

Vein

Cannibal Ox

Pop goes the flow of the weasel
Strapped with an Ox full of diesel
Trapped in the desert with eagles
Thoughts of ghetto acapellas in cathedrals
Spilling heavy gospels with cheaters
Twisted up, high off the reefer
Lost beyond regions of logic and reason, just being
We high so be not so obedient to society's laws and limitations
Lost in this ghetto population
I'm just another face that's facing all types of, like
Stereotypes and hatred
But I ain't going to whet that and get all stressed out
I'm just trying to make it and strive with my...
Hellbent
Hell went through changes, emotions, inner thoughts and rages
Relieved and released on pages
My life in its cycle and stages
Seen through descriptions in nature
Ever since back in the days when niggaz was loving and hating
Everyone trapped and two thou caught The Matrix
With diseases of judgement that breed through the hatred
Conceived through these scenes and then painted

Now what really defines the line of a hater
And what defines the line of someone even greater
And what makes somebody jump that line trying to take it
Wrapped behind enemy lines trying to make it
Mind in another universe while my physical's stuck on the earth
In these inner city mazes

Yo (11x)
Lay that shit down
What is you, a clown?
You wanna see a little kid get shot?
Give me two good reasons so I don't smack you
For flashing a gun in my face just to get some respect
All in all, it's all love and I'm here to protect
You only twelve years old, someone'll snap your neck
You let your pants sag, but your thoughts gotta pull up
Mental calisthenics, lazer brains can't push up
Or even sit up to fight for what they believe in
He thought about it
I said, "Peace, keep breathing."
I see him mumbling, shrugging his shoulder
He probably cursing, but he know better
He had a beretta with the rubbed off serial digit
And I know he got it from Carlos The Midget
The only cat I know cold enough to hustle shit to kids
Been in this three man team forming eight arm squid
And they laugh in the face of
Any possibilities of being through and dead
We're all from the same ghettos
And these are the same hollow tips that knock nearly out of stilettos
He cocked first, I cocked second
And in that exact second both of the gats burst

"Man, this is your last fucking chance."

"Fuck you, this is your last chance."

Live and orchestrated
From blocks where animals grew up as four lazars
We twist mad sabres
Rock the sky pimping jays all day blazes
Wrapped in these inner city mazes
Relaxing on corners where cats stay wasted
Choking on 4-0 basics, you taste it
My life's an oasis, this trife's what I make it
Straight through these days spitting raps that laced it
I'm just trying to blaze these mics on the stages
Write on these pages like life as a scene, in amazement
Like, "Ima stay blazing mics until I'm fading
Off of this surface to return to my nature"
In the meantime, spit flows and cop acres
Put my fam in it with shelter that spaces
Everyday life, yo, is rap in these mazes
I'm just trying to make it
The O-E slowly dissolves in my belly, got me aching
Niggaz up the block, yo I swear, trying to take it
But I'ma stay patient, watching every move made in the jungle
It's live trying to strive in this struggle
New York state of mind, that's the home that I come to
Nothing but pigeons living, trapped in this system
Bleeding, screaming...phoenix
We needed that scrap for that meaning to stay shining
Trying to escape out of hellfires and lakes
Brain on another plane gliding through acid rain
That's stress trying to master pain
Spit words, not to hurt, but to bash your brain
That's the worth of an MC wrapped in the vein
New York