

House Of Krazees, Outbreed

I should of seen it coming
Ain't no way out
I can't live it down
I'm all caught up in this game called rap

Let's see now
I began back in eighty-eight
The Osbourne days

(?)
Beat boxin'
Now I'm gettin' paid

It's more critical
The shit is gettin' life threatenin'
I can't calm my nerves
Without talkin' to Smith and Wesson

These trauma's of life
Leave me stuck in the daze
Am I the outbreed
Just because my mind state

Take on the big leagues
I'm dealin' with these headhunta's
Don't give a damn of where you come from
Or where you goin', sucka

So I'll work the grave shift
To keep my head on tight
Stayin' out of sight
And dodgin' all these would-be fights

From these jealous ol' fools
Who ain't got much to live for
Take me out
They got life, without parole

And I'm dead and gone
Six feet, with nothing in hand
Just the outbreed
Back from the dead, man

No way out
Life and death
Situations occur everyday
My mind's a blur

My whole life's a bad set-up
Nothing to let up, so I'm on my way
I stop and think
Who's going to stereo type today

I roam the streets so many times
That I call it my home
I chill with thugs and hoods
Never seen alone

I gotta do what I gotta do
Fearin' no stranger
Label me danger
Packin' no thing with an empty trigger finger

Now you can label me the outbreed

My mind speaks the ghetto 'til I die
So, who's next, please

Holdin' my own
So come and try me
I can't lose
Leathal inject of rap skills infect you

This ain't no front
Never leavin' from the hood that I came
It's all good, icein' it up
Rackin' my brain

The master plan is gettin' paid
That's what you think
It ain't that easy
But the thought does tickle me pink

My mind's the puzzle of a time bomb
Kinda clever
Stressin' me out over nothin'
Come on, let's put it together

Detroit is the city
Where my roots will always bleed
Keepin' my distance from you sucka's
Call me the outbreed

No way out
Life and death
Situations occur everyday
My mind's a blur

Somebody spark up the incense
My nerves are shot
From dealin' with these attitudes
Everyday is hard to live
So tell me what I'm suppose to do

Survivin' the game
It's simple and plain
I grew up on the darkside
The eastside of D-town
Portrait of the high time

Where crime is a common
Everyday factor
Smoke from the barrel
Like a nuclear reactor

You gotta go with the flow
Or you'll drown in the way
That's all my pops
Bed of roses on his early grave

Can you save
The intercity used from destruction
The violence and crime rate
It just an introduction

Future's dim for the outbreed
It sees no color, no fate
It's invisible as the air we breathe

You think you're innocent

Your ways are untouched
Born with mortal sin
And you think that that's enough

Trying to find the key to your heart
To unleash the love and trust
And make us start

At the good life
But is there something good in life
Problems of the world
Fingerin' my mind at night

Wrong or right
I give and take whatever I need
Nothing to lose
I guess I'm just the outbreed

No way out
Life and death
Situations occur everyday
My mind's a blur