

None More Black, D Is For Doorman (Come On In)

I know this guy with an agenda to his name.
He calls himself my friend, but I don't want to know him.
He'll be the first to step on my wounded knee.
He's done it more times than not, every time we meet.
When I'm up, he'll always be my side.
Sidling Sidling.
When I'm not, he's like the sharp end of the dullest knife.
My blood's his business. He's pretty successful. He sucks me dry.
It's a wonder I'm alive. He strikes harder as we go.
Attribute it to age and my metabolism's strike.
I feel like coming back again.
I'll roll with the punches in the morning.
He whispers things to me that I already know.
Instilling fear inside the deepest and the dark parts of my soul.
I gotta get ahead. I'd rather not.
Instead, I'll just sit back and watch everybody else.