

## Gift Of Gab, The "Somathapeople"

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Some walkin the walk  
Some talk  
Some makin the crack  
Some wait for the outcome  
Some caught up in thought  
Some balk  
Some grabbin' the horns of the bull to get it on  
Some born with a silver spoon  
Some stalk through a buildin' doom  
Some caught up in the rut  
Some willin' to do  
Anything to get up  
Out the fields of gloom  
Some lay up feelin stuck  
Some feelin renewed  
Some are gluttonous  
Some of 'em don't have food  
Some are down to do  
Whatever they got to do  
Some say theyre gunna do it  
But they never do move  
Some lost in the sauce  
Some lost in the groove  
Some are overachievers  
Some need to improve  
Some are really believers  
Some believe in doom  
Some believe in happiness  
Some believe in gloom  
Some are butterflies  
Some are trapped in a cocoon

Some of the people  
Some of the time (x8)

Some judging the rest  
Sometimes  
Some go thru the grind  
You see we all get tested  
Some killin in the name of religion  
Some willin to stand on the front line

For the children  
Some are all about self and selfish  
Some are selfless  
Some will be the helpless  
Some herd the wealth  
And some find wealth within their self  
Some die to live  
And some are living with a death wish  
Sometimes some change and they give their best  
Sometimes some change for the worse  
I guess we all got a story  
Some are books and some are pamphlets  
Some are scared and unprepared  
And some are savages  
Some are cold and some are hotter  
Than summer madness  
Some will win, and some will lose  
And some will pass the illusion  
Some are still  
But inside they're dancing  
Intoxicatingly engulfed in all the vastness..

Some of the people  
Some of the time (x8)

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