

## **Lucky Boys Confussion**

### **"Child's Play"**

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I'm in the wrong fucking place, at the wrong fucking time  
Don't worry motherfucker cause I'll still get mine  
I know the magnitude of the right attitude  
Remember one day you'll be showing me gratitude  
Inevitably you will agree, your fragile ego I'm denting  
Unnecessary jealousy, why are you resenting  
Lucky Boys Confusion ripping leaves off clovers  
Adam I'm about to send the limelight over, kid

Well, hello my my how the tables have turned  
You got your new style and the tricks that you learned  
From me, go let go of the ghetto phase  
It's like everybody's trying to earn a buck these days  
Ripping off my kids, with your ziplock bags  
You think you're rolling now, you need to step the fuck back  
We'll take care of Arizona, handle the schwag  
Shorty got a brand new bag

When say opportunity knock on me door, knock on me door  
Such a shame it's not the music, it's how much they score in their pocket  
Now, the band plays I see the dollar sign in your eyes  
But guess what Mr. Parasite we can see through all of your lies

I'm rocking mic stands daily, I'm merely  
Six feet away from the kick drum  
Nod if you can hear me  
I've got my own style, don't come near me  
I got help from the stars of the past  
Enhanced with your modern day melodies  
Beats that kick your ass and you agree  
I'm not up here to rock the room alone  
Stubhystyle pick up the microphone

I'm back by popular demand, some people don't understand  
Why I'm laughing fucking up all the shit you planned

Cause your motives weren't true and either were you  
Trying to figure out how I do the things I do  
A word of advice if you already haven't  
Go out, step out, special order some talent  
Don't say I'm not a musician cause I can hold my own  
And bitch I play the microphone

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door  
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your lies

Ooooh, mama did you hear they want make me  
superstar  
Ooooh, mama did you hear they're gonna make me  
star  
Ooooh, mama did you hear they want make me  
superstar  
Ooooh, mama did you hear they're gonna make me  
star

You seemed startled by the way that I approach the mic  
But isn't my tongue spitting out all the things you like  
Scoopin' flavors together like Neapolitan  
Clam baking the limousine  
He sprinkles on his stardust before he hits the street  
A victim of his ego, pop rock society  
His gear is nice and trendy; you got your baggy jeans  
He's got a few piercings but nothing too extreme  
Radio friendly hooks is the highway to money  
Maybe we'll be stars if we give them what they need  
I get twelve percent off the music I make  
And the image that they're selling you is fake

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