

Book Covers (feat. Nick Hakim)

Oddisee

Don't judge a book by its cover if you don't even read
There's no shame in saying that you're not up to speed
 No you're just scared
 Yeah you're just scared I got a real bad habit
 I think I know everything 'fore it happens
 Few times I was right, didn't help
 And it only made a know-it-all know without askin'
 To the point if I didn't know the answer
 I would make it up like the meaning of a canvas
 Another sudo-intellect with a guess and I'll go off on a rant
 If you say I ain't correct
 But that got real old real fast
 I think I had a fear about bein' on the outside
 Or the in while everybody out
 I just wanna be the first yellin' out, "It's about time"
I don't have a clue what I'm doin' most times when I wake up in the mornin'
 Being fake in the mix? Nah I'd just rather be a real not knowin'
 I was out at an event one time
 Tryna meet people and such
 NY stuff where people think you're cool
 Cause your crew seen skippin' a line
 Once I gott inside I was chillin' out
 Tryna feel the vibe, tryna feel it out
 Feelin' out a place with a look up on my face
 Like I wasn't really feelin' it much
 And here she come
 Lookin' like she run a blog about hair
Let me guess: you don't eat meat, do yoga every week
 And you only hang out here
 I'll digress, I was far from right
 She was far from dim, we were so alike
 There was no pretend, could've lost a gem
 Next chapter, beginx2
 You know my color, yes
But underneath remains covered, you ain't discovered yet
Judge me on the surface and publish me as another threat
I'm far from it, got more in common than you would guess
Have a discussion, stop your assumptions you know me best
 It's hard to read anybody but if you never try
How can you say you better without the measure to sympathize?
 The internet, has exposed us but we all in disguise
 Maybe camouflaged to protect us as we begin to brag

And this is why I'm freakishly in control of my enterprise
They'd rather spread a lie than sell the truth to get televised
May not have a clue, but that don't stop their detective eyes
I tell these guys: You don't know me, you don't know me at all
Does bein' cool with my homie make you cool with me? Nah
I got layers to my person and the first one is thin
And you've never met the person within, it's far deeper than skin

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>