

Makeup

Yelawolf

Everybody wear make-up sometimes man..
But you gotta walk outside,
and let that rain, just wash it off man...
Look at what is around you man,
How people got it bad man, you know what I'm saying?

Say no more, I need music to get me by.
Simple beats, simple life, and a simple rhyme.
Momma taught me to hustle for piece of mind.
Never thought I'd get caught in this long line.
For the truth, I don't worship a stone or shrine.
Put my faith in the pen, now let me fly.
Through the wind of the rhythm I hold tight,
on the streets of Seattle, in cold nights.
Father give me the strength to continue,
oversee all the prayers I send you.
My heart's open to people who love back.
Put my soul in a song, am I wrong for that?
Never was, some how I still catch flak.
If agreeing, why they fight over white or black.
Keep the vision of peace but I still shoot,
I'm a rebel for reasons you won't prove.

Just look at the sunshine,
in the morning when you wake up.
Go stand in the rain,
and let it wash off all your make-up.
Pick up a flower, la la la.
Look at a rainbow,
La la la, la la la.
Even the lightning and the thunder,
What we here for?

When this get to heavy to carry sometimes
I break down and just let it fall from my eye.
Even though it still hurt when I get back up on my feet
to see that nobody's seen me cry.
Waters waters, a Havel for pain.
Devil he came, and he walked in the skies.
But I throw it the opposite name.
Reason I came, to open up your eyes.
And whatever I say, know that I mean well.
Every last word that I spitted.
This is all I want to be,
so to give you my all
I make sure it's in every sentence.
This poet ain't fake, no.
From the mouth of a fresh spree,
hot beats so, from up under the dirt roads,
and the concrete, from my people with no clothes.

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So many times I thought of suicide,
Giving up is the easiest way to die.
Put my life in the barrel
and go to sleep.
Never witness the birth of my own seed.
Never had the will power to graduate,
went to too many schools to keep an A.
Carry pipes in my bag,
smoking at lunch.
Away from reality all at once.
I saw momma outside on the porch crying,
saying she can't pay the rent,
but she really trying.
Would I be embarrassed to get food stamps?
Daddy never came home from the school dance.
Ashamed of the way that I been feeling,
selfish enough to give up on living.
When she made it this far,
working at a bar,
with no where to turn but the sunshine..

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