

Weerd Science, In A City With No Name

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So whatcha think about mortality
How are these motherf**kers running America
Squeaking by like the sound of my sneakers
Weaker versions of the father
Hardly none of you mother f**kers even bothered to vote (nope)
Neither did I, seamless as I
Try to mend myself into the thread of American life
I find myself all alone with a knife and a cell phone
I feel so out of place like Melrose
Pop culture, silicone, synonyms, clones
Snare drums and microphones
Head trips and assholes, I'm all alone
I'm going home, I am no longer the Joe
Who pretends and smiles and acts
Like he's not one of the sickest dudes doing rap

Chorus (x2)
I'm all alone and I don't care
I knew it was gonna suck ass when I got here
If you're a gunner you can get yourself shot here
In a city with no name I remain anonymous

So whatcha think about this fallacy families
I don't know when Alex be getting on Mallory
How are we going to explain that we hungry
And we need calories to maintain our energy
And people never know my name. President Bush
Don't tell me it's a freedom they wanted
Look at the war that you started
Quit talking to me like I'm half retarded, it ain't working
I think so damn hard my f**king brain is hurting
I'm spurtin' out shit that you wouldn't normally hear
Here I go, be it for bite another rapper, no
Atmosphere Kid is gonna crack this year
I'da had a record deal if I was black this year

Chorus x2

So what you know about higher ups who's powered by coward's bucks
Who talk like they better but really they just as fowl as us
Out of luck and out of time, out of reasons to pretend
That I'm one of the happiest people alive; I'm not, I'm rotten
I'm spottin' my chance and I'ma take it
Whether something happens or not
I got nothing to lose, I'ma tell you how I feel
And hopefully some of you mother f**kers'll listen this year
I got nothing to prove, I'ma tell you how I feel
And hopefully some of you mother f**kers'll listen this year

Chorus x2