

Fort Minor, Cigarettes

Man I love this rap game
Mainly cuz its cool
To add a little spice to the life you've been through
Everyone exaggerates a tiny little bit
To make that shit sound more gangster than it really is
You cant appear weak man
We wanna hear street
Wanna hear you spit your thug over this here beat
Dont take it as sarcastic
I can't get enough
Im telling you
You can call my bluff
If it's not rough, then I really don't need it
I'm not even ashamed
I got too much reality thats filling up my brain
so sell me on that chronic, I'm addicted to the game
Suck it up like a cigarette, light it up

Its just like a cigarette, its something that I do
Once in awhile but between me and you
Its just like a cigarette Nobody's really fooled
I dont want the truth, I wanna feel fucking cool

Let me tell you something that I realized tonight
My hip hop radio is like marlboro lights
They're both selling stories and they sound about the same
Cigarettes say their safe, wrappers claim they really bang
We dont care if it's true when we lay the money down
We don't believe the words, we just love the way they sound
They're acting like we're idiots, They're lying to our face
Maybe we are idiots, we buy it anyway

I'm runnin out to get the next rapper's CD
Just suckin up the guns, drugs, and misogyny
The same way that I suck up all the stories
When I breathe that little bit of death supposedly cancer-free and
Everything they say's got the truth twisted up
But twisted up's what I want man, I can't get enough
Cuz even though we know it's all just a big bluff
We just light another up, what
We don't give a fuck

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Listen to the words, Listen for awhile
Lip Service radio, dont touch the dial
If you're in the car
Turn up the track man
Give the whole neighborhood some second hand rap

Matter of fact
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