

Black Mary

"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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