Spearhead, Gas Gauge (The World's In Your Har

At days arrival one man at the table eatin' corn flakes checkin out the paper his brother walks in from a hard nights caper half hungover and looking for his pager what's in the news today did we find a saviour Nah I'm just looking for some part time labor by the way did you remember put the gas in my ride or must I remind ya how I lost my last job chill with all that chatter ya know ya need to stall trust me baby bro that's what big brotha's for uh uh I got interviews today so don't even front about my broken gas gauge by the way things are looking it's a very good day If I could ever find my wallet I'll be on my way bigger brotha steps to his girlfriends place just then the phone rings and it was moms to say remind ya big brotha it's your cousin's birthday and I'ma need a half dozen eggs for the cake No problem moms I'll tell him later in the day but now I can't find my wallet gotta go I'm late (Chorus) The world's in your hands don't waste... don't waste your time Back to the saga the car wouldn't start up JJJJhhhh...JJJJhhhh there he goes now he's rolling like a baller out of the city and into the woods for a job with a hammer where the pay is good reaches in the back seat for his favorite tape uuuh a condom from his brotha's last date damn my lazy no good brotha and just as he says it the car starts to sputter and sputter until it outright stops the gas tank empty not even a drop I'm gonna choke that nigga when I reach my spot three miles from no place and now I gotta walk to the top of the hill and down again round the bend page my broth from the old fruit stand the phone ring rings yo it's me your big brotha I told ya not to sweat me when I'm laying with my lover What! You punk ass broke muthafukka I told ya cut the crap when it came to my endeavors chill baby bro and don't even start it there's a gallon in the trunk andif ya need more fart it some of my shit along with ya lost wallet is in the glove box kid, the mystery solv-en take what's yours and leave mine where ya saw it my baby's calling gotta go stay solid so he hung up the phone in a rush to leave I forgot to tell my brotha 'bout the cake recipe star 69 so he pushed it in but by now the bigger brotha was pursuing some skins the phone ring rings - don't answer it it's my little brotha calling fuckin' with me again So he beeped him back a one two more times but he was already naked with his Valentine Damn - I Gotta - get back to the ride What the hell's going on with this day of mine once again up the hill down the other side what the fucks a cop doin snooping by my ride yo officer - check it - out everything is fine I just ran outta gas and now I'm running outta time slow down boy this ain't no race I can tell you kinda people ain't from this place tell ya what turn around put ya hands on the hood and ya best act good just like a good boy should listen up holdup - I'm speaking the truth

See I'm just trying to get to this here job interview

shut them lips boy don't let 'em get no bigger or I'm gonna have to say I was attacked by a nigger now if you wanna make it through the morning with me I suggest you wise up and show me valid I.D. chill man - awright - problem - we solve it my brotha put my wallet in the glove box compartment aw'ight you can get it but ya don't move quick just remember I'm behind ya with a full up clip he opens up the box and to their surprise out pops a wallet and the bigger brothers nine the cop shouts " Freeze " raise ya hand kid he reaches for his wallet and the cop goes blam damn - pulp fiction in the car another dead homey tryin' a find a job MMM MMm MMm back at the crib bigger brotha laying up and girlfriend says maybe you should give ya little brother a call and don't forget it's ya cousin's birthday after all I will in a minute please let me be I think he left me a message on the message machine big brotha - I'm gonna be home late and I'm afraid that my day has been great can I remind you if it's not too late to get a half dozen eggs for the birthday cake