

## Further From Truth

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

My styles are Grundy, gritty and crusted with mold  
My body is a shell, inside is a tortured soul  
Waiting to grab a hold, of everything you that know  
And casually throw it all right out the window  
I return from the beyond again, with a shovel on my shoulder  
And a photograph of him, from the dark, backwards  
Counter-clockwards,  
A lot of the words that I said, they went unheard  
Buried in the casket, tucked under the earth  
For so long, with hopes that no one would get hurt,  
From this raging retard  
Riddled with bullet holes, when you're different,  
That's how it goes  
I understand, do you?  
If you were in a situation, that's mine  
You'd probably go on, pretending everything is fine  
But that, phony feeling couldn't be further from truth  
When your on your back, in a coffin, wearing a suit

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That phony feeling, couldn't be further from truth  
(2x)

Dirty like the earth, And young bitches that lift skirts  
To pay college funds, or get they nails done  
We all human, got to do, what we gotta to do  
From flipping a couple birds, to turning a trick or two  
Or slapping a trick or three, for imitating a G  
Rapping in the mirror, while they bumping my LP  
Imitation is flattery, that what they tell me  
But you ain't thug, you can't sell me, nope

When your on your back, in a coffin, wearing a suit  
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(4x)

A beautiful bowl of spread with lilies and orchids  
A mortician playing your song upon the organ  
I'll smash in your casket in with a sledgehammer  
At this point now the anger is all that really matters  
Busted the clock, threw the numbers away in my dreams  
So I'm haunted by new miracle messages, what do they mean?  
Whatever it is, is probably wrong  
There's a hole in my head, and thoughts do linger too long  
And then I get branded as a walking mistake  
And all I wanted was a piece of the cake, and some ice cream  
Would a nice dream like a vacation from nightmares?  
Speaking on deaf ears to people who don't really care  
We throw it all away in garbage, bring it back  
Clean it up after the commentary and serve us a track  
What ever they want they gonna get, that's besides the point  
Meanwhile many motherfuckers platinum off of club joints  
And it's all fucked up right now  
And it's all fucked up right now  
And it's all fucked up right now  
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