

Bodyjar, Nothing's Clear

I'm still cruisin, my brain is sore
Time is willing, It's out the door
There's no correction, no female sport
It's locking up inside my mind 'cause

Nothing's clear anymore

There's no corruption, no train of thought
Not even willing until I'm caught
It's like a judge and jury being bought
By someone on the opposite side but

Nothing's clear anymore

Take a look inside Before you swallow your pride
Take a look inside
Take a good look inside
Stop and think about what you do
Try to understand