

Frisco Kid

"Roosevelt Franklin"

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Don't forget to do that thing for your mother Roosevelt!
Yeah yeah yeah, alright, alright

[Prince Poetry]

Running upon the jagged edge, FUCK, THE ROUGH LIFE
when you have to gain much respect
As an individual keepin negativity minimum
requires havin courage respect him his intellect
so you gotta be on THAT specific type of SET
Like Roosevelt, especially when your cards are dealt
You see me, frankly, I don't give a hoot
about the blanks you shoot out of your mental bank see
I like Roosevelt, cause he ain't booty
Moody maybe, baby you're mad cause he smashed up
your cutie
Playin the courts, takin the loss, to wherever
some clever college edu-ma-cated individual
With financial status JUST to mess what the BANK
stated
Girls love it, and you can't look above it you hate it
Peeped his method, you laid, you waited
You never ever contemplated if I pull a automatic
will I leave the artillery out or just flight
Check in the night, you're out to snipe, my man
you can't stand upon sight of him
Out to fatally ignite him
Roosevelt felt staticky, he knew things were shady
Grady had, Bradley's uzi, but he always packed a clip
or two
belongin to a nickel-plated .380
Givin off the impression of a clever nerd
Never was a suspect when a homicide occured, in the
suburbs
He was referred, to as a respectable intellectual
Highly acceptable rebel from the ghetto on the level
of an intelligent rapper, create him just like Giupetto
The aggressive type, and he's not your puppet
Stickin quickin enough to pull a skeezer with repetition
after takin aim and buckin and blowin the smoke away
then tuckin and jettin home, hopin that no stunts are
stuck in it

He needs sleep, for eight o'clock class
so as fast as he crash, he might last
for six hours of bed passed, cause Roosevelt's a
scholar
Ivy league material, cully-head kid with BRAINPOWER
Six foot two, and we wear the same size shoe
He drinks brew, and he runs with my crew, my herd
on a continuous basis, in the same, places
Rollin out five deep, but it's only four faces
So I don't, give a two, drip-drops about, what those
have felt
And if I die (and if he die) and if I die (and if he
DIEEEEEEEEE)
And if I die it's because of my man Roosevelt

Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin, Roosevelt
Franklin
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin, Roosevelt
Franklin

[Pharoahe Monch]

Ooooooooooooooh I'm so confuuuuuuuuused.. DAMN, IT
HURTS!
People persist to treat me like dirt
I don't sleep at night, time cause dimes I DON'T DROP
I sling and clockers cease
Commanders in Chiefs when I pop rocks
Dig deep within, you might recognize me
I'm the one with the bloodshot eyes
Hot rays of sun, beat down upon my face as if I'll melt
bacon
Why the hell my mother named me Roosevelt Franklin?
I .. don't .. know, so I strive to gain
only the Lord knows my eyes have seen the pain
Tears comin down my cheeks like rain
I was abused, they stripped the mind for amusement
Now I walk the path of ORGANIZED KONFUSION
But it's only a temporary formality
Cause my man Scott turns illusion into reality
A loaf of bread (a loaf of bread), a stick of butter
Somebody's mother lies, dead in the gutter
So I move QUICK FAST, to get past quickly
Swiftly, at last, cops can't get WITH ME
Can't hit me, nah never I'm TOO NIFTY, people SHITTIN
ME
Products in the projects so I pump FIFTIES
in soda cans so dogs won't SNIFF ME
I'm takin the proper precautions (yeah)
Cause once my mother told me she was gonna get an

abortion
I can't keep track.. of the fluctuation.. of time
Hallucinogenics keep, abusin my mind
Gotta pick up, gotta pick up, gotta pick up, gotta pick
up
more product, gotta move, gotta go I can't get stuck;
not here
Not if I wanna become Roosevelt Franklin the employee
of the year
I wear baseball caps over my eyes so you can't make
out
me at night when I'm standin on the corner eatin
Chinese takeout
.. damn I almost forgot, yo yo I have to break out

Yo don't forget your moms told you to get that stuff
A loaf of bread, a stick of butter, container of milk
A loaf of bread (a loaf of bread) a stick of butter
(stick of butter), umm.. container of milk (container of
milk)

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