

Time

"Drop It Like A Fire Engine"

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Drop it like a tranny

The caravan is planned
Get the camels, and the candles
We're gonna light the way, let the darkness be
dismantled
With lightbulbs, flashlights, stars and matches
I'm cutting up sadness with hatchets and gadgets
Steal money, you're a thief
Steal country, you're a king
Steal my pen, I'll still speak
Steal my voice, I'll still sing
Cause too many people wanna come this way
From dope to the pope to opus dei
The Mediterranean's changing him
Mermaids, to braids, cowards aren't afraid
Where you going
I don't really know but I'll be there soon
I'll be in a suit
I'll be there by noon
With firecrackers and balloons
2 negatives make a positive
My last 2 albums gotta lot to give
Depressions losing oxygen
My happiness there's no stopping him
Even if he had some cement moccasins
I sing the body electric
Cowards are pathetic
It don't matter where you're headed
Just don't regret it
As long as it was the truth when you said it

O drop that fire engine out of your mouth
If you don't really know what you're talking about

Those were the good days
These are the better
Tomorrow's the best
So what's the rest?
I'm 17% out of my body
Looking at salvador dali

Running around in bollywood
Smoking on berries like holly should
Cause it's all good in moderation
Yeah that's Time I think he's wasted
Lose your addictions or be a patient
Here comes victory, can you taste it?

It's on my lips, it's on my tongue
It's on my spit, it's on the drums
It's on me, it's on everyone
My soul is old my heart is young
Palms towards the east, here comes the sun
Take me back to the day
When candy tasted like cough medicine
Joy let it begin
Happy thoughts let em in
In the clouds is where chris' head has been
There's no such thing as onry
I'm wearing a red sweater with michele gondry
I'm coming with my army with cornbread bombing
Mos def spawned me
I'm independent, that means I do my own laundry
There's a guy with big hands
He wants a calendar of disasters and clouds
That float from piano notes
Dirty lab's the fam, doctype gave me hope
I'm in paradise, drop the anchor on the boat
Lifting wineglasses as time passes
In my past is where my wrath is
Along with the fascists
Depression and sadness got into head on crashes
Fantastic
This may be over your head
So put your arms in the air maybe you can catch it

O drop that fire engine out of your mouth
If you don't really know what you're talking about

Gimme a friend, don't give me a cage
Gimme a voice and they will come
Gimme myself I'll give me trust
Gimme a pen I'll live on stage
Don't give me a choice just give me the numb
Don't give me wealth just give me the rush
Give me rain for a 1000 years and I won't give you rust

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