

Solé

"We Ain't Fessin'"

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[Sole, Dose-One, Alias]

We ain't fessin' this friendship
All live crews turn to dust
We're from the middle of nowhere
Da dadu dade deda
If you want to high post, I'll watch you fall of a pedestal
We feel safe on the soapbox
Da dede de dede du
It's the return of the demo, and you can't dub us over
We're being ourselves, why the secret decoder?
We ain't fessin', hell read it
Ain't a one trick intention
Keep your guilt to yourself
Da dede du denden
It's as danceable and positive tip as it is a movement
and dark
Signing is so relative
I mean, why even sign art?

[Dose-One]

I ain't business man hollow
I ain't happy man meat
I see the sky as a socket
I can't sleep, I don't eat
There's a bird in my throat
And a ghost in my place, so I wail
I am to the truth as the truth is to coincidence
Imagine holding onto one quarter for the rest of your
life
So I broke, thunder words beside a cork set
Holy smokes! English class was vomit
Why it's hip hop music let me get the chills
Where my good people at?
I need a cat sitter
And don't give up on the song write, cause
Lethal ain't fessin'

[Alias]

With the tintinnabulation heard above every third word
Through sealed lashes I grasp at straws
Who's the victor?
I ask the mannequins with the detachable hands

Hidden from their reach to pass the dutchie on the left
hand side
Currently residing in opposite currents
Making for an interesting commute
I do the kick step
In an attempt to reacquaint myself with what I thought
I was in love with
Plus to boot I'd like to return to excitement
Of one strap down with my reflection in my shoes
And the practiced frown that carried over and cursed
me
With being unapproachable
Why you jelling?
You know why...

[Sole]
How am I?
I'm good
But the real good stuff don't make it to page
I applied for Howard Hughes but live off less than
minimum wage
How are they?
The same as last time I saw them
Waiting for Nintendo games to turn to money trees
And all that's cool to no shows
And we turned everything around and gave them "Kick
me" signs
Cause mine is too short to get direction from college
grads
Who can't change car tires
Is it me or is everything in here boring to death
And wants you to date it?
Only interesting long enough to make you hate it
I've spend the last ten years drawing curtains to hide
behind
And I'll be damned if they give my job
To some snot nosed MC look alike
Who matches his hundred dollar shoes with a hundred
dollar shirt
Straight from the sole, I ain't fessin'...

[Sole, Alias, Dose]
Two and a half since we met
We'll be rich in six months (repeated)
No friends
No choice
No friends no choice no deal (2x)
All of this for next to nothing

