

Phatty-Gurl

"Prodigal Tots"

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For me music's a narcotic
Beyond the healing power of antibiotics and hypnotics
Watch me push my products
To the prodigal tots
Grow them up to methodical robots
Proud parents applaud the work ethic
Oblivious to symptoms and blind spots within them
I wasn't born this way
I grew to the man that stands before you today
With the help of countless blind eyes that were happy
to oblige
Take your time with the interpretation
Lest you lose the story's message in the translation
Pay attention while I offer up the narration
See I had a band, we wrote some songs, we got along
famously
But missing puzzle pieces made the puzzle wrong and
incomplete
As time went on the body count was a roll-call for the
victims of routine
So I jumped ship and inflated my passions and went to
sea
I always wrote but I couldn't sing
Though every note danced in my brain
Every moment, the words, they came
Every moment became a day
Every day became a stepping stone
A guessing game I played alone
I stumbled and I slipped and I tripped and I fell
But oh well

All my heroes carry guns
Take this, and take this, and take this and run
Don't stop, update everyone

A basement full of idiots
Hooked on the box, smoking pot
They had a gift, they had a vision, they forgot
But I remember like it's present tense
That I've been trapped in ever since
Experienced a metamorphosis of how I rock

Another disillusioned son
Another CD pressed and spun
Another kid that wants to rap to solve his problems
claiming therapy
Claiming he's the one
Claiming all sorts of unfounded stuff he's not
Claiming a lot
Claiming he's a prodigal tot
So I shed my skin of an instrument
That I was clinging to like it was my dick
And broadened my horizons just a bit
Birth of a b-boy
I've been growing stronger ever since
And if the story's not unfolding how you like it sell the
disc
Some think the faith has been replaced by an angry
face
Their mistake 'cause now I recreate
Now I resurrect the pain of a blind date
Who's on time and overweight
And I see you ascending to greatness
By redefining the word to match your little resume
pages

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Was turned off to hip-hop at a young age by bullies and
tough guys
Who got their way by ganging up to terrorize
Then came '92 and Rage taught me to say "Fuck you!"
And once again I started rocking Everlast and Guru
The band took a new shape with my man Jake
We'd sit and write raps for hours after school while my
guitar played
And gently weeped a teardrop rain shower with
lightning power
We had our little hometown respect and everybody
knew the repertoire
Assuming we'd break large and go far
But over time time started to weigh heavy on the mind
And fill in the blanks with any cliché of the day, they
all fit fine
Long, long story short
A long time went by and I lived my life, killed myself
and died
Truth is that didn't happen, I just remember it that way
Because it's how I felt inside
I was a prodigal tot
Not different than a lot of kids at that spot

Setting themselves up for the kill shot
Difference is I survived the bullet
Not by dodging it, but absorbing it and living through it
If you don't want rehab to change you, then don't
fucking do it

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