

The Gift of Gab "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 helpless
Some herd the wealth
And some find wealth within their self
Some die to live
And some are livin 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 re dancing
Intoxicatingly engulfed in all the
vastness of it all.

Some of the people
Some of the time (x8)

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