

09) snapshots (f. metermaids)

Verse 1

(paradox) cheap sneaks on my feet, i proceed to the street,
creep with cold shoulders to compete with the heat.
keep a low-pro, but know to heed what i see,
so i'll show a sneak peek of the peeps that i meet.
(sentence) front stoop. another morning i been ripped out of bed,
can't flip for a babysitter and the kids are a mess.
no rest, except for this five minutes i got,
to handle a couple camels before my trip to the job.
(paradox) sidewalk. jive talk and i'm practicing hand styles,
aviator raybans, straight playing the manchild.
stay shaking spray cans to stand atop the antpile,
black book of rap hooks and spots where i ran wild.
(swell) barstool. pretty little chickens reppin' art school,
sitting, drinking, living like a cartoon.
heart spoon-fueled by the jukebox courage,
jack and a half-a-pack. alright, it's perfect.

HOOK

we all dying to live life, trying to slip by,
a village of millions, striving to get it right.
sit tight, this is a glimpse of the struggle.
lost sheep, we the odd pieces of the puzzle.
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Verse 2

(paradox) corner store. the world's at war, i reminisce on vietnam,
no more women and kids should pay when they release the bombs.
we embrace the terror for america "keeping it calm,"
and i'm a veteran who left a limb for the weak and the strong.
(sentence) street corner. got my eye out for a mark i can hit,
somebody walking like a target with a pocket to pick.
a scam i can run, son, i got a dollar to make,
and i can spot 'em from a block away, it's all in the face.
(paradox) train station. brain racing, cuz we married at a young age,
the very thread we shared was dead and buried by sunday.
never complained, faced waves when he was unpaid,
now every conversation's just another jaded gunplay.
(swell) your mom's house. talking ish, mad disrespectful,
drinking all your soda, eating all your pretzels.
acting like, "yo, when you gonna get cable?"
with my hand down my pants and my sneakers on the table.

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Verse 3

(paradox) seventh ave. heaven's path isn't just a straight road,
some stray crooked, now they looking for a scapegoat.
roman collar, holy water, pray daily to save souls,
but most folks see the robe, snap judgment, case closed.
(sentence) f-train. it ain't the same as what i remember it's been,
being a cop got more hostile cause the threat level's red.
and i pledged to protect, whether sheik, shaman, or atheist,
when a nation's in danger salvation's saved for the patriot.
(paradox) park bench. bartend for all the ritzy high class,
self made, well-paid sipping from they wine glass.
casting mattress actresses, every villain type cast.
with no fail, coke nails, fidgeting for night caps.
(sentence) right here. made it, taking it in, on pavement,
while the city paints mosaics across it's occupants' faces.
(paradox & sentence) to document the banquet of comedy and tragedy,
playing while we're fast asleep, to capture each as masterpiece.

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