

The Grouch "Neglected"

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Feat. Eligh

(Female voice - talking)

Hey Grouch, I heard your new album
It's so great, I really like it a lot
Hey, um... can I get a tape or something?
Hey, what are you guys doing at the Outhouse?
Can I come over?
Hey lets kick it

(Grouch)

Momma what's wrong with me, I've got a lovely family
and friends
And that's enough to make ends meet, fuck dividends
But I'll be livin' in a lonely ass world
Searchin' for the perfect woman, not a little girl
See, they be dressin' all trashy actin' sassy
Spreadin' em for flashy fast talkers with the cash, me
I can't compete with that,
I use a beat and raps, to fill the gap within my soul
But that's gettin' old
And I be gettin' told told to spit game man
But to me that shits lame, I use my mind not a pick-up
line
It's sick how quick they find comfort in a one night sin
I might end up celibate for the hell of it
And tell a grip of stories, 'bout how I want a wife
How they be lookin' nice, but don't be actin' right
And if you slackin' they might lead you to debt
Take your last givin penny, the thought makes me
stress
Unless, I find a woman with a strong sense of self
respect,
I'll be alone, fiending cause I felt neglect

How can something so good be so evil?
Something so right be so wrong?
I want to put trust into people
But I can't so I speak with my song

How can something so good be so evil?
Something so right be so wrong?

I want to put trust into people
But I can't so I speak with my songs

(Eligh)

I grab the notion by the throat
That maybe some day I'll be accompanied
By somebody who trusts in me, deeply
Seeping through walls and blockades
With stockades of armour, and self propelled hand
grenandes
I can tell the age by the rings under her eyes
So when the mental drift develops it comes with no
surprise
Unlike most guys I analize, discuss
Organize and thrust forth with new skin
Like a reptilian, not a warm blooded civilian
I've decided even though I fiend it
There's too much shit to catch to do it
And not mean it
Teamin' up on the left and the right
My brain in a vice
Constant rain over my shoulder
And the lightning strikes more than twice
I've hiked through the hot spots
And stood like a statue on city streets
Too busy to notice me
My potency
And the potential poetry seem to be documented
I wont be bothered by bitches I keep my watch
extended
Feet to cement, I walk away because you pretended

If your walking down the street and you see me all
alone
Don't talk to me, I'm in my own place not to be trashed
By any fake dash of a woman of a woman that's
attractive
Like you...
Actin' like your walkin' away

Walk Away...
Walkin Away...
(X3 fading...)

Get to steppin!

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