

Stick Figure "Smoke Stack"

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its the time time to hold on
i'm back up on the mic and singing all night long
when i got the force nothing can go wrong
when i got the style i'm drinking all night long
shit got whack, get off of my back
always moving forward on a one way track
never looking back, no picking up slack
aint got no enemies, still upon the attack..
don't call upon me to break down your door
i wont live like this this no more
oh not no more

so i sail out to the sea, there was nothing left for me
but everything thats great but its gone eventually
so i need some room to breath,
from confusion and this greed got everything you want
so don't blame me

listen to the voice up inside your head
I listened to words that your father-man said
he said no more

and finally you see, it's how its gonna be
nothing is for certain, prepare it mentally
and even if you bleed, even if you feel
take a look around, nothing round is real here many
time it
many time it seem now life is but a dream now
When your on on the ground down
feel power up inside you
and i dont know
what else i can say
i'm looking and i feel like
i'm living in a ghost town
dont call upon me to break down your door
i wont live like this this no more
no no more

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