

## Soldiers of Jah Army

### "Respect Pt. 3"

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Banging rocks together makes sunshine  
Banging heads with rocks 'till blood comes: the writing  
process  
Everything has diapers on and smells like  
It's time for a change  
Or for some holes in the flag  
My whole perspective relies solely on questions  
That can't have answers  
Like everyone oin their assumptions  
A big bigpen driven by dead dogs;  
If that's your site  
Put up a superhero with a better pokerface  
This noble cause reeks of self-gratification  
But it's more like no satisfaction  
So when I die  
The fessin' go to college  
And the writers go to Heaven  
If you wasn't born on this planet  
Blame the World for being there  
I'm not assuming responsibility for everyone lost in the  
shuffle;  
My whole philosophy is based on moodswings  
Limited attention spans and an expansion pack for  
everything  
Am I feeling it?  
Mostly full of it  
Selling my cuts for the art of it  
Placed all of my faith in these heretics  
We're all futur presidents;  
Nobody knows it yet  
That's the beauty of it all  
Welcome to my desert island  
The wheather is glorious  
Take a picture  
(No one reads the articles)  
I need music with texture and  
Someday, a happy meal  
Rude awakening after rude awakening  
I'm asking y'all to be police until  
I match the blood on the battlefield  
With the gleam in my eye

If I could make it stop raining  
This whole damn place wouldn't know  
What to do with all the sunlight  
I've been saving up for a life like this  
Your God is booing you offstage  
And your heroes don't respect you

It's all in vain and can't be bought:  
Hung from the ceiling and often attached to the first  
thought  
She gave me a handshake full of empty promises  
Now I'm thirty minus something  
Plus I wrestle demons down to the ground in my spare  
time  
It's a new day  
The pigeons no longer fly yonder;  
They make rappers out of messengers and text from  
all the classics  
Meet the archangel with two minutes to live at all times  
I hold a mirror against a mirror against a mirror against  
a mirror  
What I'm saying is:  
Word is deceased  
Work is slavery  
They're saving asses for the big layoff  
Where they lie you down to take it like a native  
colonized  
By search and seizure  
The grass is always greener and when you make it  
there  
It dies (if getting there don't kill you)  
And the people there don't share  
This is what your bones will sound like when they play  
'em in space

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