

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