

The Big Wu, Pinnacle

well outside my window i see fruit that's dying on the vine
let the meat cakes, you say, well let them know the cake is mine
it ain't no good thing if you cannot see a photo op
they're living in a fancy blitz gotta spit before they reach the top

that ain't no pinnacle
that ain't no pinnacle
that ain't no pinnacle
no no no no no no
well that ain't no pinnacle
that ain't no pinnacle
that ain't no pinnacle

they play an ace when they know full well that a two will do
they take the kettle when they could just take a taste or two
they pay a blind man for a chance to burn a hole in me
then they suck out the residue and piss it in the raging sea

well
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they can't afford to feed the starving story on the street
they're running and a-gunning for a two day sale that can't be beat
don't read the paper it will only burn your holiday
with a dozen roses on the desk who needs it anyway?
the music enters in one ear and out the other one
if the first time it doesn't kill then try another one
who's to say another day won't come and leave you in the cold?
so you better get to heaven before you get too old

i said
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