

Dreadlock Pussy, Cruel

I can't shake this feeling like I'm not doing so good
it's hard to tell exactly need to make it understood
on the outside first look nothing seems wrong
so nobody even knows what's really going on
maybe it's the pills maybe the stress is getting to me
but I'm pretty damn sure that I'm slowly going loopy
nowhere to run I wish someone start telling me
why every part of my body's yelling at me

it's cruel god's so cruel god's so cruel
[these nerves choke me I burn slowly]

walk down the road to the point of no-go
if I don't get out quick I might go loco
the pressure's building slowly getting ready to explode
but I don't wanna do that I don't wanna break the code
since the little boys and girls ain't ready for this yet
I'm just an ill kid who can't handle the damn stress
rest please tell me why it has to be so lame
going too fast for my body to explain

it's cruel god's so cruel god's so cruel
[these nerves choke me I burn slowly]

I'll live slow when I'm old