

# Pumpkinhead, Anything

(Intro)

Niggaz nowadays, I just think they ungrateful  
Ynahmsayin? They comin in outta the game  
They give up, ynahmsayin?  
They don't really struggle and hustle and do what they gotta do (true)  
I remember back in the days, ynahmsayin?  
Remember like, you couldn't afford like Fruity Pebbles  
We had Kabooms (Kabooms, yea)  
Ynahmsayin? (\*laughs\*)  
You know you couldn't afford Captain Crunch  
You had King Vitamines, ynahmsayin?  
It came in the bag, ynahmean?  
Kids nowadays don't understand, ynahmsayin?  
You gotta do what you gotta do to get on and struggle  
And survive in this game, ynahmean?  
That's real though

(Verse One)

I got knowledge condensed in the space of my brain  
Words, definitions, and cultures from Africa to Spain  
You know my name, so I won't repeat it  
Just know that I could do any type of job, when the work is needed  
That's why I stopped gettin weeded  
I stopped cigarettes too, cold turkey  
Because I ain't need it  
All you need is will power, strength, and faith, believe it  
Anything you set your mind to do, you can achieve it  
All that negative no-can-do attitude, delete it  
Pray to whoever you pray to: Allah, Jah, or Jesus  
I dropped outta high school but in my mind I'm a genius  
So I made it further than dudes with a GED did  
Then I reached in the deepness of creases  
Read books and Shakesperian masterpieces  
Burned textbooks given out by my teachers  
That's why history to me is feces, I exorcise those demons  
Those who are fictitious and fecacious  
Don't get it twisted, this ain't my album, it's a thesis  
Written with heart and soul, better than decent  
Blood, sweat, and tears just to hear the cheers from the bleachers

(Chorus)

You gotta grind, you gotta struggle, you gotta hustle to get  
... In this world you need, plus hard work and pain  
If you afraid to bleed to achieve  
... From fame and love, from name to shine  
You gotta move fast, can't waisting time, I did  
... To create a new flow, let's get it and go  
And if you fuck up only Heaven'll know  
... 'Cause anything goes

(Verse Two)

I rocked one pair of sneakers per school year, now listen  
If they got scuffed I covered it up with Riffin  
My Mom sewed the holes in the kitchen  
My clothes got sewed so much it looked like my clothes got stitches  
So I went to school tryin not to look bummy  
And I swore one day, when I got my hands on some money  
I'd take the twelve inch cuffs outta my jeans so I wouldn't look funny  
But Mommy got a good job and now I'm fillin my tummy  
I bless her for the support so we wouldn't stay hungry  
Put name brands on the back, now we look like new money  
So fresh, so clean, so now all the girls gonna want me  
And fifth racists grade girls wanna dry hump me  
We takin week long trips, drivin cross-country

In a new family whip, the neighbourhood loved me  
Watching a portable TV in the back, I feel lucky  
Laughing at Frank, smack Lamont and call him "big dummy"  
And this, all because of my Moms, big up  
My Dad was around but when he passed she didn't give up  
She worked hard to keep her chin up and dress her kids up  
We did...

(Chorus)

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(Verse Three)

My songs are scripted from visions of the past  
I've lived different lives, I'm one of the last  
Poets, my motive is to show kids  
My flow is the closest to what a G.O.A.T. is  
The most gifted of all time to ever hold a mic and explode it  
Rebuild it to a golden rod, I get respect from the older gods  
To represent this culture hard and promote it  
What's the odds of me makin it to the hills? I alone  
And being the only owner of like four hundred cars  
I'm tryin to make numbers like Avon  
But I remain underground, me and my squad  
I wanna be on the cover of Fortune 500 burnin some Kron  
I wanna own first company to employ all of the ghetto  
For good paying jobs, so I pray to God for help, wisdom, and a million for my moms  
So when the mic is in my palm I spit it like I was strapped to a bomb  
Get it right, don't get it twisted  
I'm grown now, so the rich and lavish life: I'm tryin to live it  
Without the same attitude of some of you midgets  
I want my son to know his dad had a humbler image

(Chorus)

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(Outro: "Napoleon Dynamite" Parody Skit - Chip, Bonaparte)

(C) I'm the greatest tech seed there could ever be  
(C) The guy that you'll never see  
(C) Sort of like the ghost in the wind  
(C) I can't control what flows from within  
(C) My lyrics spew from my heart  
(C) And I tear wack emcees apart  
(B) Hey Chip! Get off the flippin computer!  
(C) What do you want Bonaparte? I'm busy  
(B) What are you so busy with?  
(C) I'm in the middle of my chatroom meeting  
(B) Well hurry up! I wanna pre-order the new Pumpkinhead album  
(C) I didn't know he had a new one  
(B) It's called "Orange Moon Over Brooklyn"  
(C) Well that's pretty cool

(C) Did you hear "Cool Music, Volume One"?  
(B) Heck yes I did! It's flippin sweet!  
(C) Well Laquita and I were only feeling the guest appearances  
(C) I was pretty T.O.'d 'cause I could've spent my ten bucks on Half A Dollar's album  
(B) Gross! You have like the worst taste ever!  
(C) Bonaparte, like anyone could ever know that  
(B) Well this is an official album  
(B) He signed to SoulSpazm records  
(C) Well, I guess you could say he's getting pretty serious  
(B) Freaking idiot! I should beat you with my nunchucks  
(C) I wish you wouldn't talk to me like that  
(C) We both know I'm training to be a cage fighter  
(B) I wish you would get outta my life and shut up!  
(C) You're just mad 'cause Pumpkinhead isn't better than Half A Dollar  
(C) He's a millionaire  
(B) I could make that much money in five seconds!  
(C) Yea right Bonaparte! This guy's muscular, I heard Pumpkinhead was fat  
(B) He's not fat, he's just strong like a liger  
(C) Well Pamela got an autographed copy of his new album  
(B) Lucky!  
(C) I would buy it if it came with a gold bracelet or something  
(B) Marco Polo produced the whole album so he has a buttload of great beats  
(C) That's what I'm talking about! Well, here, I'm done with the computer  
(C) Peace out!  
(B) Freakin idiot! Gosh! (\*exhales loudly\*)