

Despot "Look Alive"

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Some sound advice coming very soon.
Look alive but don't make an honest mistake and bury
you.
A book of lies and I'll just erase them 'til it spells the
truth.
Your slice of the pie's a piece of cake to move.
Ready? Boom.

Bit the dust, all he did's get his chin dirty,
Kick the bucket 'cause this one ain't piss worthy.
Stick him up and get ducked down in history,
We're the ones throwing punches at pistols sleep.
Live it up, can't live it down and quit early.
Thirty's the new twenty, that is the new thirty.
Lucky for you, money,
This song's for two birdies.
One of 'em's you buddy,
Two of 'em's you birdie.
Knees buckling, wheezing, feet shuffling,
Beat the heat running or meet the deep shovelling.
Dreams stuffed in a grease machine, pumped and
released,
To glean whatever piece you seek off of it.
Heard that you were leaving and came to give you a
reason,
Take these for the team or take steps away leaking
About ten back, now who wanna dance,
I got two left feet and they both in your ass.

[Chorus: x8]
{Look alive}
Nobody move,
Nobody gets anywhere.

I go from made you look to the fuck you lookin at,
In two seconds flat so who's testing that?
He stand up for the best place to give us that,
He catch every towel thrown in and hand it back.
Tough talk walks often leaves limping,
Yells free, shoots the breeze and won't miss it.
Now needs a new ring to piss in,
What's that your whistling, Dixie or this shit?

[Chorus x8]

Don't look now, now or now either,
But here see, hear and speak evil.
He's fearless, self dressed as peoples,
Sum of all equals, "Hi pleased to meet you".
Come and get beat to each punch you throw guy,
Sore fist that is known to clean a whole clock.
More chips on his shoulder than the old block.
Short distance to go to where the buck stop.
More stiffers turn splinters push the
Happiness to no penis, pussy.
Can't beat this, the holy shit rookie,
Dust his thumbs clean of crumbs from tough cookies.
The kid never let a bully hit him,
He keep his head up even if he need a bully system.
Listen, hell is one hell of a town,
You ain't on your way out, better change up your route.
You walking around in a lion's mouth,
And finally finding out this ain't the way to your house.
Part of me biting down, part of you's chewed up,
Best of luck finding out who did what.
She's tuck see what we wasn't looking,
Oh oops, no proof, ate all the pudding.
Push came to shove and asked for help pushing,
Shove flashed a gun, no one knows where push is.
Oh no you didn't is different than no you couldn't,
Oh no this isn't assisting you bite the bullet.
Go hold that foot in your mouth and start munching,
Once you're done you can run your shit pun in.
Tendered for all contenders and whodunnits,
Got something to lay down the law on his stomach.
Up against the wall, hands in the air,
Nobody move, nobody gets anywhere.

[Chorus x8]

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