

## **Drunken Tiger** **"Thumb"**

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Thumb (TRANSLATED)

TIGER JK: It seems like just the other day my father's thumb was the size of my hand. But somehow, suddenly I find myself here, walking down a long road far away. Time is moving way too fast for me, so I turn around and try to catch my breath. I want to hear the sound of birds singing in the trees, but a tear falls; secretly like a man.

DJ SHINE: What happen to the days when mom's hair, which used to be darker than night, began to turn gray? The sun and moon move quickly, bouncing back and forth like God is playing ping-pong between heaven and earth. Spring turns to summer, summer to the winds of early winter. Time passes by way too quickly. I take a second to look back, and try to keep my head up.

HOOK: Just anotha day, living in da hood  
Just anotha day, in da hood  
Feelin' good today, in a drunken way  
(X2)

DJ Shine: Fistfights start without provocation. I wander around hungry and lonely, without a home. My favorite song is Pumba. What are you looking at? Go away, somewhere far away! All these people keep calling me names. My clothes are torn, my body tattered, and a nail from my first love remains driven into my heart. Time quickly passes me by, and I am left here alone with my daily pains and precious memories. Please send me first, it's my time.

Tiger JK: The pointy needles of time stab at me, but I continue to move on. I load all of life's memories onto a little cart and make my journey forward. After glancing back upon everything I've lost, I gather what's left and close my eyes. For a moment I am alone. No longer do I reach for the fruit of the

sweet-smelling lemon tree.  
Heat from an open fire melts the stars at night,  
transforming them into a stinging smoke.  
My heart cries within, but still the pain is something I  
miss.

(HOOK Part x2)

Tiger JK: There was an eight-year-old kid that I didn't  
used to know so well. Man a little kid of lad of ten yo  
back then oh.

He used to take a few nickels and go to the arcade to  
play games. Once, I beat the game 13 times with only  
one nickel!

Another time, I stole ten gumballs out of the  
bubblegum machine, and had to get two of my teeth  
pulled.

We'd play hide-and-seek; tag your it as I run off into  
the sunset. Yo back then oh. Those were the days.

Oh for a while back then, but those days are long gone.

DJ Shine: Now all my drunken's in da place it's the sure  
shot throw ya bottles in the air say lick shot.

All my soldiers in the place way woo hea! Put your heat  
up in the air go buck shot!

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