

Fair Trade

nothing,nowhere.

"What'll you have?"
"I'm lookin' for Josey Wales."
"That'd be me"
"You're wanted, Wales"
"Reckon I'm right popular. You a bounty hunter?"
"Man's got to do somethin' for a living these days"
"Dyin' ain't much of a livin', boy"

Triple X tattled on my leg
Got the fresh produce on deck
All my shit GMO free
And my whip get about 40 mpg

They don't know nothing about nothing
Came in the game real late like fuck it
Now everybody hitting my phone
I was writing riffs man, you was out clubbing
Cause it ain't work like that
You ain't work hard, you ain't get shit back
And I ain't feel bad
I ain't have much, but it's more than I had
Man I'll stop when I'm dead
Until then, see me with the fair trade threads
I'll be at the skate park with a heavy heart
See I promise that I'd die for my art

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