

Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan

"Party For the Fight to Write"

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intro: This is one of those songs you can clap along too...

[Slug]

Hides the eyes beneath the bill of the cap
Walks amoungst the flies that hover over the mat
He lies, but only when there's a reason
Mentions life by the tragedy, the comedy, the season
Poor at handling and managing income
Got enough love to pass around and then some
Been done, that there a name you can trust
Read the whole match book and put a flame to the brush
Good with packs, and rips up sacks
Put the show in biz, try to give what you get
When you let him run free with the thought
Pull the line in, try to see what you caught
I ain't all that bad, but I ain't all that great
I Went back to the lab and began to mutate
Wait. I still look the same, still got the same dumb name
Ain't a damn thing changed
But if you like surprises, I know of a party
Where they all dance around to your heart beat
Bring your own agenda and embrace your flaws
Lets put a face on this common cause

chorus:

And he said some got pencils and some got guns
Some know how to stand and some of them run
We don't get along, but we sing the same song
Party for the fight to write, and write on

Stay gold Pony Boy, stay true outspoken
Make a record Mr. Gangster and get 'em all open
The theories, the stories, the truths, the myths
Its all therapy, on top of turntablists
This indutry's big, so big in fact (and fat?)
We can all get some, and we can give some back
And if its done correct, we'll make more than noise
So pick it up, and pick me up when you're bored with

the toys

As a child Hip Hop made me read books,
And Hip Hop made me wanna be a crook
And Hip Hop gave me the way and something to say
And all I took in return is a second look
Son, you're shook, cuz ain't no such thing as half way
there
Gettin' good at actin' like you just don't care
The circle of life trying to make it square condition
And self sit still
And Still.. where have all the sheep gone
Burnt down the farm and turned the TV on
John Coltrane, Marvin Gaye and Bob Marley all get
invitations to my party

chorus

And if I spent anymore time inside my head
I'd probably need some leather straps attached to my
bed
And if I go another day without eating a meal
I'm gonna show you what it means to keep it real
And if they keep shootin' guns up and down my block
I Swear to God I'll be the first one to call the cops
And if I gotta hear that song ever again
You gonna have to share some of that beer my friend
They mistake me as happy-go-lucky
Just another base-head bobbin' nobody
But from where I stand, they sould like spies
Fillin' all the children's head with lies
Well alright, get your money right
But right now tonight I want you to pick a side
So when you got your power and you got your cheddar
Let's get together soldier over throw this hold and
make these roads better
Bring it on.. he said bring it on (right now)
Ain't nothin' but a party y'all... lets get it on

chorus

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