

# 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, jigged 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