

Constant Consumption

Promoe

I wandered along was pondering on
The following day and the followring song

Verse 1

Meanwhile on the other side of town
On the mean streets some kids ride around
I got home, some ideas jotted down
Turned out the lights, went to sleep not a sound
While they blowin in the wind living but no rules
But the street's, yo they living but no roots
None of us is over given the whole truth
Most of us is just driven on cold fuels
Super leaded and super deaded who- where over
For loot and credit we're shootin' steady
We're heated up in the heat of the moment
Speeded up just to beat his opponent
Grim reaper's in gym sneakers whith pimp features
But we all got the same teachers
North, south, west or eastside
Meanwhile I dream I kick a freestyle going...

Chorus

Tick tock you don't stop
We got pick pockets corrupt cops
We got petty thieves in baggy jeans
Baggars and bootleggers and angry teens
Politic tick tock you don't stop
We got shots smugglin' crack rock
Conjunction junction what's your function
Constant Consumption that's your function

Let me tell the world how I wish
There could be something, anyting
In this world for me...

Verse 2

Flippin' motorolas, sippin' Coca-colas
In a sunny resort with chickens on they shoulders
Meanwhile on the rich side of town
Kids got sweet dreams of street dreams
Thanks to gangsta fairytales they smoke dank and

Marinate

To music that their parents hate, but they can't relate
To anything that their parent say
It's all hypocrisy and lies, they react with hate
Blowin' in the wind livin' by no rules
Their parents are tired ain't giving 'em no roots
No guidance, they ain't tellin the whole truth
Kids captivated by the mike check 1, 2

Chorus

Let me tell the world how I wish
There could be somewhere, anywhere
In this world for me...

Verse 3

Meanwhile, back on my side of town
I wake up tryin to spot what I jotted down
Radio playin' loud with the rugged sound
Interrupted by the news of a kid, and other kids that
Shot him down
26 years old just like me
Aspirations and hopes just like me
He was playin' a role just like me
Now his story got told just slightly
Now he's packaged and sold just like me
Well god rest his soul cus this might be
Cynical but he fitted in a rhyme pattern
In a time where rhymes matter more than a life
Shattered
Meanwhile, on the other side of the world
Same sun, moon and stars same things occur
Some things better and some things worse
Same people struggle, same visions are blurred
By state supervision or state super prisoner
Private owned, let's break through for shizzle cus
Meanwhile in the penal
Kids locked down for life, thay ain's kickin'
Freestyles going...

Chorus