

## Promoe

# "Constant Consumption"

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I wandered along was pondering on  
The following day and the following song

### Verse 1

Meanwhile on the other side of town  
On the mean streets some kids ride around  
I got home, some ideas jotted down  
Turned out the lights, went to sleep not a sound  
While they blowin in the wind living but no rules  
But the street's, yo they living but no roots  
None of us is over given the whole truth  
Most of us is just driven on cold fuels  
Super leaded and super deaded who- where over  
For loot and credit we're shootin' steady  
We're heated up in the heat of the moment  
Speeded up just to beat his opponent  
Grim reaper's in gym sneakers with pimp features  
But we all got the same teachers  
North, south, west or eastside  
Meanwhile I dream I kick a freestyle going...

### Chorus

Tick tock you don't stop  
We got pick pockets corrupt cops  
We got petty thieves in baggy jeans  
Baggards and bootleggers and angry teens  
Politic tick tock you don't stop  
We got shots smugglin' crack rock  
Conjunction junction what's your function  
Constant Consumption that's your function

Let me tell the world how I wish  
There could be something, anyting  
In this world for me...

### Verse 2

Flippin' motorolas, sippin' Coca-colas  
In a sunny resort with chickens on they shoulders  
Meanwhile on the rich side of town  
Kids got sweet dreams of street dreams  
Thanks to gangsta fairytales they smoke dank and

Marinate

To music that their parents hate, but they can't relate  
To anything that their parent say  
It's all hypocrisy and lies, they react with hate  
Blowin' in the wind livin' by no rules  
Their parents are tired ain't giving 'em no roots  
No guidance, they ain't tellin the whole truth  
Kids captivated by the mike check 1, 2

Chorus

Let me tell the world how I wish  
There could be somewhere, anywhere  
In this world for me...

Verse 3

Meanwhile, back on my side of town  
I wake up tryin to spot what I jotted down  
Radio playin' loud with the rugged sound  
Interrupted by the news of a kid, and other kids that  
Shot him down  
26 years old just like me  
Aspirations and hopes just like me  
He was playin' a role just like me  
Now his story got told just slightly  
Now he's packaged and sold just like me  
Well god rest his soul cus this might be  
Cynical but he fitted in a rhyme pattern  
In a time where rhymes matter more that a life  
Shattered  
Meanwhile, on the other side of the world  
Same sun, moon and stars same things occur  
Some things better and some things worse  
Same people struggle, same visions are blurred  
By state supervision or state super prisoner  
Private owned, let's break through for shizzle cus  
Meanwhile in the penal  
Kids locked down for life, thay ain's kickin'  
Freestyles going...

Chorus

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