

## Grieves "Identity Cards"

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(Grieves)

Well i spend a lot of time looking at the ground  
with my hands out in front of me and my heads in the  
clouds  
it ain't typical, screw it, I ain't your typical man  
I'm living the way i wanna and doing the best i can  
plus a lot of people wanna break out the nooses  
pull down the sun and charge everybody to use it  
but I've decided I'm a keep to myself  
and plus i never needed a reason to be anything else  
I mean, look at me, I ain't covered in gems  
I don't know what hyphy means, dude and neither do  
my friends  
I don't go to the club, I don't fight for fun  
shit, I'm almost 25 and i ain't never shot a gun  
but i do like drinking and shopping on the internet  
and trying to get lucky to jump in wit the living legends  
so you can take it the way that you wanna see it  
and say whatever you want, i ain't never gonna believe  
it

Out of sight out of mind these days call me two sheets  
into the wind they wanna tell me to how to walk wanna  
tell me how to talk wanna tell me how to die wanna tell  
me how to live (i like the way that i live)  
Out of sight out of mind these days call me fucked up  
and fine with it all, they wanna tell me how to live,  
wanna tell me how to die, wanna tell me how to rise,  
wanna tell me how to fall

(Luckyiam.PSC)

I attack the grace, take a moment for reflection,  
lucky is a problem prolly need an intervention  
so i think i should let you see the obvious, I'm gifted  
like presents under the tree on December 25th is  
surprise!  
I'm a fly dude, my rhyming gets a little denied  
when I'm a hide due(?)  
so ima take a hit at this pride and try to find you  
ima take a minute to dry so ima shine true  
im conflicted with inner demons  
ganging up on all of my good

i gotta feeling its wrong  
but it feel right, ignorance is bliss right?  
lately ive been thinking a change can make a good life  
perhaps for that i laugh and rap  
and manage to roll and tap ass  
so lass, im bad, im torn, im fat  
consider this a wealth from the bitter bullshitter

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Hi, my names Ben and I'm afraid of the apocalypse  
murder dice told me what it was and i lost my shit  
people tell me that im easily influenced  
i wear wet laundry and im skinny as a toothpick  
im pretty into music, but i dance like shit  
and every bartender that ive encountered thinks im a  
kid  
so, bouncers dont like me cus i look 16,  
but make a damn fine living off a good 16

A good 16 is what im known for  
but a great 19 is my thing on tour  
i lead her up on my bus best believe i score  
lucky lusts, lucky busts, lucky hes a whore,  
hes a poor role model for sure  
he cant trust his own gut no more,  
so he gets stuck the mistakes aint learned  
probably chase those sluts til the day I get burned

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