

Killer Mike, Dragon

heart beats

woman sings in background as the Intro begins

(Intro)

Ryan pump blast shattered glass in the classroom
Penny tried to hide in a bathroom,
Homicide scream from the hand held dragon
Mental flame from the barrel claim 25 angel, mercy
Long as the black board, splatter with his inside
Never had a chance to ride his new skateboard
Billy didn't shake lord, he fell silent
Died in the pantomime of cold violence
His killer didn't even blink, he couldn't think
Even when he heard the sirens kept firing
Pupils dilated, possessed and perspiring
He grew up admiring, 30 auts and calicos
AR-15 and long barreled 44's so on the story goes
He went out in a blaze of glory
He went out in a front page story
He went out in a front page story

(Hook)(x2)

My soul can't rest today
I can't bring myself to pray
I get down on my knees
Cause you will always be six feet under me

(Verse One)

Frank, I'm sorry you didn't get to see your cell phone tape, hear yourself
But to the mother fuckas who took Frank Williams AKA Fast Black, FUCK YOU! (Gunshot)

Dear God, I've messed up again, I'm sassed up again
Vodka spilling out my mouth onto my chin
I've slipped into the darkness of the heartless
Those barbarians carry savage weapons and they start shit
They hearts is cold as the artic, these men motivate mobs to lynch
These monsters are men, who I hang with
These monsters of then are who I bang with
Who I bang with, Crips, Bloods, BG, VL we have created our own road to hell
We train to kill and not to feel, reacting with a mac
But no matter who I kill I can't bring my nigga back
My niggaz dead and I can't get my fucking head around it
We was just smoking blunts of the best chronic
And now I'm wearing a t-shirt with his picture on it
Staggering about to vomit, consumed with vengeance
With my vengeance I'm all consumed, by mid afternoon smoking blunts in my room
To whom ever this letter may concern
When bullets strike they burn more than the flesh of the ones hit
You took my nigga my heart split, its broken, shattered in a million pieces
Help me Jesus, help me Jesus, just help me Jesus, thug niggaz killers
They victims was screaming help me Jesus

(Hook)(x2)

My soul can't rest today
I can't bring myself to pray
I get down on my knees
Cause you will always be six feet under me

woman sings until end of beat

heart monitor goes flat line