

The Chicharones

"5000"

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Verse 1

JM: I be Doing my best impression
Of that motherfucker Charlton Heston
Not til you pry my words from my cold dead hands
And these old wrote notes wrote with old ass pens
Will I ever give in to things I hold principles on
paly instruments of influence
with balance drawn lights off and on
its complicated between hopes and hatred

Sleep: Just fading away waiting patient but it's
getting the best of me lately
and the weights breaking me down
I'm out of breath out of next steps
seems out of my reach out of my league want out of
debt
I'm working hard be certain of that I've raised
the bar
I've gained my scars got a purpose in rap I played
my part
I'm in the history when the town appears on the
map
and you can miss me when I'm out of here...

Chorus

I'm out of here I'm out of here
I'm out of here I'm way out
I ain't ever gonna get through to you
way out here
just looking for something just don't know what it is

Verse 2

JM: If you don't know and can't find out what it
is
That bugs you, when you bug out you can't outrun
you
Run from the girl who tells you that she loves you
Like you walking on the edge of the cliff and just she
nudge you
Is it better, to be better Than not to be
not necessarily bad but not much better
regrets will getcha no rocks to roll with.

Just want someone to stroll with Drink cold beers and
grow colas
Be conscience be focused. What else?
Long term growth, especially of myself..
Fix this hot mess I call my love life
I love life (this much) but donâ€™t have no love life.
Im Out of here, I need to right old wrongs,
Fix this old dog broke down by social flaws.
Social butterfly opening doors, opening bras,
Iâ€™m deep in its jaws, Iâ€™m out of here.

Verse 3

Sleep: Now my penâ€™s my pal my then and now
similar my friends can vouch
I get it out with syllables since I was a kid, Iâ€™ve been
about it
bouncing around ounce on the counter lounge on the
couch with no encounters acting bananas paying the
bills with soda cans in my anchor head manor
Some would say the glory days have came and went
away
but I'm a believer those kids are deceived I'm keeping
it moving for those days
remember the conversations the hours of plotting to
make the nation see
the NW was here to fill the vacancy.
And still we kill it we stay building real deal not swag
acting like we the illest
Iâ€™m a diligent intelligent city slicker hooligan
nit picker for relevance a tic away from rule again
my Mic's luminous soon Iâ€™m assuming the form of
cumulus
stupid kid get a clue the acid rainâ€™s the proof of it!
Iâ€™m a moon mover a planet rocker a tidal waver
an approved ruler a soundscaper a dragon slayer

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