

None More Black, Banned From Teen Arts

The perfect mix of music and traffic.
I'm so stoked about breathable oxygen.
"so long" is thirty miles long.
City life is so not attractive, when paranoia's gotten the best of me.
I look long and hard.
I'm always wrong.
Eight years and five months to blame for who I am today.
Think I was bored in New Jersey.
Old friends.
Still talk to some.
I'll crawl back under the rock I came from.
Yea, I was born in new Jersey and it will die in me.
Spent some time away from my feelings.
While everything around me was crushing me for long.
Denying being wrong.
I broke down.
Built up. Broke down.
I broke down.
Built up broke down twice.
That's right.
I gotta song along.