

12 Stones

"Tribute"

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This one is dedicated to the excitable ones
Not the possums playing dead messing with my head
"X" amount of action, "X" amount of games
For years again I tell you the same, ooh ooh ooo

Gone already to the bored of it all type, lingo
that I'm seein every single night I'm out
Bustin' head for it but your's gets busted right back
Lip split and, I messed up but I got back tryin'
Don't bother lying 'bout constant dissapointment
But the fun in the hunt so quit actin' on a front
You're unmotivaded You're sorta faded
But the remedy is not so get on with what you got

Remember "Lady of Guadelupe"
The times my mother made mole
After mass we would get home
The girls running to the phone
And I'm in my bedroom the 45 on my record player
Was "We're in this love together"
At the time I never realized how songs haunted
The ones that I heard I played because I wanted
Drawing on my wall from time to time coolin'
Making creatures come alive with no schoolin'

When I'm on the microphone
The method that I make is much patience
The method that I make is much patience
I wait for the beat and then I make sense
I'm comin' in hot forgot you definitely got no clue
I'm comin' in hot you got you definitely got so rude
Boy actin' coy but you got nuts like Almond Joy
I tell ya this is a tribute

No one looks as foolish as the excitable ones
But then again there's no one has as much fun
"X" amount of action, "X" amount of games
For years again I tell you the same, ooh ooh ooo

Once I met a man who made nearly no mistakes
He would never bet on a longshot

Never bet on a break and
He's condescending and talks gossip galore
But the dude was definitely such a bore
Hear me now I messed up but I got back trying
Don't bother lying 'bout constant dissapointment
But the fun is in the hunt so quit actin' on a front
Yeah, unmotivated you're sort faded
But the real man is not
The one hiding behind the gunshot, boom!

Time travelin' through my memory
There's a younger doug gazin' at the galaxy
Space trippin' vato of the stars
Searchin' for UFO's from Neptune and Mars
Ode to an alien I know you're out there
Cosmic lonely heart tell me if you care
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground
I'm listening for your sound, here on the ground

When I'm on the microphone
The method that I make is much patience
The method that I make is much patience
I wait for the beat and then I make sense
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I'm vexing many mofos but I'm wishing you the best
I keep 'bout half my lyrics and I throw out the best
Cause fly on by, you can if you want
The method that makes sense is patience
Hear me now I messed up but I got back trying
Don't bother lying 'bout constant dissapointmen

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