

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