

Flexa Lyndo, A Kind Of...

(there's something in this song / it's a song made for something there)

This man knows his job, he use to sleep and to have fun

He runs in a mob

He has no fear, no shame, no lust

(it's a thing all along / it's a long time for songs in there)

He use to live and never says a word, don't talk to him and he'll stay dumb

He has no opinion

He has no fear, no shame, no lust

He's so freaky, he feels fine

It's a kind of lazy, careless man