

# 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