

Kero One "Tempted"

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(Verse 1)

The phone rings, it's a quarter to 9
I'm slippin' on some fresh kicks and jacket with
matching lining
my boys on the line and announcing the time and
how I need to hurry cause its bout to be live man
a parties jumping off Dj's bringin beats
my boys bringing his girl, the one he met last week
mad geeked he says peace and ends the conversation
with that
not sure what to expect, but that's the beauty perhaps
so I rush out of my crib followed by the door
meet up, get to the club, make my way to the floor,
I'm seeing girls showing flesh, dancing shoes in full
effect
my boys in the vicinity his girls to his left
rubbing her bootie on me, when his heads turned right
yo a cutie indeed, damn, but something ain't right
so I ignore her gestures, and proceed with my business
just enjoying music and some physical fitness
and when the nights over yo we're back at my boys crib
he dips to the store, so I'm alone with his mistress
she sits at a distance ..but what is this?
She's throwing charm like javelins traveling within
inches
I duck and dodge but now her hands on my leg
damn she's creeping towards red I hold my head and
beg

(Chorus)

Father, don't let me be tempted, cause I been that
route
sayin father don't let me be tempted I been there
before
(repeat)

(Verse 2)

And after nights like that, I'm dead tired at work
behind on deadlines and a boss that's a jerk
2 years under my belt, sitting here, what's the worth?
staring at a screen until my vision is blurred
word, I'm trying to get by, cause I must survive

living for measly checks till the day that I die?
never that, settle that I hear a voice in my head sing
just then I see a pen and timecard for weeks ending
yeah I worked plenty, but the question is when
I can say I worked 20 when I only did 10
and pretend, cause with the extra ends there's plenty
to spend on
or if accounts in the red, its what I'll depend on
once the rents gone, and its due real soon
so I'm convincing myself, my lies could be true
and its funny, how money can change your thinking
like a boat that floats false hope when your sinking
I'm flinching I pause with a pen in my palm
I see two doors so to my lord I sing this song...

(Chorus)

Saying father, don't let me be tempted, cause I been
that route
saying father don't let me be tempted I been there
before
(repeat)

(Verse 3)

I'm saying, twist ya thinking caps to the side
I'm saying one time for your mind one time
I'm like walking the ave on a hot ass day
just got off that job with that modest pay
but yo I'm on my way hold up on my way
banks close at 6 and cash is calling my name
so as I rush the door I brush shoulders with this
stranger
who gets angered, throwing curses my way
straight disturbed but I say "sorry man" and keep
walking
but he keeps talking shouting "chink!" from his coffin
often that words left herbs bloody like tampons
the setting's ironic cause someone's bout to get
banked on
I'm amped son, blood is pumping through veins
I'm making knuckle sandwiches and lunch is on me
now
i know with every pickle there's a way out
just brush my shoulders off and go with the safe route
but this time it's different, or is it? I play out
these thoughts in my mind, then from my mouth I sang
out

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