



I WANTED TO B-SIDES



# JUMP SHIP

high in the driver's seat / my vibe's the messiah of '93 / dead man walking if he trying me, criminy / the pirate king / the slyest dollar sign you've seen - they'd die to be / turn fire beats to fineries / let the sire speak and they line the streets / scatterbrained / a cavalcade of ways to make your castle cave / and your track a batting cage / i'm a basketcase in his battle stage when i'm half-awake / and take another half straight to my dapper face / that's a classic case of "trashed the place" / i massacre while y'all masquerade / saying amen to the mayhem / i'm Mayweather in a playpen / so say when / i'm playing Halo with Satan like, "hey what's shaking" / i'm k-holed but ain't complaining just Super Saiyan / my groove is your grave / and good gracious, i get all Ghengis when i lose my patience / and fuck you because we did it ourselves / i've been working late to earn a place / i'll see you in hell / and i'm embracing the sensation of letting my face melt / while i whistle through the bars and all of my brain cells

slow dancing down the ledge / the devil asked if he could cut in / now i got my hood up / wishing that i would've jumped ship / but long live the patron saint of ain't nothing to fuck with

i get impressive from finessing every lesson learned in harm's way / smoke sessions were precious to misrepresent the heartache / less blessings than questions that at best were second to a car chase / engine revving, messing with my head, i'm Scarface / it's a goddamn arms race to Park Place since the start date / i'm an arcade to a card game / let my art say i left the bar raised / every night's been a hard day / every stride was for our sake / every line i crossed made a constellation / stay and stargaze / the way the words flow only the Burgh know / when he speaks they leaking merlot / merely murmuring infernos / let it burn slow / dress my old soul in a fur coat / for sure though / still missing a difference between a warzone and my workload / chasing tales cause you know i like a plot thick / get clocked quick and turn a soap opera to a mosh pit / no off switch / i'm in this bitch like a goddess / brutally honest vomit cause i gotta make the song sick

bus fare bankrupt / discount whiskey / introverted, out here with some jazz-packed ciggies / ragtag Da Vinci keeping the backstreets busy / where just the hustle make your compass and the buzzards dizzy / he's death dressed in a denim jacket / speaks his venom / sends them packing / reeks of resin / release the kraken / a living legend in Lennon glasses / like could you imagine / you always catch fire before the dragon / i give piggybacks to Atlas / i reckon you kiss our collective asses / masterminds over matter of fact / passing time in the Jag / i caught the vibe in the act / turn whippersnappers to Caspers, and Casanovas to ash / he's cataclysmic and batshit but he still leaves with the cash / in hand, in advance / what it do, what's the plan / grow a beard, start a band / shoot their feet, make them dance / i pick my fights and my fam / trying to go from sharing grams to splitting a hundred grand / you can put it all on your mans / god damn

# SPACE JAM

**[SHARK] my heart is a despot / headspace is a deathtrap / feeling so "off in the distance" / always coming through like dead last / and it's been major nines and minor setbacks / made me steadfast / brace for impact / chase a dollar trade it for a blunt wrap / then blame bad luck for me dragging my bootstraps / but never lose that sense of despair / when regrets resurrect in electric chairs / and your friends do their best to pretend that they care / but if you've never been then you'll never get there / so pick your poison like a potion / cause a commotion, lost in the moment / gone are the days i was hopeless / question everything except for the motive / while you were sleeping i was rewriting your mantra fam / progress was insomnia / rent came from the contraband / the greater good's in the hands of your neighborhood rocket man / impromptu propaganda / they don't do that like my posse can**

**i got a migraine that could slay Goliath / i walked into the fire but i would not advise it / ain't that the way that shit go**

**[LOUIE] where you going, who you be / are you lost and found but never seen / is there pressure building underneath / are you losing grip while wide asleep / do questions linger while you seek / are you hitting bottoms while you peak / is dopamine the only thing / that keeps you from unraveling / gone are the days that are lost in the moments / here to stay, your thoughts in the moments / gone are the ways that are lost in the potions / numbing the brain to avoid all emotion / crushed under pressure from caustic implosions / moving too fast, get nauseous from motion / feel i might crash from toxins encroaching / the world is so vast, but boxes enclosing / just let it roll off and breathe some air / you need to cool off, no need to wear / weight on your shoulders in routine affair / or hide on the corner when you bleed or scared / innate undertones that you deem severe / are nothing but a fog that you need to clear / just be aware / of what you're feeling when motifs appear**

# ROPE SWING

i shoot the breeze with trees that have faces / i push daisies in my daydreams /  
it seems i'm hanging in there / my feet can't reach the ground but i'm a ways  
away from weightless / numb to the sunshine and fresh air

and i never knew how well the crows sing / like that's one way to quit smoking /  
my body is a rope swing / i could show you how to float with no wings /  
sunset-colored choking / my body is a rope swing

i should be a comic, i got issues / that these Phil and Lil's are pill popping just  
to get through / self-taught in chop-and-screw jiu-jitsu / what it do / it's like coke  
nails on a chalkboard when it hits you / bottomless and spent most of this  
chronicle lit in a dim room / crawling out the sidewalk cracks / no vocal track  
could satisfy me / the kid's a backroad buccaneer / but the walls speak of him  
highly / i freehand the bigger picture with the slim pickings, penny pinchers /  
pretty vixens and city slickers / and i've never felt more alone / relating to the  
rainfall / always in my feelings painting on the cave walls / or a maze shaped like  
my brain that's better made to be a baseball / annihilated with my tribe called  
nihilists / a problem child potluck / pompous products of environment / i try my  
best / capsized in a hash pipe / mask that sad shit in a cracked half-smile / that's  
nice / a knack for chasing dragons into well-crafted crash sites / shit crosses my  
mind like a black cat on its last life

# BASEMENT

[SHARK] ice in my coffee / price tag on my thoughts / mess the next-up's head up cause I'm coming for his spot / homemade preaching gonna make my teeth rot / like sweet Jesus / pleased to meet you / I think not / only thing i'mma put them on is the defensive / singing for some pennies while i'm swinging for the fences / and anything short of momentum is incentive / go ahead, call standing uncorrected a lack of direction / bright ideas hid me from the sunshine / catch him two-stepping on the frontlines / and i might bring a rubber chicken to a gunfight / we're chin checking / get your Chucks tied / here we go

[YAK] I hopped out the bazaar / searching for parts to get my hooptie to start / new generation Picard / the worst of thirteen filler arcs / and solitaire with heads of Starks on playing cards / like gawrsh / fuck, its so hard not to erupt / constantly on the cusp, an implosion of such / it burns the underbrush and the real me bubbles up / rolling a blunt / Shark's Mars bars candy crush / but a question / what you glorify in this section? / i've been searching for destiny since times of the Byzantine / embezzle a fantasy / sun shines on a spotless mind / we redesign shit / hold your monologue / we demigods and read your thoughts / and we ain't we're even verified yet so hold up / got my life in a backpack, labeled hazmat / souls in a brown paper bag / as i melt with a pull from the flask like where the Bad Habs at?

[SHARK] i'm at the crib like a rebel without a cause / cue the coup de grâce / let it all represent the sentiment of my junk in your jaw / hold for the faux pas / i lay it down and then i dip out / to the sound of someone shouting, "the fuck just came out that kid's mouth?" / since the slightest vinyl scratch could turn me to a psychopath / i had to pick my head up just to put it back in my Pirates hat / spit bull in a china shop / that kinda talk is cyanide / spitballing is stuffing your bomber jacket with dynamite / and Bad Habs the boulevard allies / swarmed by the barflies / it's lit on the darkside / i take it too far til the car dies at the crossroads / the bravado feel like Pablo's but it's all mine / the boom bap Statler and Waldorf / got them screaming either uncle or encore / it's back to the dungeon and straight to the top floor / so my girl will show you hoes to the dog door

[YAK] back at it / the set of the second Roger Rabbit / in the attic six years ago / the static, addicts, the crickets / that Bubblegum Princess hasn't been up on my dick since / this Bankers Club body count is endless / Back Alley dispense riffs / i'm smoking up res hits / til Lightyears not here / this is Miss Nesbit / a sentence that i'm trying to make infinite / a dino head footprint / tryna gather up some semblance / like money as fat as hippopotamus / but still don't have a pot to piss / still searching for accomplishments / i'm tormented, an Obelisk / and on some honest shit / i gotta face it / make it out the basement

*i'm just trying to make it out the basement*



**PROUDLY MADE IN  
PITTSBURGH, PA**



**STUDIO  
22**  
SOUTH SIDE  
PITTSBURGH  
PA

- 1. JUMP SHIP**
- 2. SPACE JAM**  
**FEAT. ABSTRACT THEORY**
- 3. ROPE SWING**
- 4. BASEMENT**  
**FEAT. YAK, THE ATLAS**

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