

Shabazz The Disciple, Concious Of Sin

Yo, I was in the game
And when you dealing with all that death?
Sometimes spirits come back and haunt you

My life, sometimes, be haunted, by my memories
Visions in my head, show me diggin up, my enemies
I hate to go to sleep because of the dread that's in my head
At times I find myself running from shadows of the dead
They try to pull me under, and bury me alive
I wake up, thinking it's over, a good thing I survived
They pull me back to sleep, and seperate my soul
from my body, and put my blood and flesh in a hole
Ahh dig it's worse, now the curse, caves my faith in
I rose from beneath the surface of the earth, as Satan
Inflicting people with war, drugs, diseases
Jumped up, go back to sleep, resurrected, ahh Jesus
Healing, the same motherfuckers I just inflicted
Spreading righteousness, the word of God, my mind is twisting
A holy war in the mental, I'm sort of brain dead
Spirits got me under pressure and they're fucking up my head
Now I lay, me down, to sleep
I pray the lord, my soul, to keep
And if I should die, before, I awake
I pray the lord, my soul to take
A priest, performed an exorcist when I was conceived at birth
The casting of the demon off the earth
Devils, worship me like a thesis
Nurses, rolled me in a room full of priests
Where they attempted to cleanse my soul from evil
With crosses, bibles, holy words, and needles
Redrum, voices, evil dead, they told me
I snatched the cross, jiggd the priest in the head and left him holey
(damn) My spiritual circle is evil, priests they attacked it
They jumped all over my flesh and put me in a straightjacket
Strapped me to the bed the priest screamed as he bled
They tackled me and shackled me from my feet up to my head
(dang) Now I lay to rest no longer stressing my escape
I fall deep into a dream, I see those spirits and I awake
(mmmm) Now I lay, me down, to sleep
I pray the lord, my soul, to keep
And if I should die, before I awake
I pray the lord, my soul to take
Another time my mind dwelled on a spell
I heard the cries from the dead souls burning in hell
Visions of their flesh, drowning in the flood
Well under hallucinations I seen heads soaked in blood
(damn) I snapped back to reality, and asked for my bible
Opened it up, in hurried confusion reachin for survival
(mmmm) When all of a sudden, I'm overpowered by that curse
(dang) The psalms that I've read, made my visions worse
(mmmm, dang) Seen a therapist, told him spirits tried to bury me
Spilled what was on my mind when I was done HE needed therapy
He recommended a baptism, a sacrifice
My soul rose to heaven but was cast back down by Christ
(damn) In forms of thunder, rain hail, heavy winds
Not even the blood of Christ, could cleanse my Concious of Sin