like etch-a-sketches  
Time is precious, yeah