

Lucky Boys Confusion, Childs Play

I'm in the wrong fucking place, at the wrong fucking time
Don't worry motherfucker cause I'll still get mine
I know the magnitude of the right attitude
Remember one day you'll be showing me gratitude
Inevitably you will agree, your fragile ego I'm denting
Unnecessary jealousy, why are you resenting
Lucky Boys Confusion ripping leaves off clovers
Adam I'm about to send the limelight over, kid
Well, hello my my how the tables have turned
You got your new style and the tricks that you learned
From me, go let go of the ghetto phase
It's like everybody's trying to earn a buck these days
Ripping off my kids, with your ziplock bags
You think you're rolling now, you need to step the fuck back
We'll take care of Arizona, handle the schwag
Shorty got a brand new bag

When say opportunity knock on me door
Such shame it's not the music, it's how much they score in their pocket
Now, the band plays I see the dollar sign in your eyes
But guess what Mr. Parasite we can see through all of your lies

Well, I'm rocking mic stands daily, I'm barely
Six Feet away from the kix,
y'all melody can hear me,
I got my own style don't come near me
I got help from the stars of the past
Enhanced with your modern day melodies
Beats that kick your ass and you agree
I'm not about to rock the room alone
Stubby style pick up the microphone
I'm back by popular demand, some people don't understand
Why I'm laughing fucking up all the shit you planned
Cause your motives weren't true and either were you
Trying to figure out how I do the things I do
A word of advice if you already haven't
Go out, step out, special order some talent
Don't say I'm not a musician I hold my own
And bitch I play the microphone

Ooooh, mama did you hear they want make me superstar
Ooooh, mama did you hear they're gonna make me a star

You seemed startled by the way that I approach the mic
But isn't my tongue spitting out all the things you like
Scooping flavors together like Neapolitan, tight
Clam baking the limousine
He sprinkles on his stardust before he hits the street
A victim of his ego, pop rock society
His gear is nice and trendy; you got your baggy jeans
He's got a few piercings but nothing too extreme
Radio friendly hooks is the highway to money
Maybe we'll be stars if we give them what they need
I get twelve percent off the music I make
And the image that they're selling you is fake