

Close But Not Quite "These Roads"

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If it's true what goes around comes back around
Then I'll be waitin for a cheap shot to knock em to the
ground
That little devil on my shoulder sayin kick em while he's
down
That little chip on my shoulder to remind me of this
town
How I'm never comin back once I leave I'm gone
I'll let my actions do the talkin let my voice stick to
songs
You could stick to what you know throwin sticks and
stones
But this glass house is bulletproof and no ones home
I'm not perfect, I'm not, and this I know
Cuz every time I turn around you tell me so
Pull me, pull me down, I'll get right back up
The same dude as before just a couple more cuts
And these scars tell the stories of the times I survived
Through the fire, through the pain, through the hurt,
through the lies
The light's, so close yet this tunnels so long
But I'll get there when I do you'll all be wrong

Say what you want but it won't mean a thing
When I drive these roads I'm never coming home

I've got nothin to prove to anyone but myself
What I do I stay true to the stories I tell
If you can't dig that, hear what I feel
Then I don't need the feedback on the real
This is all me beats rhymes life
And you couldn't beat me no matter how hard you try
So stick to your guns and point em at the sky
Cuz these bullets will drop back down in time
Pop those umbrellas and take it all back

But when it rains like this huh you do the math
Get at me dog I know a lot of cool cats
And we drops hits all you do is talk trash
Then pick it back up for community service
No body needs that face it your worthless
I found my purpose and it's in what I do

Don't step to my music or CBNQ

Say what you want but it won't mean a thing
When I drive these roads I'm never coming home

If it's true what goes around come back around
Then I'll be waitin for a cheap shot to knock em to the
ground

Straight to the mouth, what you talkin bout?

I'ma tell you right now get you head out the clouds

Eyes closed with your words exposed

I don't even have to see it cuz I already know

When we're long gone my songs will stand strong

When it's all said and done I'll have it all you'll have

none

Not sayin I'm number one but when the chips are down

You got your cards with a frown I'm sittin with a full

house

You wanna split you wanna fold you wanna get up and

go

The loudest ones are the weakest or so I've been told

Not american gangsters, american rockstars

And instead of drugs we hit you with hot bars

Not effected by cash, clothes, or fancy cars

Say whatever you want it won't change who we are

Say what you want but it won't mean a thing

When I drive these roads I'm never coming home

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