

**Alias****"We Ain't Fessin'"**

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[Sole, Dose-One, Alias]We ain't fessin' this friendship  
All live crews turn to dust  
We're from the middle of nowhere  
Da dadu dade deda  
If you want to high post, I'll watch you fall of a pedestal  
We feel safe on the soapbox  
Da dede de dede du  
It's the return of the demo, and you can't dub us over  
We're being ourselves, why the secret decoder?  
We ain't fessin', hell read it  
Ain't a one trick intention  
Keep your guilt to yourself  
Da dede du denden  
It's as danceable and positive tip as it is a movement  
and dark  
Signing is so relative  
I mean, why even sign art?

[Dose-One]I ain't business man hollow  
I ain't happy man meat  
I see the sky as a socket  
I can't sleep, I don't eat  
There's a bird in my throat  
And a ghost in my place, so I wail  
I am to the truth as the truth is to coincidence  
Imagine holding onto one quarter for the rest of your  
life  
So I broke, thunder words beside a cork set  
Holy smokes! English class was vomit  
Why it's hip hop music let me get the chills  
Where my good people at?  
I need a cat sitter  
And don't give up on the song write, cause  
Lethal ain't fessin'

[Alias]With the tintinnabulation heard above every third  
word  
Through sealed lashes I grasp at straws  
Who's the victor?  
I ask the mannequins with the detachable hands  
Hidden from their reach to pass the dutchie on the left

hand side  
Currently residing in opposite currents

Making for an interesting commute  
I do the kick step  
In an attempt to reacquaint myself with what I thought  
I was in love with  
Plus to boot I'd like to return to excitement  
Of one strap down with my reflection in my shoes  
And the practiced frown that carried over and cursed  
me  
With being unapproachable  
Why you jelling?  
You know why...

[Sole]How am I?  
I'm good  
But the real good stuff don't make it to page  
I applied for Howard Hughes but live off less than  
minimum wage  
How are they?  
The same as last time I saw them  
Waiting for Nintendo games to turn to money trees  
And all that's cool to no shows  
And we turned everything around and gave them "Kick  
me" signs  
Cause mine is too short to get direction from college  
grads  
Who can't change car tires  
Is it me or is everything in here boring to death  
And wants you to date it?  
Only interesting long enough to make you hate it  
I've spend the last ten years drawing curtains to hide  
behind  
And I'll be damned if they give my job  
To some snot nosed MC look alike  
Who matches his hundred dollar shoes with a hundred  
dollar shirt  
Straight from the sole, I ain't fessin'...

[Sole, Alias, Dose]Two and a half since we met  
We'll be rich in six months (repeated)  
No friends  
No choice  
No friends no choice no deal (2x)  
All of this for next to nothing

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