

Cale Sampson

"Full Speed Ahead"

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[Intro] I put a lot of focus on the lyrical side of writing songs And I think like in a nutshell, Like anybody who's my friend or who's supported me and seen me perform, like on multiple occasions throughout the years I think they know that the time has a come for a Cale Sampson solo album [Cale Sampson] I rap full speed ahead bro My brain races faster than a corvette goes Usually I do impress folks When I go off like alarms that detect smoke Listen to Cale he's got one of the best flows Rhymes with the same thing whatever he says yo Spittin' lines, you have to respect so I get love but I still have to expect foes Listen up this is kind of grotesque yo Wish we could sentence Bush to death row Give him the chair, fry him with some electrodes 'Till he looks like he's about to just explode Can't believe people re-elect those Presidents who won before with incorrect votes Now we need new leaders to spread hope We all knew soon we'd be seeing a dead pope Seriously, hope you can get jokes I speak my mind and sometimes it upsets folks This is something I have to confess though I used to swear so much as a kid I was fed soap {*Cale Sampson Sniffs nose twice*}, don't have a perfect nose 'Cuz I caught one too many direct blows Looks like the exorcist when my head goes Around in a circle like some kind of possessed ghost Soon as their chests grow, girls wear less clothes So much flesh shows, they're practically exposed Might have a breast poke, pop out their dress so Their parents say, "let's hope to god, it gets cold!" Far as duress goes, my level of stress grows Wish I was less broke, wasn't in debt so Soon as my cheques grow, I'm able to spread dough To all my people waving like they in S.O.S. mode Never heard me, all these labels just said "No!" All their A & R's are too busy to catch shows Doesn't get much better, far as the press goes I won't disappear like the Montreal Expos (No) I refuse to shred hope Already seen a couple thousand albums get sold And you'll see how much my rep grows The word is out, watch how far the effect goes It echoes (echoes) like techno Love to go to one last A Tribe Called Quest show Now it's all about who

has the best clothes Why couldn't they of just stuck
together like webbed toes Not done, here comes the
next load You just gotta put a dollar in me and press go
So make noise if your ready to let go 'Cuz this is gonna
be one of the best shows {*audience applauds*}

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