

Promoe, Poor Lonesome Homeboy

Ey yoyo, check it out, it's the Promoe
Poor lonesome homeyboy, second ??
Check it out...

I'm the poor lonesome homeyboy
Far away from home
My only companion in the cold streets
Be the microphone

It's like this...

I'm the poor lonesome homeyboy, far away from home
got those inner city blues whatever evil streets I roam
They're not known to me, crazy lonely
If I by surprise bump into someone they're phoney
Only skindeep conversations, smalltalk, chit-chat 'bout this that
Well, shit's wack so skip that
And I skip along to the nearest 7 Eleven
Where I boost some juice, so what, I dont get to heaven
I never stay long, before I tag along
Pack my big backpack and then I'm gone like a vagabond
On a marathon, east or west, north or south
Don't have my own apartment, I sleep on a couch
At a friend's place, where I rent space for 200 a month
I walk the streets like a bum
At least that's what the average pedestrian thinks
So sometimes I gotta relief myself with a drink
And just forget about that big scary world
Lock myself in the bathroom in the tub with my girl
Then suddenly, abruptly brought back to reality
With a hangover and still that black cloud hanging over me

The poor lonesome homeboy
Far away from home
My only companion
Is the microphone

Yo, You can call me homeless cos I don't know where home is
I guess it's where the microphone is or where my homeys
Are at, cos only when I chat on da riddim
I truly feel at home, whether it's Denmark or Sweden
Im bleeding mentally, when I'm not with the friends to me
Like this summer going back to the university
'Cause earlier this year I failed my essay
Now I'm feeling bad as hell didn't know one esse
In the whole city, I'm full of self-pity
The room that I lived in was crazy shitty
But I gladely shared my bedspace with the only company
Roaches and creeps on the same level as me
I felt so at the time solo and so low
Presentin to you another side of the Promoe
One the B-side of this 12-inch single
Yo Sec, my man, bring in that chorus-jingle

For the poor lonesome homeboy
Far away from home
My only companion
Is the microphone

Already passed 20, not knowing my direction in life
Can't really see myself settling down with kids and wife
You know: the whole package with the car
House in the suburb, career going far
My parents just told me, it was time for me to choose

Either go straight with the laws or I might loose
My access to the legal world in the future
But I'm not sure I want part of a world that treats nature
And a big percentage of its population like shit
Don't mean I'm righteous like Moses, I leave mics split
And empty spraycans at the scene of the crime
Footprints in the snow being the only signs of me and mines
Yo, you can catch me in the store
Racking up, putting alarmtags on the floor
The moral to the story is, I got no morals
You finish the story for me
Riding the train for free and bombing it is only normal
And stealing the toiletpaper from the lavatory

Haha, now that's the poor lonesome homeboy
Far away from home
My only companio-on
Be the microphone

It's like that yo...
And You don't stop...