

## Mood Ruff

### "Night Life Types"

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[INTRO]

There have been moments where I have dreamed of  
success. There have been  
brief very brief periods when I have conjured up  
remembrances which  
the use of reason of the a later epic assures me could  
have reference only  
to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These  
shadows of memories  
tell indistinctly of tall figures that lifted and bored me  
in silence  
down down still down.

[Odario] {Spitz}

I never was inspired to do a damn thing  
'Til the day I was hired to work a little something  
{yeah}  
I took my money and I played the rap game  
Everybody in doubt said I wouldn't amount to nothing  
{word up}  
Fingers crossed  
My mama still buggin' about the money I lost  
And the critics still judging  
Without a spirit, set out to go get it  
Got to reach for the sky  
Got to make a track bumpin'  
So I straighten my eye at the prize  
And wipe my hands so I see clear and understand  
To be the man, you got to beat the man  
I be pursuing that, thinking of a master plan  
Broken scheme and promises  
Steady losses prepared for days like this  
I reminisce, I reminisce  
The hip-hop news  
We got to maintain, contain your P's and Q's  
We see the knowledge not provided in college  
Live the course, dream to be the top dollar  
Promoters call us, but don't pay us  
Everyday, everyday they delay us  
They higher than the Himalayas  
Never, ever getting near us

'Cause they problem is they fear us doing this for years  
The night time new moon rise high  
Tranquilling your mind  
And to help us find  
{How many moons?} How many moons from what you  
looking for?  
Originate, black crowd was a Theodore  
Regulate, rhyme until my mind is sore  
Hip-hop, that's my cheri amore  
The only thing I'm known for is going for poor  
After putting in work and for going on tour  
I salute the young brother that be writing the verse  
And the one thing I ask, is to learn to earn  
I've never been inspired to do a damn thing  
'Til I was hired to work a little somehting {something}  
I took my money and I played the rap game  
Everybody in douby said I won't amount to nothing {get  
a job}  
Fingers crossed  
My momma still bugging about the money I lost  
And the critics still judging  
Without spirit, set out to go get it  
Got to reach for the sky, got to make a track bumping  
So I straighten my eye at the prize  
And with my hands, so I see clear and understand  
To be the man, you got to beat the man  
I be pursuing that thinking of a master plan  
Broken scheme and promises  
Steady losses prepared for days like this  
I reminise, I reminise, the hip-hop news  
We got to maintain, contain your P's and Q's  
How many moons?  
Figure that out, how many moons?  
People scream and shout, how many moons?  
No doubt, how many moons?  
{Spitz}  
Yo, yo  
We just working in the studio  
Trying to make it nice, you know  
Trying to make it raw  
Some people don't know how to make it raw  
All they know how to do is take like leaches  
It's not original, in fact it's quite pitiful  
I take more than pop fame, Lexus with gold chains  
Submerged in the game where MCs have no shame, I'll  
explain  
Used to be raw, now they playing on H.E.R.  
In self worth, subside to sell game  
You can't claim credit, weren't the first one who said it  
Would have labelled you a sucker, no one would accept  
it

Now, it like "dope hook man, where'd you get it?"  
Must have been expensive because you straight up bit  
it  
That's my word  
You feeling that?  
Mood Ruff

[OUTRO]

In the return of life of the swoon, there are two stages.  
First, that of  
the sense of mental or spiritual. Secondly, that of a  
physical existence.  
It seems probable that if upon reaching the second  
stage, we could recall  
the impressions of the first. We should find these  
impressions elequent  
of memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is...  
what?

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