

One Cool Guy, Semi

semi was a poor man, but a loving man was he
he ripped his hands up in the (sugar) cane field just to feed his family
(always) said he'd do anything for his house of three
but oh my darling semi how could you not know the penalty

dark brown skin boils under the sun
just another routine run for the man we call semi
hard to understand where he's coming from
never had it all
so don't try to test his steez
working hard to feed his seeds
to grow up to be living away from poverty
and bask in some luxury, like you and me

when we all heard the news of what happened late that day
that my friend semi's hands were faster than his legs
semi's grieving son asks for daddy as he cries
when big old boss man shot poor semi, he didn't bat an eye

click click bang bang in the back from the man who gots stacks who never asked or never figured
was he a family man? or just kept his finger on the trigger!
born and raised in the mother land just trying to play his part, from the start shooting for a star.
but, little did he know, he had the galaxy up in his heart

take a double shift for a certain
body strung out, feet killing back hurting
busting your ass, make your fingers real raw
hardest man a boy, boy ever saw
labeled a bad man for the quick hand
crime in his pocket never had a chance to ran
no more family tree for the man call semi
shot down by The Man, and his greed