

Roots, The

"Clock With No Hands"

Visit "[Clock With No Hands](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Mercedes Martinez)

[Black Thought]

Yeah, sitting in the staircase, holding back tears
Looking over mad years worth of photographs
Pictures of some places I ain't never going back
Some people I used to love, why I ain't show them that?
The skies was overcast, when I was sober last
My head is spinning, couldn't tell you if it's slow or fast
It's starting to get too clear, I got to go and grass
To y'all it's a shame but life is what we know it as
Waiting, navigating the plot, without plans
In the car, it's hard to read as a clock with no hands
How your man's goin' get up and stop with no yams
All it take is one break, it could pop the program
Whether sinning or not, my back bending like I'm
sentenced a lot
I feel some brothers is beginning to plot
It might have been a close friend I forgot
Who started up and ain't remember to stop
I bet these niggaz going remember the shop

[Chorus - Mercedes Martinez]

People think that I'm crazy, just cause I wanna be alone
You can't depend on friends to help you in a squeeze
We all deal with shit on our own
And sometimes the beef can grow, get out of hand
Yeah, you know it gets full blown
I never said that you mean the world to me
Maybe it's best that you never know

Yo, I'm like Malcom out the window with the weapon out
Searching for somehow to find a minute or the second
now
Precious time is money that I ain't got to mess about
Need it from the horse's mouth or from my eye with
less account
Lessons with my back to the wall, scoping my session
out
Stay a little edgy at times when I ain't stressing bout
Haters don't know shit about me, they the ones that talk

shit
Those that love me send it out, so I ain't got to force
quit
Cause I'm doing better now, don't mean I never lost
shit
I was married to a state of mind and I divorced it, man
I'm from where brothers moving product from the
porches
People locking their doors, clutching to their crosses
The block hot by the law, there ain't too many choices
So what I do is for y'all, there ain't too many voices left
I watch my back, and watch my step
And I might forgive, but I will not forget come on

[Chorus]

Yo, living in turbulent times
The blind leading the blind
Some call it evolution, some say intelligent design
You say you want a revolution, you out of your mizind
Your sons' destitute, and their pops all in the prison
My man's back in the jam, he like the back of my hand
He just attracted to scam, he right back in the can
I never sleepwalking, you dig
You get your shuteye
I'm on the first thing in, I'm leaving on the red-eye
My brother back in rehab, just had another relapse
But fin himself, it's been like he's been fighting an
energy
Half telling me nobody true when they pretend to be
that
So closer than friends, that's where I keep my enemy at
To many parties concerned, it's time to live it and learn
Until we're able to grow, forever bridges we burn
My thoughts free as a bird, that's just about to emerge
And every action is heard, it speaks louder than words,
yo

[Chorus]

Visit [Roots. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.