

311, Jackolantern's Weather

Well I beat a bad rap when I skip a soul trap
Just trippin' and laughin' at the crap
Dap is what I get the best skins that I hit
You know we rock the fuckin' joint and we split
Singin' an ryhmin's what I'm better for
When I describe I'm a scribe with a metaphor
I use a simile lightly 'cuz that shit's played
The common way most ryhmes are made, ya know
I rock like this, I flow like that
But all those comparisons are just that
Kickin' different styles, I'll be right here
Today, tomorrow, next week and next year
I always say what I feel and that is a promise
Nothing in life is above being honest
Sauna is cool compared to being on stage
But that's the way it's gotta go in the Stone Age

The fame in my game I name rapture
Like a polished rock I'll make it shine for sure
Word is that I've traveled, become unraveled
I been around the world baby, gimme an apple
I'll be your boogie man rather than Son of Sam
What I am is what I am
Though we don't have long to love a day a night
We only love those who love us back, right

The kid is smart, the kid is clever
Stompin' in jack-o-lantern's weather
Backpack strapped 'cuz the world is cold
Headphones pumpin' don't ya know

The kid is smart, the kid is clever
Stompin' in jack-o-lantern's weather
Rocks his hood and plays it mellow
While maple leaves change into yellow

And yo, shit damn homey at it again
Tryin' to beat my high score since the age of ten
See my high score flash on the back glass
I was malcontented Doug in gifted class
Now here's the deal we came to heal we gonna rock in Rio
Oh no it's not a joke, it's how we feel
Put to test like a [[Sugar Ray]] scientist
Come on, I'm always dancing in my Sunday best
I'm betting on my bliss and my path is lit, see
The microphone is live, I'm rockin' my body
Smooth like Reggie Miller in an airborne freeze frame
Funky like the kung fu that can put you to shame

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(Uh)
Can't stop, got, gotta want it (uh one time)
With a little somethin' like
(Ya gotta stick with it, I pick it up near)
I'm like hey (hey)

Wait a minute give a check one two (check one...two)
Then I'm ready to begin it with a boom boom bap (boom boom check)
Comin' out your trunkies
Give a fat shout out to the [[Phunk Junkeez]]
Stricken like a cancer, takin' chances
But I love to see the girl windin' like a belly dancer
Standin' up front with a tight stomach showin'
Me on stage singin', flowin'
We just kickin' it live, we just kickin' it live
'Cuz if you can't kick it live you gonna die
'Fraid so punk, so quit talkin' junk
You need a live show like ballplayer needs a dunk