

## Big Soul

### "June"

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RJD2 drop that shit so I can drop my thoughts  
Driftin away, and depress all within listening range  
Nah but for real I got so much shit on my mind  
From fake motherfuckers to my future I'm trying to get  
in line  
And doing hip hop in this life in time ain't all nice and  
fine  
At times I feel like my whole life's a rhyme  
Full of punchlines and jokes  
Fuck ups and punches  
It's like I can't get shit right the first time or something  
When no one knows your name, your vinyl's still in  
stores  
Once you get a little light through arguing over who  
feels it more  
We got sixteen year old dead heads buying garbage  
Wanting to keep you from their personal private artists  
We don't do shit for the clubs  
It's for our forty fives,  
go RJ the archaeologist diggin them up  
And I'm the same cent,  
To vinyl that gets sent to bash  
In this for life til my final mic check is cashed

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