

Maze

Epik High

M-A-P T-H-E Soul, M-A-Z-E, lose control.

M-A-Z-E, my life is amazin'

Three blind mice as we're lost in the maze route, lookin' for the easiest possible way out.
Day in and day out, you run into a closed road. Turning into old folk, chasing after rose gold.
What they don't know is that it belongs to a fool.
Choosing wants over needs, singing songs of a mule.
Carrying their burdens when you barely know the person,
And that is the difference between a pharaoh and a servant.
I choose to serve no man but serve mankind,
At the same time avoiding all of Earth's landmines.
You step in it and you blow up,
You exit or you grow up, or get locked up.
The pigs catch ya eating donuts.
But I'd rather rhyme bars than sit behind bars.
How can a prison cell contain this shining bright star.
They have no idea what I could do in a minute's time.
Break down the walls of the maze and run through the finish line.

Life is like a maze... when I'm flippin' through the pages.

It's high definition black and white.
Is it digital, analog, wack or tight?
It's stressful wishing sacrifice, and the list goes on. It's the facts of life.
East coast etiquette, west coast slang.
Peace we'll never get if shit don't change.
Do you play with the majors or go independent?
Gotta stay paid but I'm broke like a peasant.
Love, sex, greed, addictions. What's next?
Need directions. There's nobody left to follow.
Wallow in my sorrow for a hollow tomorrow.
Life is like a maze, try to keep track of the days that take us from place to place.
Awaken and face-to-face.
Too many choices, possibilities, indecision is killing me.
And if you lend a helping hand, then I will follow willingly.

Life is like a maze... when I'm flippin' through the pages.

M-A-P T-H-E Soul, M-A-Z-E, lose control.
M-A-P T-H-E Soul

Flip through fashion magazines, cop a swag or lean.
When nothing's goin' 'smooth', rub a little vaseline.
Do an online, offline, frontline search. Either quench or confine your Columbine thirst. Cuz you wanna fit in...
And find a perfect 'match' to set your heart in flames. You wanna be a catch.
Catch-22, catch the flu, catchphrase.
By any means necessary in this rat's maze.
It's a black haze muddle, a rainy day puddle...
Life is gonna wet ya, get ya in a muzzle.
A struggle to survive, a huddle nine to five with no quarterback.

Change? You won't even get a quarter back.

It's a murder fact, reality kills. Call your doctor now for your reality pills.

Chill, but still worry... a bug's goin' around.

Cuz life is like your homie, it's 'holdin' u down'.

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