

# Even Rude, Year of the Rat

You can't take anyone at their word, that's absurd.  
A friend in need, a friend with weed, just got my eyes blurred.  
The stimulus propelled us into a full blown nightmare.  
It's a shame it's not a game up in here.  
Settled in the womb, put me in my tomb, corner of the room,  
speed buggy get me out of here.  
Varoom-a-zoom-zoom, booties on a loom, riding on a 'shroom,  
through the temple of doom. Speed buggy get me out.

Back around the way, because of the day, I'm just hanging  
cooling with the No G's, fronting about banging.  
Kicking it South-Central in a Mid-West style,  
40's on the porch, black Jordan's, no smile.  
I'm wearing Starters, playing hoop in the rain.  
I'm talking Candy Cane park and it will never be the same.

I don't wanna be loved by you. I don't want to hear you singing that song.  
Where are you gonna be after High School?  
I don't want to see you tagging along.  
I only wanted to be with you 'cause it's getting lonely down by the lockers.  
I don't wanta be seen with you. I don't wanta smell Georgio.  
I don't even know what to do. When you trip and try to run my show.  
I got no love the the trix or the kids.  
I'm on my own and I'm out for my kicks.

C

The year of the rat. When we were all that.

You can bet your life on history coming back to serve us.  
A four-finger ring used to make a sucker nervous.  
You see me, you need me, you eggs are in my basket.  
Believe me, to be me, you gotta get that ass kicked.  
This is only one of the things that I wanta do.  
Gotta get on with my life and get away from you.  
A light in the attic where the sidewalk ends,  
We can't be together so we'll be friends.

Hip-hop, thugalot when I was a youngster.  
Move away, straight A's and now you're just a buster.  
Shake, shimmy on the scene of a pipedream.  
Rock around the clock, you see me driving, you see the sheen.  
I'm maxing at parties.  
I'm booming in my car.  
I'm hanging with the groovies.  
All my boys-you know who you are.

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