

## Pete Rock: Smooth Sailing Beat

I strive to stay alive, so when I'm out on the road, please don't drunk drive.  
Cause your not only killing you, your killing me. Haven't you seen the ads? Drink responsibly!  
Do you really wanna risk it, really wanna die? Just give me five bucks and I'll give you a ride!  
Making drunk decisions makes car collisions, blurring your vision like an old television.  
Stop and take a think, how much did you drink? Not only are you drunk, but man your breath stinks!  
But now I'm being serious, do you really wanna do it? Kill yourself, maybe someone else, put both your families through it?  
If need be, just crash on the floor. Either that or crash through the driver's side door.  
When you wake up in a house, you might have a little headache; waking up in the hospital you'll probably have a neckbrace.  
But hey, don't take it from me. Ask the brain damaged victim in mental ward B.  
See he was out late one night in October, the saddest part is he was stone cold sober.  
But that night was halloween, parties going crazy, and along came a driver who's vision was hazy.  
The man tried to swerve, but just couldn't miss him. Now the halloween drunk can only party in prison.  
But it doesn't end there, cause he had a wife and kids. Now his little boy doesn't understand why Dad has to ask who he is.  
Teenage kids will always drink, its just bound to happen. But I make sure my friends do it without their neck's snappin.  
When my mom was just a girl, she crashed her car into a tree. If she hadn't survived, I wouldn't be me.  
But now I'm proud to say she's thirty years sober, and I know for a fact that she'll never fall back over.  
So this poem is for my mom, the reason that I thrive. The reason I am what I am, and why I'll never drink and drive.