

03) help wanted

Verse 1

stay with your shoulder blade against the boulder's weight,
showing a player's poker face when holding your cards.
blaze in the coldest days and never fold or break,
cuz that's a soldier's only way of showing they're hard?
hard's mowing in the dark at the crack of dawn,
then going to work dirty with grass from the back lawn.
knowing turning thirty's mighty early to pass on,
but gasping for breath when cashing checks with the tax gone.
hard's raising your seed, paying the lease,
daily straying from beef and praying for peace.
maybe taking heat just to say what you mean,
when you've seen the biggest hypocrites keep making that green.
hard's remaining clean shaking hands in filthy countries,
abandoning the hungry till a man gets killed for money.
finding milk and honey in a pack that the blind lead,
which is exactly why the rhyme on my sign reads...

HOOK 1 (x2)

help wanted, cuz we need one another,
can't do it myself, so i'm reaching for my brother.
dwelled on it, but stopped speaking in whispers,
talk on how i've felt, releasing it to my sister.

Verse 2

make no bones about it, i got a bone to pick,
cuz that skeleton in my closet got lonely quick.
motivated my lazy bones to pick it bone dry,
but Most High knows i couldn't do it on my own try.
so why not confide in the fam when you suffer,
none can extend a helping hand like a brother.
uncover friends who lend ears as listeners,
paint a clear picture of your fears to a sister.
steer past the blisters, break bread and gutter,
violence stays fed without guidance from a brother.
lately you fight to invite crisis fist-first,
dismissing plain-told advice from a sister.
don't remain prisoner when you hold the gate key,
a would-be escapee who makes excuses daily.
it's truly crazy to pay the wage it's taking,
which is exactly why the phrase on my page reads...

HOOK 2

help wanted, cuz my goal's the top,
so i rock and roll and then i roll my rock,
like sisyphus but with a little assistance,
to go the distance, when i blow the spot.
help wanted, cuz my goal's the top,
so i rock and roll and then i roll my rock,
like sisyphus but with a little assistance,
to go the distance, though the road is blocked.

Verse 3

i try to spit positive even if my life's the opposite,
cuz a broader lens shows it's obvious i got a lot to give.
yo, bro, i know i'm not always on top of it,
but when i rock for kids, it's important i talk confident.
like prophets did when the topic's were unpopular,
lost too many minutes with the cynics and philosophers.
who taught that God's a myth cuz they're locked in loneliness,
the truth is each human is a beautiful broken gift.
who opens this heart in the arms of a lover,
or lays down his arms before harming a brother.
who prays now for his moms *and* the one who hits her,
and that stray sounds don't reach his younger sister.
through thunder, twisters, blizzards and typhoons,
we hunger to feed the light like high noon.
that every tree needs to proceed and grow leaves,
which is exactly why the quote in my notes reads...

HOOK 1 (x3)

help wanted, cuz we need one another,
can't do it myself, so i'm reaching for my...
dwelled on it, but stopped speaking in whispers,
talk on how i've felt, releasing it to my...