

# Loserville

Charles Hamilton

Smart as a whip but Artistic  
All my targets get hit  
But ya'll miss my thoughts  
Often I get pissed off harden my fist  
Talkin cryptic nah ya'll all stallin n I'm quick  
Perhaps it's the fault of harlem  
Or the brick that hit my skull  
BUT then I saw it fall n let my mind catch it  
So if this is your mind playin tricks with this mind brick  
I'm San Fran Forty Ninin catch it  
Don't whine when it gets intercepted  
Your brain cells should feel disrespected  
Sitting in the end zone curled up in a ball  
The world sucks says the black hole  
I call this moment defines me sittin home  
My thinkin cap got it's stitches blown  
Meer thoughts don't fit in my dome  
Flushin shit when I'm finished on a throne  
I can't whipe  
I use paper to write  
We can all escape to  
Loserville Loserville Loserville  
We can all be safe in  
Loserville Loserville Loserville  
Ain't nobody cheating  
Were happy for no reason  
You can call me Alice in  
Loserville Loserville Loserville  
Panic when I'm questioned  
But a phantom of the exit  
Stand at the damaged door  
To find that I'm manically depressed  
Familly Obsessed which can be a Pestering blessing  
Is why I can't stand to be undressed  
The pain was laced with microcameras  
Life on campus wasn't quite as hamperin  
Life as Hamilton is answering this is Charles callin  
Fans in shambles as it cancers me  
I cancel the cancer to merge  
The tumor with a bottom part of a blumeberg screen  
Stress is a part of the brain point game  
Whos fault was refrain when Charles came  
N said hed be a martar for the game  
They gassed n burned him like a fart on a flame  
So pardon the shame on my face  
I just need a way to escape from this place  
But I'm safe  
We can all escape to  
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If you lose who plays with you  
People who strive to win try to break the rules

You try again so you hate to lose  
Haters win regardless  
Losers are Retarded  
Right?  
Like I said I'm autistic  
This beat is retarded you can hear stars glisten  
And you can see stars listen  
I feed off the nonretards that I'm winnin  
I'm the pot belly zombie in thriller  
Cause off pot my mind be a killer  
Eatin brownies for a body high  
It's out of body time  
Lay down n watch my body die  
Get up dance n body the mic  
Break into the crib to hears screams from my wife  
We wake up from the dream n she sighs  
Cause she knows I got more n she can see it in my eyes  
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