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## Afrob Feat. Meli ''It Goes''

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[Slug]

Now, when you come to apply for a job

Don't tell 'em you're homeless

'Cause I promise they won't hire you

And if they like your songs

Just nod your head and play along

Never tell 'em what inspires you

I bet my fans know me better than my friends do

Because my friends don't pay that much attention

The fans memorize every single sentence

Which makes them far too smart to ever start a friendship

I need to start writing pieces about other people's problems

'Cause strangers are starting to get worried

I'm in a hurry to try to slow the system down a bit

And find happiness before I hit thirty

OK, OK, I've said too much

I wear my heart on my sleeve

When all I need to do is write a hit

Somebody should a showed me how to shut up and breathe

'Cause there's a time and place to bite your lip

It goes peace to phobia

For the boots made for walking

Now if only Best Buy could break me off with a

Walkman

Everything would be fine

I could spend time smiling

Instead of pulling a sad clown around this island

I've got no suggestions

Well, maybe one

Leave my type alone when you decide to touch that

microphone

See, me and you

We're on different pages

We're in different stages

We've got different flavors

I'mma let you do your thing

Just as long as your thing

Ain't got a single thing to do with me and what I'm

trying to bring

But if my name crosses your lips

You better guard your tongue

Pardon me, give me my respect, and keep it all in fun

If I had extra time I'd walk around and shake

everybody's hand

(Like, how you doin' my man?)

But I'm not allowed

I'm trying to beat the clock now

So I'm out, right after I rock this crowd

It goes: ola ola olaaa (yeah)

Ola ola olaaa (2x)

It goes: one two three four five

Six seven eight nine ten

And all I ever wanted out of live was rhymin'

Either from me or an innocent bystander

I wasn't that picky, just give it to me quickly

Whatever it takes, to cook these cakes

You wanna hear your voice but don't know nothing

'bout the breaks

And it's obvious you haven't found your place

Got me askin', 'Who is he?"

"How did he end up in my city?"

I'm the crocodile that the trucker tried to wrestle

I'm the main ingredient from yesterday's special

Close the hole and push that level

I'll chop the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you

And I'll be damned if I ever climb another tree

From here on, the squirrels and birds can come to me

From sun to sun and from sea to sea

(Girl, they call me Slug, do you wanna make love?)

Now all the leaders in the place, throw your hands in

the air

All the feeders in the house, throw your hands in the air All the thinkers here tonight, put your hands in the air

Anybody we forgot, you can stand there and stare

Yeah, you remember, tracksmart (?), off to a bad start

The way I used to carry got buried in the backyard

Caught between a scotch and a cinnamon Pop-Tart

The bell doesn't work, foo, you better knock hard

Line by line, I'm doing fine

Ideas on my mind for my time

Hail when my kind does leave behind

They'll find that I was the one that died trying

I would never trade the way I am for the way I'm not

My crew is kinda popular, we get to play a lot

And my son thinks that I am the coolest thing in the world

'Cause he's still too young to fall in love with girls

It goes: ola ola olaaa

Yeah, you're listening to the cool sounds of

Atmosphere

Ola ola olaaa

From Minneapolis, Minnesota

Ola ola olaaa

Givin' a shout-out to the whole world

Ola ola olaaa

And we'd like to tell all of y'all, it goes:

Ola ola olaaa

To y'all

Ola ola olaaa

To us

Ola ola olaa

Now band, shut up, let the bassman do his thing, shush

It's like that and

It's like that and

It's like this and

It's like this and (2x)

It goes: ola ola olaa

Ola ola olaaa (3x)

It goes...

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