

# 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