

Cee One

"Rose Colored Glasses"

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[Hook]

The world different through your rose colored glasses
A gift and a curse like gold colored ashes
I see you thinkin that life is a peach
But we stretched out, life is a reach, if ya wanna know

[Verse 1]

There's beauty in all things, small things
Big things, right things, wrong things you see it all
It works in your favor when the silver lining
In the clouds shines brighter cuz you silver mining
Me? I'm civil minded, meaning I'm a cynic
Jaded, you can tell by the topics that I'm pennin
Boy meets girl, girl likes boy,
delusions of grandeur lead to a girl-like boy
No father figure so in turn his son'll never be a man
No example, so forever he's Peter Pan
Lost boys in the hood, cops try to book em
But the judge can't Hook em, they mistook him
Cuz he fit the description, without his decisions
His fate was written regardless of his religion
Listed as missin opinions, so politicians don't listen
Fallin into the system as a resident of prison, for life

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

There's beauty in all things, small things
Big things, right things, wrong things you see it all
Many truths are spoken in jest, I might be kidding when
I say I'm the best
But where's the competition?
The state of Hip Hop's been Hurricane Katrina'd
And we just out looking for lodging, we'll stay
anywhere
My nigga said wear these Jays so I look cool
Fuck college, I'll mop to cop many pairs
Its ironic, my lord and savior was stoned
But I pray doin the same except I put him in gold
Car fresh off the lot, no healthcare for junior
I'm more caught up in Hip-Hop Blog rumors

Life of luxury no education for Cee B
Strong I Repper, they replicating how we be
Not too many believe, maybe cuz I'm so far ahead of
time
But still they all trying to be Cee

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

There's beauty in all things, small things
Big things, right things, wrong things you see it all
They glorify the criminalization of my people
Prayin to angels but living with the evils
More irony, more tyranny, oops I mean tyranny
I hope you people hearin me
Seriously, fearing the nearest mirror is smoked up
Escaping your fate or you could end up choked up
No one to blame, we should hold us
Responsible for our actions, wouldn't be mad if it was
the gold rush
In the midst of all this bread like some cold cuts
Not ready, but we suck it up like Goldust
These dusty roads leadin people to lose it
They talk that gun talk but never have the solution
Rich rappers bragging bout they math and movin bricks
But why sit on the toilet if you ain't doin shit?

[Hook]

Thanks to nakrul

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