

## Palm The Joker

Brother Ali

Have mercy on me my Lord  
I'm just tryin to walk to the corner store  
And the brown and blue armies are always at war  
What on Earth they wanna harm me for? - I don't know

We raise monsters in the basement  
Feed 'em shell casings and train 'em to chase us  
We rip most the pages out  
Of the Bibles and Qur'ans, in this house it's their view we care about  
Such as God has forsaken us  
And from his anger gush forth plagues and floods  
The chosen people done stoned the great prophets  
His mighty wrath stay upon us 'til the day of judgment  
We spend days punchin brick walls  
The scabs we rip 'em off and fill them bitches with salt  
To all injury we add insult  
Got a leather bound edition of shit that ain't our fault  
Swabbin down the bridges with lighter fluid  
Too timid to burn 'em, we pray the lightning do it  
I wear this mask 'til my face grow to fit it  
Frozen in a paradigm, waitin out my sentence  
Livin in a well (well), self made Hell (Hell)  
Medicated, dwellin in a pit within myself  
I waste time patiently, sufferin the pain  
And kindly invite you to Hell for not savin me  
I see a poor victim's face  
Reflected on the pawn shop glass pistol case  
The breath make it foggy and then it gets clear  
Now which metal here would fit best in the ear?

We gon' dig us a ditch, move directly to the edge and live on that shit  
File the dice so as the seven never hits and palm the joker, reverse magic trick (no shit)  
Yes shit, we gon' dig us a ditch, move directly to the edge and live on that shit  
File the dice so the eleven never hits and palm the joker