

Organized Konfusion, Invetro

Verse One

Two weeks before my old man busted up in her
My moms never walked slow
Now she smoke crack, sit back, and listen to talk shows
I hope she don't eat pork fried rice tonight
See, the cholesterol already got my arteries tight
I might select even before she injects her lethal chemicals
to wrap the umbilical cords around my neck
Shit, I'm pissin' in the abdomen
Two and a half weeks old, already thoughts of stabbin' men
Unravelin' plots and plans for thievin' and shit
Immune to the gospel, not believin' in shit
Where the fuck do I go from here?
Cuz when the afterbirth disperse it's hard to persevere
I swear I can't fuck with it
She hits about two packs of cigarettes a day and I'm stuck with it
The asthmatic, internally scarred from crack addicts
Who share needles outside in the rain on Kraftmatics
and laugh at it
I guess for them it seems funny but soon
I be the nigga who kills for petty money presume
Inside this Temple of Doom we throw the womb
I bloom to be emitted in June, considered a coon
Livin' my life incomplete though
On the edge of destruction, invetro

Chorus (x2)

I'd rather not be born
than to be scorned in this world of hate
Where life escape me and stick me like thorn
Wild like child porn
-ography, the autobi of the unborn

Verse Two

Overshadowed in darkness where curiosity is my light
Fear it but very coherent that there's a fifty percent chance that I might
Not make it in spite of the fact, it's my life
And can't take it, knowin' that I'm losin' this fight
to contradiction
The love with the hatred inviting friction
Umbilically inflicted, watchin' my life go down like Christion
Understand mommy dearest is confused right now
but my faith brings us through someway, somehow
From now I vow to invest the livin', bow only to God
The coke's tokes and tell-lie-vision violence already got me scarred
Disregard what the devil allowed on my set
This city's number one threat, huh
Bet I could probably run for mayor on some shit like that one day
Or get my hustle on, just like my dad, quiet as kept for the long stay
Flow as a positive form to first step
I want some friends and a ill-ass fuckin' neighbourhood rep
600 Benz gooseneck with a Nakamichi system in it
Graduated from a rookie, rolled-up windows tinted
Desire presented for ice cream, Big Wheels, local rented movies
From Power Rangers, Lion King, Toy Story and Goonies
But the bomb, at least that's what I heard
Beyond my 9 to 5's I write a dope rap song
but with your insides gone the vision is frail
Dreams can't set sail
From all that unprotected sex and cold Ballantyne ales
Oh well, I still prevail, God always has something in store for me

outside this hell, move on
Torn in the eyes of Allah, scorned when the dawn distortion upon
My abortion clinic visit in the morn

Chorus (x2)

I'd rather be born, shine as the true and livin'
Spawned to live this gift to the fullest, shit is on
Still rethinkin' my position until I'm gone
Mission is to elevate mind
Glisten, destined forever, weather the storm