Zion I & The Grouch "Faint of Heart"

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[Hook-The Grouch]

This ain't for the weak-hearted, go on and suck up the pain

All things to gain, we're gonna reach farthest It ain't for the weak-hearted, I'm 'bout to lock in my aim No need to explain, we ride the beat hardest

[Verse 1-The Grouch]

Attention span low, I paint a Van Gogh, though Grew into man slow, with help from Han Solo's I'm the Skywalker, I talk the way I want to be But sometimes how I am and that don't always agree I been down hallways and streets, corridors with alley cats

Nueve York to Cali, that's a lot of land to frolic in I done some groveling, some disappointing squandering

Took what they was offerin', fools thought it was all for them

Let's all pretend, until you can't scratch the itch When everything they say is should have, most can't probably get

So you hope more, you smoke more, you go broke more

Tempted to do what they do, what would you weaken your scope for

Ain't speakin' a folklore, just lore's, folks

They put you in then rue you, then you ain't as pure, nope

The strangest part about it is, the stronger you are
The better that you're gonna feel, it shouldn't be hard,
but it is

[Hook-The Grouch]

This ain't for the weak-hearted, go on and suck up the pain

All things to gain, we're gonna reach farthest It ain't for the weak-hearted, I'm 'bout to lock in my aim No need to explain, we ride the beat hardest It's like a fable how I walk, and stand stable's a myth Born off in the sauna lyres like a curse and a gift They say I'm scales, the truth is I'm strong and I'm frail Standin' in the line of fire, gettin' wet from the hail My philosophic bed keep me semi-confident While I'm residin' inside the United States, it be apocalypse

Gotta get better than this, inside I'm strugglin' The wind, it speaks spiritual tones, stock prices tumblin'

Hungerin' for somethin' much mo' out of this life And I'm sho', inside my heart, I'll probably find a trap do'

I know we holy, but I'm only human, homie, feelin' lonely

Sometimes, sit at home with my rhymes, hope they console me

Hold me close the way a chorus zone be I hear it moanin', I'm roamin' the planet spittin' my poems to the dome

And on and on until the breaker take me up to the Lord And I'm walkin' the path until I'm soarin'

[Hook-The Grouch]

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