

Billy Talent

"Chicken and Swine"

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J Da Groova
Andy C on the track
Crooked Lettaz,
doing whateva

It's like this...
coming outta Jacktown....

1st Verse
(J Da Groova)

(If I wanna free?) my mind
I feel pain and stress
accompanied by fear of falling, and war
Gotta hold my breath
and stay afloat
What I wrote
to complement what I feel
But now my feelings turn to dust
as I dictate what's real
Now, all this shit people care about,
that's made by man
When all that shit's all gone
There's nothing left in your hands
I tried to crush pieces of coal into diamonds
My timing
was off, couldn't cope
with what this life had brought
But now I realize
I have to let that bullshit cease
If something good happens to me,
it makes the bad increase
Even unconsciously
these frauds be hunting me
in my dreams
Teaching a lesson,
that life ain't always what it seems
Gotta keep these blessings
At last,
time is running out fast
what the future holds

always coincides with the past
You never know the shit I'm feeling
when I'm staring at the ceiling
J Da Groova, Crooked Lettaz,
doing mental cap peelings

(chorus)

I remember WHEN
remember then
remember WHAT?
remember WOODS
in grandma house
deep in the cut
eating chicken and swine
now I write dope rhymes
good times
is so hard to find
It's on my mind

(repeat)

2nd Verse

(Kamikaze)

We the last line
of defense
That's why the South remain calm
in all this nonsense
They cloning sheep
Next week,
boi, they'll be cloning you
Now while you steady claiming coasts
with your silly crew
I got stew
and we be neutral to your black and white
So, we be ready
when the folks come at us late at night
To all you representing rappers
up in low fatigues
You keep it real
but them woods
keep it out your league
They got a freeze on your money
but you ain't gon' want it
cuz there's a concentration camp
with your name on it
and, doggonit,
they gonna get you with this devil tax
They got your whole act on file at the (Equalfax???)

I can't relax
Mastercard say (they won't take cash?)
I'm a ????????
A mad dash up the charts
won't even get you straight
A platinum plate
and some cake
and you still paying late
Your royalties
is just like spoiled cheese
on a platter
by the time you see a cent
boy, it won't even matter
There's fatter rhymes
and fatter beats
Congressmen in seats
Your little raps won't even last
in this world of cheats

(chorus 2x)

3rd verse

(david banner)

The sun shines
on the South
I'm ready to take my clique
on this deathbed
and (do this thing?) y'all killing me with
The (design?)
pierces my brain
with this bullet from hell
(the damn ride?), '99
killed my cousin Michelle
One wrong turn,
her body fell
25 feet
Her skull split
up into bits
on the cold concrete
And in the streets,
little kids getting shot in the face
ever since being housed,
y'all in the wrong place
And I know (this Coca Cola boils to crack?)
Now a child got AIDS from being fucked from the back
Y'all ask (if the?) struggle hit me
If I'm here for the next verse, we all gon' see
Put on "Triggerman"
(death don't hurt?)

Man, I got this gun from a smoker
and the shit don't work

(chorus 2x)

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