

Paperboys, It Ain't So Strange

Though being born might be complicated/
we live on and don't appreciate what god created/
til it's gone so if tomorrow brings a new dawn
we might have waited too long/ or might be trough
with all the ways to do wrong/ "gotta say it"/
shit this song won't matter but I still try/
still wonder what it would feel like/ if everyone was
living real nice would it be the same?/ would I still search
for freedom in cocaine/ and only seem to complain filling
weed in my brain/ just so my reasons get repeated again/
I know rap aint the easiest game but jesus man/
I really feel I need to explane/
I live life like I wanna fill it with marihuana/ and all I
feel I gotta do is honor my mama/
so when I'm trough with this trauma, insomnia and strange shit/
I'm leaving this game with the same duds I came with

CHOURS

"Life is a blessing but even so/
seem to get the impression we don't even know/
all I know is that we ain't gon' change/
it's a shame but it ain't so strange/
and that greed, we're on it/ it's not beacause we need it/
we want it/ but we're just trying to feed our own/
get some cheese, a little weed I'm gone";

"gotta say it" But know that life might hear you/
and most wishes come with a price that might scare you/
there's something in the air/ it's never a clear view so know
that everytime you see god the devil's there too/
and it's true that what we do comes back again/
we go from happy to, what the fuck's happening?/
Another accident cox sins don't sleep/ I see it all from my
window seat/ sniffers with the limbo feet and it's clear the
symptoms speak/ folks cheat when the ends don't meet/
that's why I try to make my singles peak and do better/
coz fuck it I'm too clever/ not to search for a true treasure/
"say it" put it together see what life brings/ seems it's less
frightning because of my white skin/
and this commotion and excitement/ the worlds at the
verge of war/ kids not knowing what they murder for/
but we don't care we heard it before/ and as I throw away my
burger a third of us are poor/
no wonder there's more turbulence in store/ but
this is what it came to so hold on it might be painfull/

CHOURS

Living in this modern age where nobody behaves/ and
nobody gives a fuck about poverty or aids/
I can promise you it's not ok/ we're walking on a planet
even god doesn't bother to save/
there's no moderate ways, misery's like stardom/ and
novelty fades coz nobody likes problems/
cant fit us all in gods garden/ so watch your step there's
not much left/ let's not forget

CHOURS