

Cee Lo Green

"Glockapella"

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(sang)

Brother... you've been on my mind

Oh brother

We've changed over time so

Brother, I'm keeping my eyes on you

I bet you don't think I know no bett'(er)

But singing the blues

Oh but brother have I got news for you

I'm something... and I know you know that I'm

something too

(chuckle)

Yeah, usually I don't get into all this battle rap shit and all that

Shit's stupid

But I'm gonna address it

And after I get it off my chest may God bless it

I will invest four minutes exactly for everyone who had the audacity to attack me

I kept quiet but perhaps I should have pushed this fire quicker

Cause to just sit with this shit I've only gotten sicker

Yet I react without even a crack in my composure

But the only way he knows to bring this shit to a closure

I'm worthy, and my associates and I named the South

Dirty

And I'm even for sale in Braille, the deaf, dumb and blind have heard me

But I ain't even breathin until I get an even 30

I could casually clap up the front of somebody's throwback jersey

You makin' me hafta talk this way, aintcha?

You makin' me hafta talk this way

You forcin me to walk this way

Maybe my album will get bought this way

Niggaz slow down around me, I make em superstitious

And one of my vices used to be wanting to look visually vicious

But instead I use my head and I fed niggaz something nutritious

But you will appreciate what a sacrifice this is
And I know you ambitious young men, you have my
best wishes
Have a piece of this pain on a platter, it's one of my
best dishes
When you assassinate my character, not one remark
misses
So it's gone get funky when I'm fryin these little fishes
Fuck fakin, there has been some offense

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