

## **Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle**

### **"Different"**

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"Nothing at last is sacred. Oh how the great have fallen  
What have I done to myself? It's been way too long!"

We need to reacquaint. Things are different now, I ain't  
the same man I was  
Hi, how are you doing? I'm new and improved with  
even less to lose  
A collector's edition version of a virgin drink ordering  
cocktail teller  
Gone way wrong...to the point of no rerun

Over the edge and burned out before I even got my  
shine  
Holding my head in pure doubt  
Out of insight. Out of mindful things to shout or rhyme  
about

Yeah, I know I was supposed to change the world and  
all  
But it looks like the world got to me first  
If you can't beat em, join 'em..  
Then hurt the team by beating yourself

I'm different...in a different way  
The only thing that stays the same is change  
While people claim their states, I state my claims  
Sage Francis made a name for himself  
For the record my mother calls me Paul  
Which was my father's middle name, but Ray  
Stepped in and raised me  
It's crazy, but this is a game I play

called "Shut the fuck uuuuuuup!"

Don't bother calling me at all because I'm not  
answering  
Is that a voice-mail-bomb-threat or a broken promise  
I'm mishandling?  
Gambling away my money issues, somebody owes me  
big bucks  
My career depends on explosive vacuums sucking me

in and blowing me up

Poetry struck a nerve in the listenership  
Spoken word then got 'em all interested  
Now I don't have to serve ice cream to little kids  
I serve emcees who think they're rippin' it  
And poets who think they're somehow significant  
Meanwhile both are loud and ignorant  
And don't know how to speak to a crowd in an intimate  
environment

I am different. In a different way  
The only thing that stays the same is change  
While people claim their states, I state my claims  
I'm a quiet natured player who outwardly hates the  
game  
I shake what I got, which is a jingly pocket  
I do my mini-market research and make noise for  
myself when I walk quick

I talk with authority while I question it  
When I ask, "Who am I?" I'm left guessing  
But if you're a poor man's version of ANYTHING  
It is your self-perception

Growing up in a microscopic town prepared me well for  
this petrii dish  
Where talk is invisible to the eye and they hate the guy  
they're speaking with  
I'm a real vegetarian: No chicken...not even fish  
I'm a real underground rapper  
My tape quality sucks, my records are warped and my  
CD skips

Lady Luck is a greedy bitch with itchy palms and a case  
of the gimmes  
I've got an outtie if she's got an inny, I'll clean her pipes  
and then sweep her chimney  
The beat that's in me is polyrhythmic. You're only 60  
heart beats per minute  
A human second-hand-me-down-to-earth-guy who will  
thriftshop-lift his hiphop

I may be getting too big for my britches  
but I paid my dues when the cost was climbing  
If I burn too many bridges I'll never get off of this awful  
island  
As long as I've been rhyming, they only started  
listening  
Because for a while they didn't like how  
I wouldn't smoke the pot that I was pissin' in

Plus I had no dead homies to pour out the liquor I don't  
drink  
You can flash your shiny objects in front of my eyes  
and I won't blink  
I'm motherfucking different. Oooohhhh  
yyyyeeaaaahhhh..  
I'm motherfucking different. Oooohhhh  
yyyyeeaaaahhhh..

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