

# Myself

Prof

My parents got some big money problems  
We're all young and we're countin' on 'em  
I'm four years old, you think I'm bouncing on 'em?  
I just sit back and watch, thinkin' bout em

Mom's probably stronger than Pops is  
The talk is, that the old man has lost it  
Last week he came back from work  
I saw him on the porch  
With a glass of milk in his shirt  
He was flippin' out  
Mom probably put it there  
Judging from how angry that she was  
It probably should be there  
Now both folks know that I'm standing there  
But Mama protects me  
Throws me behind her back  
Why did Papa do that?  
What's that tellin' me?  
Birds can't help but sing a melody. (I ain't stupid)  
Happy ever after is nothing but a fantasy  
Police are part of our family  
Son and mother look out from the porch  
See father's head duck under the door

I believe in nothing  
I believe in myself  
I believe in nothing  
Nothing at all

My papa got some big anger problems  
I'm getting older and I'm sick about 'em  
It's getting harder just to live around it  
I need to take a stand as a man, I need to be about it

So ring around the posies round the living room table  
I can't remember what we were arguing about  
I stood up to the scariest man in the country  
I held my head high as I left the house  
Little boy stood in the face of a dragon  
Left with the heart of a lion, amazing  
It's funny, I left the house so it could cool down  
But the dragon stayed hot, who's the fool now?  
Papa and the devil, sitting in the basement  
A-R-S-O-N-I-N-G  
Young son, headed back to the household  
Running down the block, eight firetrucks deep  
Fell to my knees and I screamed in the front yard  
Fireman running around like no one's in charge  
Sort of like when it rains, it pours  
See the flames burst out of the door

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Nothing at all

I've learned a lifetime  
A lifetime as a boy  
Evil's on the inside  
Waiting for all

Got an apartment  
I'm 20 years old  
Finally thinking I have everything under control  
It's been years since I spoke to the man  
When, he gave me his old cutlass to get out of the sand  
So just like a hyena, I take the meat  
And then I run my ass away, you need to let me be  
But over time a part of me knew one needed to speak  
That's right when the world decided that it couldn't be  
It's the biggest hurdle thinking past tense  
When a strong man takes his last breath

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