

# 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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