

## Verbs

# "Expensive Games / Prepaid"

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[chorus]

Expensive games we play, who really wanna pay?  
Who would have thought that life could ever really be  
this way?  
Who wanna work it out? Find something to be about.  
Lemme hear you shout! Whoa, whoa,whoa, whoa,  
yeah!

[Bonafide's verse]

In these last days where rhyme pays  
To play the part of criminal ways.  
Subliminal slaves for minimum wage,  
Fulfillin the crave and fillin the grave.  
I feed off the rage to beat a machine  
Against destruction's massive scheme.  
Things unseen my means to end  
The payment is life to breathe again.  
Still payin a price so high to live,  
The road less traveled is so expensive.  
To extensive to put in the verse  
Cop the whole album, unlock the curse.  
Ride in the hearse and kick up the dirt  
'Cause that's what it took for me put in work.  
Bonafide stay live with rhymes intensive  
But this right here is so expensive.  
Man, you can't be too pretentious  
Verbs and Grits just had to mention.  
Lemme hear you say it! Whoa, whoa,whoa, whoa,  
yeah!  
Scream it! Shout it! You better be about it!  
Lemme hear you say it! Whoa, whoa,whoa, whoa,  
yeah!

[chorus]

[Coffee's verse]

Wanna come to a place where everybody know your  
name,  
That place just don't exist.  
Where we're from is created in our mind  
To make our struggle and plight seem bigger than this.  
I'm standin' on a platform spillin' my guts.

You chasin the wind, facin' the sin,  
But your set apart. be still my beating heart.  
Go too fast still in the dark.  
Man killed in the park got scrapes, scratches, marks.  
Who takes his cries to help to heart?  
Nothin' but mourning and woes, when a casket doors  
close he embarks  
To meet his maker can't hear you singin' like a Anita  
Baker.  
But he's scared frozen.  
'Cause all his life he ain't gave nothin'  
He been a taker, wet finger, and a breaker.  
How I minister to you  
To the people that hate 'cause you see me in the  
source.  
Look sinister to you,  
But it's all good and gravy if all this happened to you.  
Me and my guises down, picnic table with flies around.  
The story of my life what lies abound  
Sometimes I need a break so I get in my car and just  
drive around.

[Verbs's verse]

Steppin onto the promenade, me and a few of my  
closest confidants.  
Switchin up the pendulum of the mood swing to a  
different type of new  
ambiance.  
Gotta keep it movin, that's for real.  
All I know is that I'll never ever ever dish another raw  
deal.  
Playin make believe sayin that I'm true  
No proof if words mismatch what I do.  
The game of life will handle you in a manly way  
Leave you actin immature like you b2k.  
Lookin for a little gold in it.  
Spray a little soul glo in it.  
Many trust when they roll with it,  
But the penny got a whole in it.  
Gotta little to bold with it.  
The green god got a fold in it,  
When it's spent, done, and gone really it's over with.  
Gross debt we all net from buyin fast thrills.  
There's one reconciling piling past bills  
Paid in full to give you what you need  
And the love, it don't cost you a thing indeed.

[chorus]

