

## Grouch "Give And Take"

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I work my fingers to the bone  
My elbow grease heaps  
Benefits get reaped, I keep talk to a minimum  
Props are never rendered on my own  
Iâ'm my master, sellin' tapes for cash  
Fuck the middle-man bastards, though  
It've been faster to take that route  
I'm observant, those who didn't  
Thats unfortunate how it turned out  
I learned early that beatin' fools is a worldly trade  
Man how you gonna profit off the music that I make  
C'mon now, I'll trade you for somthin' equal  
But robbing artists blind isn't the way to be treatin'  
people  
And, I can see that its gonna take some sweat  
But perseverance plus the talent forms a weapon,  
And, we steppin' in fresher this year  
Objects in the rear view are closer than they appear

Chorus:

It's a give and take  
What you're given's what they take  
There's no leftovers  
Only scraps on the plate (x2)

Give me a break, what do they have to pay for?  
The energies from earth, what do they own that to?  
A slew of bills fill my mailbox on the month  
The numbers stump me like math  
I gotta pay to take a bath, what?  
Pay to see my ass  
And pay for them to haul away the trash when it's full  
Pay to heat my food  
And pay to watch the tube,  
And if I don't have cable there's no channels for me to  
flip  
And that's more grip, and if you're poor, shit  
They only give a few extensions  
Dimensions of the plot run thick  
Pretty soon we'll pay for air when they figure out how to  
sell it  
Tell it like you know it and everybody wants to laugh

Probably never hear the truth 'til they take away the  
cash

Chorus (x2)

So many ways to drain the lifespan  
Sometimes I worry late at night and  
Try to fight the urge to smoke that beady  
But despite man's will  
Still my lungs are smoke filled  
And I hope to build with better tools  
But I be playin' the fool still  
Like let me get a sausage McMuffin with eggs  
A lil' liquor to get on a fade  
I would really have it made  
If she would spread her legs  
Probably aid me to my death before I got the chance to  
age  
Wagin' war all my life  
But even if I didn't  
Somebody else could do it  
And wish me my good riddance  
When I'm gone  
Send me on my path my merry way  
Time is but the test  
We livin' in scary days

Chorus (x2)

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