

Stewart Copeland

"One for the Road"

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Yeah, mmm mmm mmm, yeah that sho' feel good.
Hello! I go by the name of simply Cee-Lo Green - how do you do?
Welcome. I thought I'd seize this opportunity to tell you a little bit more about myself if you don't mind. This is my vision.
Youknowwhatl'msaying? Check me out now. Uhh

I have millenniums of material and rivers of rhythm
An entire ocean of emotion that's enlightening to swim in
Also a forest of feeling, beaten paths of peace
Trapped inside my silhouette I have to speak to release
Demanding more from the pen than I horde from the pen
The line between playing to win and sin is thin
But I walk it with grace and I talk it with taste
I am that raw, simply put, and I rest my case; it's elementary
Yet far more than resources to pay the rent for me
Everything that I've done is divine
Ask God, he'll tell ya, yeah, he mine
So, you see, you don't need another thug out of me
That is the last thing I plan to be on this LP
But I'ma go slip into something mo' comfortable and continue the lesson
No inconvenience at all, I insist on leaving an impression

So relax, and ride out. Relax, okay, and ride out
Just relax, and ride out. Players, relax, and ride out

I also solicit visual verbalism worth a visit
Intensely exquisite artism inquire all. Who is it?
It's a deliciously daring delicacy I eat to exist
Oh, he's waving those words, I want seconds and thirds
Oh, hush. That's awful kind of you, you're making me blush
I could use some competition, but they not making me much

Man, this beat is like my master, it's making me bust
Hip-hop is suffering, meaning I'm a necessity, if
nothing
But you like every other rapper - cornrows and a
bandana
But I get a hundred and fifty thousand dollar check
every three months off Santana
Don't you fuck up, though, my family is the whole side
of Atlanta
Now, how can I say? Okay, let me just put it this way
If anyone ever contests my conquest my gun best
Yo son just, takes one time to be one less
Til you run and tell the rest that I'm the best
I sang sweet, but brang heat to bang meat
We all on the same street
And it's not that often I verbalize the essential element
of surprise
I am not one of these thug rapper guys
But this one will help you realize, and use both eyes to
recognize
the type of action that this amount of money buys
Now listen son, let me drop some shit on you man
I can just "do-do-do-do-do-do-do" and put a hit on you
man
Aith hot heat that will make your heart beat quit on you
man
And Mr. Dawson'll find a pretty box to fit all you man

So relax, and ride out. Just relax, young man, and ride
out
Hey, you better relax, and ride out. Okay? Just relax,
and ride out

I could take that shit all day
But if I only had sixteen more bars to live
I'd get high, and hopefully O.D. on an alternative
I'd give a dim lit dream, a colour scheme
And I'd swim for the sun (so far) no matter how
impossible that may seem
I'd bury my feet in the foundation of a forest Becoming
one with
everything there
I would be long. I would be right and wrong. But I'd be
rare
And then I would pretend I didn't care. Use my fear
And pray that my forever would be fare.
And I love you all, unconditional, I get misty already
missing y'all
And then I forgive those who rhyme to kill the time
While mine cultivate the consciousness and
Chill the spine, heal the mind, yet still sublime

Ride out. Relax, and ride out. Relax, and ride out. Relax,
and ride out
This is one for the road. Yeah. One time for your
motherfucking mind
I told how you motherfucking play. D.F. y'all. Believe
this. Yeah
Shouts out to Outkast, Goodie Mob. Yeah, Backbone,
where ya at brother?
(Hey) Hahaha. Alright. (Easy now) Hahaha. Yeah. Can't
nobody stop me now
No, sir. Yeah. I'm gone, y'all. Oh, man. It's lovely.
Ahahah. Yeah
Somebody better stop me. Hahaha. Cause I'm good.
Heheheh. Yeah. Hahahahah
Alright now. Heheheh. Yeah. Alright, we gonna relax,
cause it feels so good
Everybody doing their godamn thing. Yeah

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