

The Don Cheadle Effect

Skyzoo

Clean-up hitter, I clean up pitchers
But they overlooking when voting who clean up quicker
My aim been the root of the discussion, moving is nothing
But I feel like when I move I'm a little to far in front'em
And when I try and level it, throw the booster steps in it
They right it off like I ain't jumping down to my neck in it
Yes I understand it, the curse side of the blessing
But you can see the remains of how I was addressing it

Best foot forward, so I guess I was leaping
I stress giving my all, but I guess they don't see it

Call me the king of the high toss, half of mine is fly gone
The other half is reachable if you reach to the sky for'em
Double meaning, but to me if I supply more
Then I gotta provide ya'll a blueprint to ride along
Pushed it to the corners of the paper they gave me
Till the only room left on it, is maybe to trace me
I can't say I didn't utilize everything that's true to I
Earned every part of my S.A.G card and I'm using mine

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There ain't a hurdle I can't jump, a word that I can't pump
A scene that I can't script, a role that I can't run
I kept tipping my hat when I saw them proceed
Cause when you applauded for them, they applauded for me... you get it
So I feel like the fan fav of the fan fav's
Stubborn in my uttering, like fuck it, I can't change
And if that should mean, that my marathon is longer
Then I'll predict it now, marathon or be under

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If they don't get it now, then I guess that they should breeze
The Salvation is tripling the records I release
And the crowd waiting is giving me the reference that I need
To refer you of any doubt towards the rep that I've achieved
I 24 times 3 them oded the even
No probable reason, cloud 9 was a weekend
And now it's been a year since I decided that seeing is believing
So think of my albums as painting ceilings

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So whether it's Traitor or Ocean's Thirteen
Or maybe Talk to Me & I'm dressed as Petey Greene
Or it's Hotel Rwanda and I'm fulfilling the need
Or maybe this is Fame & my name is Henry Lee
Or I'm Montell in Traffic or Rain Over Me
Or Rebounding, I'm goat'n it, Meteor Man Gold'n it
Rat Pack tapping it or whatever the focus is
Just know that ain't nobody penning how I poet it

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