

Project Deadman, Brain Dead

I might as well share the rest of the bad news with you

(Prozak)

In my dreams I got visions of dead bodies decomposin
Chokin from the smoke from the blast of the explosives
Plastic detonations all my dreams are dramatic
From the womb to the casket my mental thoughts are eratic
A 9mm shot will send your ass to hell
Rigamortis in the church while they ringin the bell
PDM in this bitch on top of the game
Wannabes tryin to be dissin all they claim to fame
It's all the same in the wicked shit but aint nobody wicked
Bitches sellin out like a Superbowl ticket
Mother f**kers rise it's time for a new era
Player hatin faggots got you runnin like Mascara

I look into my eyes and see my brain is dead
Cocaine drains from my nose my t-shirt stained with red
I take more caps and stems and think that I can fly
I take more pills in hopes that one day I will die

(Prozak)

Will I ever break up out of these chains
Of this life of this world of the pain I maintain
And every mother f**ker walkin on this earth cannot be trusted
Demons are screamin as bullets get busted
See so many things in my mind envision homicide
Crimes from different times pathological lies
Mankind's ties to the dark and mysterious
The wicked shit for life my friend is very serious
The streets are listenin
Better watch your back from those dissin decisions
Watch what you say
The vengeance of bullets will hit you some day
Watch where you go
Don't be caught slippin at places you don't know
Everyone dies
Hell's flames ignite when you're dead close your eyes

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Yea Project Deadman bitch Prozak MEC mother f**ker Self inflicted yea
representin wicked shit for life yea. We invented this shit I thought you knew?
2000 and forever f**kers.