

# Sabac, Sabacolypse

(Chorus)

The world goes round and round ain't no stopping it  
Welcome to the days of Sabacolypse  
The world goes round and round, I'm on top of it  
These are the times of Sabacolypse

(Sabac)

I first started to write at the age of twelve  
My first verse was like a curse page raged in hell  
I felt caged in jail my skin beige and pale  
Back then emcees like me, we was made to fail  
But I stay prevailed tell these crazy tales  
But they the truth even still homie these days ain't swell  
I wanted sunshine but got rain and hail  
But fuck it I stay rugged dog my pain is real  
I come from poverty, my live where the streets is a part of me  
Its hard to see the odyssey through the lives of the oddities  
Honestly I'm about music, sex money and revolution  
You call it contradiction, I call it an evolution  
There's prisons being made, there's women being raped  
There's surveillance in my hood, when I speak I'm being taped  
I make riot music, start fire music  
Mosh pits at rap shows, get high and lose it

(Chorus 2x)

(Sabac)

Sometimes I'm my worst enemy I refuse to be friends of me  
Clinically depressed wishing this could be the end of me  
Zoning out staring into space seeing Hindus and snakes  
Cut off the head suck the blood give you a taste, I'm sick like that  
Cussing off the insane man  
My personality is Dustin Hoffman in rainman  
Compulsive schizophrenic this veterans explosive  
Walking timebomb take my medicine in doses  
Went from speed to Prozac from tees to throwbacks  
Weed to keys but y'all don't need to know that  
Was told that I died and came back to life, cracks and dice, smacks and ice, gats and knives  
I live the bastard live, man I sacrifice  
I'd be happy with some kids and an attractive wife  
Few million tucked away in a stash straight cash  
Even room in my path so I could escape fast from this

(Chorus 2x)

I'm a mass depressed, lately I've been feeling rotten  
Putting cancer to my lips while I'm inhaling toxins  
It's gotten to the point I'm contemplating my death  
I'm like running from myself or escaping the feds  
I'm in the bed pen and pad, porn flicks and beats  
Gaining weight rapidly like some sick disease  
Please give me some drugs, or give me some love  
Or give me something that's gonna give me a rush  
I need a buzz before I decide to squeeze and bust  
Have someone come home only to see the blood  
Stains on my walls from my brains to my balls  
Most likely from my brains, I'm feeling dangerous y'all  
I need to slide out of this funk, slide from the dumps  
And take it back to the streets so I could ride on you punks  
I'm hardheaded so forget it man expect to see me  
For now I choose to live dog that's too easy

(Chorus 2x)