

K Otic

"Front Row"

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This is dedicated
To the knucklehead

Acting like he ain't feelin' it
Concealing it
Chin up and ice grillin' it
You get a buzz from the crowd
And they be killin' it
They might be loving the show
But ain't revealing it
We give the people what they want
And make them jump
But fools in the front are too cool to get drunk
Not a hand in the air
Gotta stand and stare
And never correspond with the call and respond
Beyond that-
They're just trying to gleam
Like we said in the club
Just to see or be seen
If you're up in the scene
And the scene is thick
And you can't cooperate
Then it's best to flip
With ya wack ass
Acting like a jack ass
You're taking up space looking up in my face
And you ain't got the good grace to scream out loud
Take ya sorry ass
Straight to the back of the crowd
'Cause most bros that I know
Be up in the show
Up in the front row
Too hard to say "Hoooo!"
Screw face on
Like we're 'bout to go to blows
Hat pulled low
Too cool to go "Hooooo!"

[CHORUS]

There's always one in the front
Acting like he don't know
Looking at me like a ho
But don' wanna say "Ho"
Crowd blaze it up
Wanna be thugs don't wanna raise it up
Got ya-
Lips tight
Screw face the whole night
But at the end of the show
They be like "That's tight!"
Yeah right
You're looking at me like you wanna fight

See I'm the type that'll throw down the mic
'Cause I'm
Quite nice with adjectives and the pronouns
But some clowns stare me down
Like a showdown
And when the love goes around
You gets no pound
You wouldn't put your hands up
So keep your hands down
Your whole damn squad is fraud
Beaugard to the front to look hard
It's kinda odd
Wanna be a superstar
But you're far from that
I bet the people in the front
Want you playing the back
'Cause most bros that I know
Are too hard to "Ho" at the show anymore
I don't know
Guess they'd rather elbow
Instead of playing the low
Looking at me like a ho
But don't wanna say "Hooooo!"

[CHORUS]

All out in the cut
Lookin' like "Fool what?"
Don't come for the shows
They just come for the hoes
Up in the front row
Tryna profile and pose
Tempers flare if you dare
To step on their toes
Just can't enjoy themselves
Like they're supposed
Can't get them open

'Cause they keep their minds closed
Chose to remain frame froze
Every week wear the same clothes
Nevertheless, thinking that we're impressed
By the style of the dress
Coming through in his best
Goose down bubble vest
Strapped tight to his chest
Like he's straight bulletproof
Before you get a hand up
You gotta pull a tooth
So tell me what's the use
If you pay twenty bones
To see me rock the microphone
And you can't get loose
Won't get it on
Sucka ass
Shoulda just kept ya ass home
'Cause most bros that I know
Be up in the show
Up in the front row
Too hard to say "Hooo!"
Screw face on
Like we're 'bout to go to blows
Hat pulled low
Too cool to say "Hoooooo!"

[CHORUS]

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