

Blue Scholars

"Ordinary Guys"

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I'm just an ordinary guy, extraordinary time spent
Ordering my life working over-time nights
Holdin wires and mics under these lights, but besides
that
Always find time to get love and give it right back

[Verse 1:]

I'm just an ordinary guy, a baby from the eighties
Got a little bit of A.D.D, perhaps maybe
We've been made to be sedated and such
Then we work while they break then they say that we
play too much
I ain't known to make it out to every single event
Sometimes I live in my bed, with just a pad and a pen
And a broken ipod I bought stolen from the block
Got holes in the soles of a third of my socks
Neck deep in contradiction in the gut of the beast
If you in debt, then everything you own is on lease
Cause, money don't translate to talent
Money, and talent don't mean you're guarenteed
anything, honey
It's funny, when conditions cause anything to happen
Finally got a comma in my check account balance
The 27 year challenge of the curse
Made me even outlive Janice, Janet, Jimmy and Curt

[Hook:]

I'm just an ordinary guy, ignoring all the hype
I let it all pass me by
I got one life, one mic
But I'll try, to always stay humble
With the fist in the sky and a bowl of brown rice
Just an ordinary guy, extraordinary time spent
Ordering my life working over-time nights
Holdin wires and mics under these lights, but besides
that
Always find time to get love and give it right back

[Verse 2:]

I'm just an ordinary guy, with music as a job
If I could do it, the least you could do is give it a try

There's no use, just sitting asking why these ballers
rock
Chains like a fallen chain just to stay fly
Man I'm cool, with just a pair of reeboks and vans
Some artists think they too hard to talk to their fans
I might, battle just to keep this art sharp
And maybe take a ride through the jewish part of
Seward Park
Where the view of Lake Washington is not too far
But far enough, it might be a minute till the comeup
And people keep asking how I lost this weight
More work and less food on the plate, Man
Just a simple plan with a little bit of self discipline
To, keep writing, keep spitting, keep em listening
To keep on doing what I do to get a salary
My number one mission is to make my son proud of me

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

I'm just an ordinary guy
Sometimes I ponder if the consequence
of all of this trying to be an artist is
Harder then it needs to be, wipe the sleep in my
Eye and sip the "? " cause the grind never sleeps
I know time moves slow, we on the road again
I hate leaving but I love coming home again
It's like we only see the citys at night but
Phonecalls and voicemails from home make me feel
alright

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