

Phatty-Gurl

"Conversation"

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I think it's time we had a little conversation
Me and you
I'm willing to admit it's overdue
See I'm feeling like life's animation
And these two-dimensional story-boards are wearing
thin
So let me have your exclusive undivided attention
Grab a blank notebook and a fresh pen
Where do I begin if I don't know the origin?
How do I explain why I can't sleep for weeks without
medicine?
You wanna hear the most recent aggravation?
Every time I touch the mic I get a standing ovation
But it's probably 'cause there's no seats in here
So let me see you on your feet in here
You got a man speaking here
But all they wanna do is cry into their beers
But that's trivial, typical, predictable behavior
I can't blame ya
I'd probably do the same without my savior
I come home at night and write scripture
But somewhere back there I lost the big picture
You paying attention, man?
This fifty bucks an hour ain't cheap
And I didn't come here to speak to dead meat
I guess that's why the little tape recorder's running
So you can play me back later, analyze my behavior
Give it to your neighbors and other strangers
Then y'all can laugh at my expenses, no pun intended
And make new conversation about the new patient
you're working with

Step one is to admit you've got a problem
Step two is to help your fucking self
Step three is theoretical
Some sort of positive progression toward the
unattainable

I think it's time we had a little conversation
Me and you
I've seen what you can do

Rearranging concrete mind states
Complicated mental cases putting on a happy face
Without booze or freebase
I got a good friend with a strong faith
He says if I can find mine I'll stop wandering space
I've researched your work and made several
comparisons
And I think with the right approach, you might be on to
something
So I come to you defenseless
Balls on the table
I got plenty to lose and plenty more to be thankful for
But more times than not I'm starting wars 'cause I'm
bored
This is J. Moore
Slightly transformed and off topic
Too many years removed from when I thought I knew
my conscious
And last time I checked I had more than one
accomplice
Which upgrades my status from ignorance to bliss
So please tell me what's the difference
So write it all down and read it back so we can hear it
out loud
Eject button out the mind, through the mouth
I must need this more than money 'cause it's costing
me
It must be love, 'cause I hurt it but it follows me
And it's growing, I can feel it deep inside of me
It's like the new cult religion for the lost generation
causalities
For all of y'all that can't figure it right
I'm not talking to the shrink, I'm talking to the mic

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