

## **Lucky Boys Confusion "Child's Play"**

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I'm in the wrong fucking place, at the wrong fucking time

Don't worry motherfucker cause I'll still get mine

I know the magnitude of the right attitude

Remember one day you'll be showing me gratitude

Inevitably you will agree, your fragile ego I'm denting

Unnecessary jealousy, why are you resenting

Lucky Boys Confusion ripping leaves off clovers

Adam I'm about to send the limelight over, kid

Well, hello my my how the tables have turned

You got your new style and the tricks that you learned

From me, go let go of the ghetto phase

It's like everybody's trying to earn a buck these days

Ripping off my kids, with your ziplock bags

You think you're rolling now, you need to step the fuck back

We'll take care of Arizona, handle the schwag

Shorty got a brand new bag

When say opportunity knock on me door

Such a shame it's not the music, it's how much they score in their pocket

Now, the band plays I see the dollar sign in your eyes

But guess what Mr. Parasite we can see through all of

your lies

I'm rocking mic stands daily, I'm merely

Two blocks away from the venue,

It's not as if you can hear me, clearly

Bringing up on the styles which were ours, nearly

With help from the stars of the past

Enhanced with your modern day melodies

Beats that kick your ass and you agree

I'm not up here to rock the room alone

Stubhystyle pick up the microphone

I'm back by popular demand, some people don't  
understand

Why I'm laughing fucking up all the shit you planned

Cause your motives weren't true and either were you

Trying to figure out how I do the things I do

A word of advice if you already haven't

Go out, step out, special order some talent

Don't say I'm not a musician cause I can hold my own

And bitch I play the microphone

Ooooh, mama did you hear they want make me  
superstar

Ooooh, mama did you hear they're gonna make me a  
star

You seemed startled by the way that I approach the mic

But isn't my tongue spitting out all the things you like

Mixing flavors together like Neapolitan, tight

Clam baking the limousine

He sprinkles on his stardust before he hits the street  
A victim of his ego, pop rock society  
His gear is nice and trendy; you got your baggy jeans  
He's got a few piercings but nothing to extreme  
Radio friendly writings is the highway to money  
Maybe we'll be stars if we give them what they need  
I get twelve percent off the music I make  
And the image that they're selling you is fake

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