

Kmd

"Mr. Hood At Picalles Jewelry / Crackpot"

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Mr. Hood] Let's enter this jewelry shop.
[Zev Love] Ahc'mon Mr. Picalles man hook it up
14K def bracelet you can't beat it kid!
[Picalles] No I cannot do that.
This is not a pawn shop this is Picalles Jewelry!
Ahh Mr. Hood my favorite customer!
What can I do for you today?
[Mr. Hood] I would like to see some gold rings.
[Picalles] Ahh yes we have these stupid phat gold
rings
perfect for your masculine hands.
[Mr. Hood] Some earrings for my wife.
[Picalles] How about these elephant studded diamond
earrings,
perfect for the woman of your dreams.
[Mr. Hood] And a watch, for my cousin.
[Picalles] Ahh yes we have a Rolex for just under
three-thousand
seven-hundred and ninety-two.
[Mr. Hood] That is a beautiful watch.
[Zev Love] No actually it's two-thousand, three-
hundred
and thirty-six green.
[Mr. Hood] Many thanks for your help.
[Zev Love] Yeah he's always trying to jerk people!
[Mr. Hood] My name is Mr. Hood. What is your name?
[Zev Love] Hmm... yeah I'm Zev Love X from K.M.D.
[Mr. Hood] I am pleased to meet you.
[Zev Love] Oh yeah likewise uhh, how ya doin anyway?
[Mr. Hood] Perfectly well, thank you. And you?
[Zev Love] Ohh... I'm just chillin, ya see uhh
but I got one problem. I come in here to pawn this
bracelet, see cause this rhymin for nickels business
ain't makin it. What I need is a job uhh...
where you work at? They hiring?
[Mr. Hood] Follow this avenue (yeah) turn right at the
corner (uh-huh)
go to the left when you reach the square. (yeah)
It is the house next to the theater.
[Zev Love] Ohh. Huh. Yeah I know the line of work
you're in, yeah.
[Mr. Hood] Would you care for a spoon? They are not

too expensive.

[Zev Love] No go, I don't deal with that stuff.

As a matter of fact...

This reminds me of the days of dwelling with those who
killed off the weak for fancy clothes and hoes too
Not opposed to the picket fence dream
Where both lines are same side of the gate
It seems that it's all coming back to me now
Yeah ummmmm ahhhhh I figured it was about two
summers ago
No joking, no I lie to win
Cause it was a crackpot, yeah Crackpot Jenkins
I first met Crackpot in like Head Starts
And then I knew he wasn't too head smart cuz I
scribbled in art
He insisted on standing in the sandbox to collect
unknown
amounts of pebbles and stones to throw rocks
Dissin the wrist he flicked was suddenly an early
physics lesson
Two atoms can't occupy the same space
at the same time, acknowledged by the playground's
boot to wesson
Who felt pops rock then cracked pops face
Considering his aim, I warned he could hurt others with
his game
Ms. Kristmahn warned the same
Although, he didn't care the heat cuz in a decade and
one year
He continued to throw rocks for a career
Pain and more pain as he pelt rocks felt by
Every brother and brown will soon be dealt
One more rock thrown, ahh shoot
Under the van was a boy in a blue suit
Still a lot of rock throwin goin on up the block
But a pocket full of pebbles what locked up Crackpot
Should've used his wrists for the cut like Subroc
Maybe then he'd have avoided the cacophony jackpot
Yeah, the phony jackpot

[Zev Love] Yo man, we got much better things to do
with your time

[Mr. Hood] Show me something better

[Zev Love] What, something better? We built this place
man.

We're the Gods of the Universe, Kings and Queens
of the planet.

(If you or I could see this individual, we might call him
an

impractical dreamer, or a crackpot.)

[Zev Love] No, I'm not crackpot.
(Would you have seen the scientific, intellectual,
creative
genius, in a small ragged negro boy?)
[Zev Love] Uh-oh, uh-oh, ohh no. You're gonna set it off

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