

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 rainmain
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)