

Black Happy "Garlic"

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Garlic makes my feet stink, yeah!
I got a line from a good friend
You call him weird, I call him soul
He told me what has been going on
Things are getting tough and we gotta go.
The time has come to get serious 'bout
The face of all that we see
I told him this.. I said "Hey soul!
Start listening to me!" I told him,
"Dog... you... smell like fish..."
Garlic makes my feet stink.
He got my point, we had a good laugh
We laughed until my belly hurt
I'm not the savior, and I will never be
But that don't change my worth
He started moving, he started circling
I heard him whisper in my face
"One on one," he said, "That is the only way,
You and I will change this place." He told me,
"Dog... you... smell like fish."
Garlic makes my feet stink.
(a little bass... a little drums... a little percussion...)
Horns!! (a bunch o' times)
My favorite color may be brown,
My favorite color may be black,
My favorite color may have nothing to do with it
I think the problem's exorcised,
I think the problem's compromised,
He showed me all that's wrong with me...
Our parents made some big mistakes,
Our parents really screwed this place,
And now the cleaning's left to us.
We are the ones who have to scrape,
We are the ones who have to make...
A change for the better...!
I'm still reading tilt, mama...
Garlic makes my feet stink

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