

# Playdough, Palm Sunday

[Chorus:]

it's palm Sunday, riding a beat at my feet  
they're throwing loose leafz they want me to freak  
cuz this week my rhyme's hot, but 15 minutes is what I'm told  
till I drop to the cold so watch it all unfold  
like palm sunday

[Verse 1:]

I walk lightly, slightly on this path of ink the pen shaft I sink  
Between the margin with my jargon so they still can't distinguish  
The English I broke they're busy falling from the mic  
Like a bike that got the spoke tripped up I ripped up  
The do's and don'ts breaking every single guideline  
And left it for them fools stuck on the sideline  
Thinking they're butter but they're only cookie cutters  
Trying to be down and fit in the mold they're bought and sold  
Like some pawnshop gold, I wonder when they'll learn a lesson  
Thinking their skills are wrapped up in their possession  
But the same ice the rock's the ice they slip in  
They're the scratch on hip-hop that got my needle skipping  
They need to dip in some funds and ones to buy a clue  
Plus a crew then I'll rip it on a topic that's new but  
Seriously they just got a bad rap literally pitifully  
Jumping onto a beat they find defeat in the end  
They're living pretend my words will descend  
While my spirit's heading home you watch it ascend  
I'm placing tidbits of knowledge in these college rules  
While you follow jewels and loot with top hats and suit  
You're just a prostitute selling your soul for control of the world  
But what's it take to realize you made the worst mistake  
See you can stack material but that ain't clever  
There's only one thing that lasts forever

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

The crowd loved me but now I hear them screaming for Barabbas  
Yo it must be from the time they caught me rhyming on the Sabbath  
Man these kids ain't nothing but some Sadducees and Pharisees  
Breaking tradition's obviously grounds for heresy, comparing me  
To anything they can from wyclef to everlast  
They must be uncomfortable with the fact I'm in a class of my own  
With light shown to mainstream but the same thing's happening there  
People just love to compare but I care less  
I'm busy trying to bless the device  
With words echoing true from b-twice  
I'm trying to freak the metaphor but more I find myself at war  
With people supposed to be my family that still ain't understanding me  
I plan to be a man fulfilling destiny and stressing me  
Can't disguise the fact you'd all be falling off like leprosy  
Accept you see before you fall off you've got to be on  
You ain't at emcee status you've barely reached the peon  
Sending in your demos that you did on 4 track and you're first to call me wack  
But yo I guess you've got your back pack and shell toes  
With fat laces and a record done by company flow  
I guess that means you must know  
Please, you think I base my livelihood off of what you say  
Or rearrange my word play we can spar and make you call me sensei  
It's Sunday and one day I hop you see  
You can't live out your mic fantasies through me

[Chorus]

crbt2('Playdough','Palm Sunday')

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