

Code Poets

"Clock Hands & Strapped Wrists"

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[Off Topic]

A product of unsuspecting parents
I personify the expiring actress who could care less
With high horses and pale riders
Low frequencies at sale prices
Off Topic, no hyphen
Earned a permit to go for broke license
Promo'd more CD's than America Online did
But that's fine
Cinch my belt and grit teeth
Now squeaky-clean peeps ask me
"How many mice is meece?"
Cheerleader captain for my own cause
Under all this PC and PR shit I'm sporting brass balls
Unpopular vote caster-way close to the edge
Remember, if you push me in, I'm in your head
More gaudy than a poverty-stricken lottery winner's
fingers
And I flaunt it like a peacock's feathers in mating
weather
A political prisoner in a war of words
Where a moral victory comes second to what you heard
I'm a make a run at it
Do back flips and acrobatics
Like an addict, erratic
I've had it
Light the matches if I slip
I'm ready to handle my business
I got this
Fuck expectations and fuck limits
Can't be stopped like Invincible Doug
By time, money, sickness, injury, intervention, or true
love
I got the right attitude and the right drugs
So I decide who's who
In a big world of bad blood

[Off Topic]

When I was young, I had a lot of friends that shared a
hope
Now I'm older, and I've seen a lot of dreams go up in

smoke
Or fade away as every day becomes the same
I remember when the mornings made me glad to be
awake
But now they don't
And nothing's changed
But my ability for individuality
By the time you realize they're crushing you
It's too much weight
And if you drop it, it'll kill you
And I haven't got the strength
So every time I take a step
I gotta stop and take a break
To the ones who make more enemies than friends
And think it's not them
Who break when they should just bend
You try living in this deaf-mute town
Where fresh fruit dries out and free birds drown
You're not down
You can't compete lyrically
I don't battle
Silly rappers can't rattle me
That's my mentality
Status, cars and jewelry never meant that much to me,
man
So rap about a wristband
It's no contest for the context of my content
When I rep-sent like a pres-dent, constant
Now I walk backwards for the hindsight
I need the illusion of control in my life

[Off Topic]

I'm Big Brother's father
Mother Nature's brother
Father Time's cousin
Lady Luck's husband
Timebender
Clock hands
No man can touch
Learn much and
Watch face
Count down the frames
Strap wrists and wear cuts
Wind-up the subject
And find out what fate left for you inside the love letter
You should know better but you still pine for it
Stupid motherfuckers think they got time to give

