

## Trackademicks

### "Fool On The Hill"

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[Trackademicks:]

Yeah, people always seem to question me, asking me  
irrationally  
Did I chose my destiny? Will money be my apogee?  
End all, be all, nah that's a seesaw  
Even when you balling, you can always hit the bottom  
Every single morning's like a practice on how to get up  
So I don't get my ass kicked, I'm doing mostly sit-ups  
Supporters bout to tag this like writers doing hit-ups  
With that "it" factor, now they all tryna get us  
Or get with us like a bad chick with a body  
Always acting kinda naughty like she handing out  
punani  
And she ain't gagging like a lolly?  
I must be popping if that's how bad you want me  
Cause just a minute ago I had original flows  
And exceptionally slap with professional tact  
To keep the fresh on the map, but they weren't  
messing with that  
But now they are, cause this emcee's a lesson in that

[Chorus: Trackademicks]

They always ask you, dude how you feel?  
You look like you just found a two dollar bill  
Is that right? Well who got the skril'?  
It couldn't be me, I'm just a fool on the hill  
And the world keeps spinning round  
Nothing y'all say could ever get me down  
And the world keeps spinning round  
For those who didn't feel me, bet you feel me now

[Phonte:]

Yeah, uh, yellow like caution, pause as your boy paint a  
portrait  
Of the artist as a young man starving  
Young man learning with so many turns and twists  
In his flow that you might get carsick

Might be awarded for beefing  
But you don't wanna beef hoe nigga, eat a parsnip  
Might see niggas act bitch but then they wanna switch

And hitch they little red wagon to your starship  
Please Mister Coleman, Phontigga beg your pardon  
Don't mean to gloat, but I would love to float  
Up on your love boat to get away from my hardship  
Now I see why niggas be on that rockstar shit  
Because the game will make you paranoid  
And all your friends and your foes say it come with the  
territory  
They wanna watch you die slow like Miss Evans voice  
So when I do my own thing, I know I'm better for it, uh

[Chorus: Phonte]

[Trackademicks:]

I told her I'm a need some space now  
She told me look up at the night sky, you won't find it  
face down  
I can see she on the chase now  
Don't she know no one's gonna take her place now?  
She told me don't forget the little people grinding  
Open your eyelids, where I live my time spent with  
giants  
Mind states supersized, mine is the small fry's  
Why underestimate the impact you had on mine?  
I'm rolling with bosses who know what the cost is  
Know what the work is, know how to bargain  
Know how to work this  
Know when to pause at the politics and nonsense that  
curse this  
So when you catch me in traffic I'm passing  
The gridlocking, shit-talking road rage for open lanes  
And don't try to slow me down  
Cause when they hold me down, that's when I float  
away

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