

Michael Franti & Spearhead

"Gas Gauge"

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At days arrival one man at the table
Eatin' corn flakes checkin out the paper
His brother walks in from a hard nights caper
Half hungover and looking for his pager
What's in the news today did we find a saviour
Nah I'm just looking for some part time labor
By the way did you remember put the gas in my ride
Or must I remind ya how I lost my last job
Chill with all that chatter
Ya know ya need to stall
Trust me baby bro that's what big brotha's for
Uh uh, I got interviews today
So don't even front about my broken gas gauge
By the way things are looking it's a very good day
If I could ever find my wallet I'll be on my way
Bigger brotha steps to his girlfriend's place
Just then the phone rings and it was moms to say
Remind ya big brotha it's your cousin's birthday
And I'ma need a half dozen eggs for the cake
No problem moms I'll tell him later in the day
But now I can't find my wallet gotta go I'm late

[Chorus]

The world's in your hands
Don't waste... don't waste your time

Back to the saga
The car wouldn't start up JJJJhhhh..JJJJhhhh there he goes
Now he's rolling like a baller
Out of the city and into the woods
For a job with a hammer where the pay is good
Reaches in the back seat for his favorite tape
Uuuh a condom from his brotha's last date
Damn my lazy no good brotha
And just as he says it, the car starts to sputter
And sputter, until it outright stops
The gas tank empty, not even a drop
I'm gonna choke that nigga when I reach my spot
Three miles from no place and now I gotta walk
To the top of the hill and down again
'round the bend page my broth from the old fruit stand

The phone ring rings yo it's me your big brotha
I told ya not to sweat me when I'm laying with my lover
What! You punk ass broke muthafukka
I told ya cut the crap when it came to my endeavors
Chill baby bro and don't even start it there's a gallon in
The trunk and if ya need more fart it
Some of my shit along with ya lost wallet
Is in the glove box kid, the mystery solv-en
Take what's yours and leave mine where ya saw it
My baby's calling gotta go stay solid

[Chorus]

So he hung up the phone in a rush to leave
I forgot to tell my brotha 'bout the cake recipe
Star 69 so he pushed it in
But by now the bigger brotha was pursuing some skins
The phone ring rings - don't answer it
It's my little brotha calling fuckin' with me again
So he beeped him back a one two more times
But he was already naked with his Valentine
Damn - I Gotta - get back to the ride What the hell's
Going on with this day of mine,
Once again up the hill down the other side
What the fucks a cop doin' snooping by my ride
yo officer - check it - out everything is fine
I just ran outta gas and now I'm running outta time
Slow down boy this ain't no race
I can tell you kinda people ain't from this place
Tell ya what turn around put ya hands on the hood
And ya best act good just like a good boy should
Listen up holdup - I'm speaking the truth
See I'm just trying to get to this here job interview
Shut them lips boy don't let 'em get no bigger
Or I'm gonna have to say I was attacked by a nigger
Now if you wanna make it through the morning with me
I suggest you wise up and show me valid I.D.
Chill man - awright - problem - we solve it
My brotha put my wallet in the glove box compartment
Aw'ight you can get it but ya don't move quick
Just remember I'm behind ya with a full up clip
He opens up the box and to their surprise
Out pops a wallet and the bigger brothers nine
The cop shouts "Freeze"
Raise ya hand kid he reaches for his wallet
And the cop goes blam
Damn - pulp fiction in the car
Another dead homey tryin' a find a job
MMM MMm MMm
Back at the crib bigger brotha laying up and girlfriend
says

Maybe you should give ya little brother a call
And don't forget it's ya cousin's birthday after all
I will in a minute please let me be
I think he left me a message on the message machine
Big brotha - I'm gonna be home late
And I'm afraid that my day has been great
Can I remind you if it's not too late
To get a half dozen eggs for the birthday cake

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