

Jackolantern's Weather

311

Well, I beat a bad rap when I skip a soul trap
Just trippin' and laughin' at the crap
Dap is what I get the best skins that I hit
You know we rock the fuckin' joint and we split
Singin' an ryhmin's, what I'm better for
When I describe I'm a scribe with a metaphor
I use a simile lightly 'cuz that shits played
The common way most rhymes are made, ya know
I rock like this, I flow like that
But all those comparisons are just that
Kickin' different styles, I'll be right here
Today, tomorrow, next week and next year
I always say what I feel and that is a promise
Nothing in life is above being honest
Sauna is cool compared to being on stage
But that's how it's gotta go in the stone age
The fame in my game, I name rapture
Like a polished rock I'll make it shine for sure
Word is that I've traveled, become unraveled
I been around the world baby, gimme an apple
I'll be your boogie man rather than son-of-Sam
What I am is what I am
Though we don't have too long to love a day a night
We only love those who love us right back
The kid is smart the kid is clever
Stompin' in Jackolantern's weather
Backpack strapped 'cuz the world is cold
Headphones pumpin' don't ya know
The kid is smart the kid is clever
Stompin' in Jackolatern's weather
Rocks his hood and playes it mellow
While maple leaves change into yellow
And oh shit damn honey at it again
Tryin' to beat my high score since the age of ten
See my high score flash on the back glass
I was malcontented doug in gifted class
Now here's the deal we came to heal we gonna rock in
rio
Oh no, it's not a joke it's how we feel
Put to test like a Sugar Ray scientist
I'm always dancing in my Sunday best
I'm betting on my bliss and my path is lit' see
The microphone is live and I'm rockin' my body
Smooth like Reggie Miller in an airborne freeze frame
Funky like the Kung-fu that can put you to shame
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While maple leaves change into yellow I'm like hey, wait a minute
Give a check on two then I'm ready to begin it
With a boom boom bap coming outta your trunkies
Give a fat shout out to the phunk junkeez Striken like a cancer taken chances
But I love to see the girl windin' like the belly dancer
Standin' up front with a tight stomach showin'
Me on stage singin', flowin' We just kickin' it live we just kickin' it live
'Cuz if you can't kick it live you gonna die
'Fraid so punk so quit talkin' junk
You need a live show like a ball player needs a dunk
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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