

Not bound by the terms of my youth
I understand the conditions of truth – and see through you
If you only in it for you, the next move
I see subliminal, not my first encounter with a criminal
I'm at a pivotal stage, everyone looks the same
The masquerade won't fool me today – they say
"He's so negative – and he filled with hate,
Like a grumpy old man in the rhymes he makes,"
Well, if you're fake – get the fuck off my lawn
If you don't like my songs you can leave me alone
Delete me off social media and off of your phone
Cause I don't write for puppets and drones.
I share things learned from my friends and my foes
Manifestations of the path that I chose
Chapters of prose fit into some rhymes and a flow
So you can know why this youngster acts old, my home
Is where close friends and family reside, I don't
Get imprisoned by my feelings of pride, Know why?
I've probably met you several times in my life
I've been around the world twice
seen everybody 3 times.

Youngsters in love with the shape of you
Which makes you/ likely to be first marriage material
Days feel the same as the years go
Feel inferior keeping up with your peers OH
Your husband busy out getting beers though
And you're feeling like you're becoming a weirdo
You're not the same as you once appeared so
Divorce papers in it's just like you had feared for
Well I like you, when you talk too much
If we laugh everyday, it won't feel the same
As we age take a look at the castle we made
As we change then the more we relate
Every debate, every argument, and fight in the house
Helps create, the monument, the life we're about
Your shape, our shape, molded together
Origami experiences folded together.