

Lucky Boys Confusion "Gwendolyn B. Sings Sin"

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Counting heads as I enter the room
Straight check the ration, but it's cool, it's cool
I'll be kicking rhymes in a self-fulfilling state
Until the consequence fades away
A shout out to my lady, Gwendolyn Brooks
She kicks the poetry, I add the hooks
We're here together to send a message
That not too much has changed, bring it in
Word, I grip the microphone, pass from the left
I want the bass up so I can feel it in my chest
Dig this accusation, not a brand new thought
Just to finer point in life that can't be taught
I got to focus on my attention on the real thing
Never realizing till it passes what it is, what it could be
Janis says get it while you can and this is true
Cause it may not be tomorrow but we die soon
We die soon
I'm gonna tell it to, gonna set it straight
So I can pass it on to you, watch it circulate, formulate
Rhymes, ideas, like a lit J
Passed around, found people got vices these days

You can shoot H in the veins or popping pills

But on the microphone I'm executing mad skills

I can spot a hundred thousand ways to avoid, avoid the truth

Because it may not be tomorrow but we die soon

Cruising listening to smooth jazz

Realizing lost my passion pazzazz for life

I'm under pressure and I'm not sure

But it looks like Lady Death is gonna come at her own leisure

Live it up, give it up, life's unpredictable

Gotta make sure not a second is dull

The throw down, the show down at high noon

It may not be this minute we die soon, lid

----- Krier, Pandav

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