

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Further From The Truth

(Blaze)

My styles are Grundy, gritty and crusted with mold
My body is a shell, inside is a tortured soul
Waiting to grab a hold, of everything you that know
And casually throw it all right out the window
I return from the beyond again, with a shovel on my shoulder
And a photograph of him, from the dark, backwards
counter-clockwards,
A lot of the words that I said, they went unheard
Buried in the casket, tucked under the earth
For so long, with hopes that no one would get hurt,
from this raging retard
Riddled with bullet holes, when you're different,
that's how it goes
I understand, do you?
If you were in a situation, that's mine
You'd probably go on, pretending everything is fine
But that, phony feeling couldn't be further from truth
When your on your back, in a coffin, wearing a suit

(Chorus 2x)

When your on your back, in a coffin, wearing a suit
That phony feeling, couldn't be further from truth

Dirty like the earth, And young bitches that lift skirts
To pay college funds, or get they nails done
We all human, got to do, what we gotta to do
From flipping a couple birds, to turning a trick or two
Or slapping a trick or three, for imitating a G
Rapping in the mirror, while they bumping my LP
Imitation is flattery, that what they tell me
But you ain't thug, you can't sell me, nope

(Chorus 4x)

When your on your back, in a coffin, wearing a suit
That phony feeling, couldn't be further from truth

A beautiful bowl of spread with lilies and orchids
A mortician playing your song upon the organ
I'll smash in your casket in with a sledgehammer
At this point now the anger is all that really matters
Busted the clock, threw the numbers away in my dreams
So I'm haunted by new miracle messages, what do they mean?
Whatever it is, is probably wrong
There's a hole in my head, and thoughts do linger too long
And then I get branded as a walking mistake
And all I wanted was a piece of the cake, and some ice cream
Would a nice dream like a vacation from nightmares?
Speaking on deaf ears to people who don't really care
We throw it all away in garbage, bring it back
Clean it up after the commentary and serve us a track
What ever they want they gonna get, that's besides the point
Meanwhile many motherf**kers platinum off of club joints
And it's all f**ked up right now
And it's all f**ked up right now
And it's all f**ked up right now
When your on your back in a coffin wearing a suit

(Chorus 4x)

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