

# Counter-Clockwise

## Oddisee

You wear the face of strength  
The armor of a tank  
Keep ya' calm in Obama's brink  
Your eyes are another paint  
I seen their true colors through your blinks  
Thin out I'm not here to exploit your chinks  
More to reinforce 'em, from the forces sent to see you sink  
Stay afloat, and stay a while, and take a break  
All you hear is orders barking, brick  
And mortar stopping walls and space  
What a shame becoming blame of roots, and no escape  
Closing gates on fate like all mistakes are born in place  
All it takes is pressing forth with form and grace  
Forge a bomber more than hate  
Meet these words with open arms  
And plant your feet to planet shapes  
Counterclockwise you're going in  
While you make the same mistakes  
Counterclockwise you're going in  
Eleven, Ten, Nine, Eight  
Counterclockwise you're going in  
Seven, Six, Five, Four  
Counterclockwise you're going in  
Three, Two, One, Twelve-, TimeLet me in, let me closer  
Let me hold on to what you can't composure  
I'm no pushover, more like a boat  
Or come test me and rest on my shoulders  
I really mean it  
I know you're the meanest to me 'cause i've seen your hold ups  
And you don't know trust, you only know bluffs  
This world is so tough  
Guess you're some kind of soldier  
Hand on your holster, ready for it and it's over  
You ever pulled the trigger early it hurt me before i get to closure  
I won't beat you to it, i ain't trying, i ain't lying  
I'm just speaking truths and you're implying that i'm hiding  
I'm the mirror and all you see is you  
I ain't really wanna make calls much, don't talk on the phone but  
You can hit me on the cordless, in the forefront where I store us  
On the tour bus where the beats loud  
We can speak now, if you ain't then it's all hush  
Quit acting like a loner, try growing up

We were young, when we thought the whole world would disown us  
Now we own up to the spilled milk, and the real help is the go rough  
When you show love, and it heal welts, sho 'nuff  
You know I got your back-, and that's just speaking facts  
So when I keep it real, it's not me you attack  
But anger is your drive, and that there ain't my map  
If fire's all you have, then water meets your match While you make the same mistakes  
Eleven, Ten, Nine, Eight  
Seven, Six, Five, Four  
Three, Two, One, Twelve  
Time

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