

## Nicci Gilbert

# "Complications"

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(Chorus 2X: Scarub)

It's all too complicated  
The things I want are over-rated  
What i've achieved is understated  
All i get is aggravated  
I stay dedicated in Hip hop affiliated  
I wreck shop that summer hated  
So why my mind honestly fadded

(Scarub)

So have the nerve to ask me why I'm so melancholy  
I say i stay frustrated because I'm seeing secondary  
decaps with raps  
As in lightening as burnt out neon signs and liquor  
store windows  
Think about it, perhaps I'm too complex for the next  
man  
But i get decks when i see sims game respectful  
The answer is dimly advertising the obvious  
Obviously Scarub is a man who chooses to build while  
the rest simply insult  
your intelligence  
Cover it up with name brands and huh we'll call it  
entertainment(you hear  
that shit)  
I over heard a man say to a friend last night  
He went to some show and again was dissappointed  
That the performance was given(ohh no)  
Where's the fresh MC's at huh  
I thought to myself while you were out all night clubbing  
I hermit at home writing raps you and your homies be  
lovin and dubbin  
Exchanging tapes with your friends like Peeping out  
ain't it something  
Them Living Legends be bumping in the trunks and  
boom boxes  
walkman sound systems the best takes a mixers the  
perfect addictsor  
When combined with the ear some alchol or just high  
on life  
But when it comes to giving props folks ask like cheap

skates  
Or better yet like conservative women on the first date  
They brush you off with a handshake a hug maybe a  
kiss on the cheek  
But thats as far as it goes  
They won't fuck with ya(come on)  
They won't fuck with ya(Just a little)  
They may joke with ya smoke with ya toke with ya(come  
on)  
But they won't fuck with ya(why not)  
They won't fuck with ya(I'm a good guy)  
Hey I can fuck with ya but never go broke with ya(I  
thought you liked me)  
Whats going on

(Chorus)

(Scarub)  
Whats it in the name  
Then you'll probably ask me what it means  
Siam S-I-A-M Scarub is a man  
A creation composed of a body and a soul  
A spirit encompassed in a psyche gear towards mobile  
control  
Understood to the ability to communicate by means of  
speech  
I reach through as an invidiual that counter balance the  
majority  
Who literally sound and act the same  
Reminding me of herds of businessmen and their suits  
carrying their briefcases  
With their designer ties thrown over their shoulders  
A whole bunch of the same thing of what I'm trying to  
escape  
I rather chill with my crew  
Pop in a tape or better yet create more of what makes  
me feel good  
Meanwhile others create images that convince the  
poplace that they're real good  
I don't know about you but i find that fake shit too time  
consuming(Hell yeah)  
Like button flies and glamour girls  
Chop sticks and waiting on public transportation  
It's just verbal masterbation that they be placing on  
petastools  
Swear they dropping jewels  
It's pitiful how they be foolin fools  
That claim faketious figures that stand way out of their  
league  
I'm a pimp  
T'm a mack

I'm a this  
I'm a that  
More like an actor stuck in character playing out rap  
For once lets be honest with ourselves  
We can start with me decifile through the true and false  
and through away the  
fallicies  
I'm not a killer  
I'm too high on life to make an end  
I'm not a criminal  
Deserved everything i took  
I'm not your nigga  
I'm much bigga  
Then you figga  
When asked what is ya(What is ya)  
I'm a man  
You know what I'm saying it's like people are so stuck  
on what their names  
are that they don't even focus on the music anymore  
it's it's all

(Chorus)

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