

## Dead Poetic

### "Discipline"

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- Peace,  
- Who dis?  
- Yo, this Deedon Nigga, what's the deal Rob?  
- Peace, what's the deal you knowwhatI mean?  
- Yo these niggaz having this be Healthy shit today son  
(Yeah) you know how  
That shit is going down (Word) it's gonna be mad trees  
(Damn), mad snaz (Man) ya  
Mean you know how we gon do.  
- Yeah son I can't even fuck wit it man nah mean I got  
mad shit to do son  
- Yo son stop playing (Come on)  
- Man I wish I could fuck wit you man. (Do that shit  
tomorrow or something)  
- Yeah I wish I can go man but I got mad shit to do, this  
shit comes first you  
Know? You know how it is man  
- Yeah I hear you man, you know I'm gonna hold it down  
and represent for you  
Man P.e.o.p.l.e  
-Call me baby, one love  
-Yeah Peace

Discipline makes things easier, organize your life  
Discipline makes things easier, organize your life  
Uh um, uh um, it's gonna be alright  
Uh um, uh um, it's gonna be fine  
Uh um, uh um, it's gonna be alright  
Uh um, uh um, it's gonna be fine

Discipline, discipline (practice makes pefect)  
Discipline, discipline (Health is wealth)  
Discipline, discipline (All things in moderation, plan  
your work work your plan)

Discipline (repeats until end of song fading out)

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