

## Backpack

## Crazy Town

Everything's connected like it's not  
I'm travelin through time and give it all I got  
Stuck in my ways, another cigarette, another shot and it pays  
Another fuckin beat that makes you think that I'm craze  
I need another reason just to keep it ablaze  
The season is hot, and I keep trudging the maze  
When I'm on the move, I keep it fixed in my gaze, I bring it up like  
Cinematic dreams, automatic snow, dressed in hand me downs, living out of control  
Rockin shows from Echo Park to Berlin  
Static flows lighting the spark from within  
Cinematic schemes, automatic hold, taking everything  
And it's out of control  
Put on the table, hit it with a rock  
Slap on another label, this is what I got

I've been lookin out the door, I see you coming back for more and more and more  
And you catch me acting up again

I'll be puttin all the feelings in my backpack  
Taking all the reasons off the wall  
And if you knew it than I know that you'll be coming back  
So what the hell you lookin at, I'll take it all  
[x2]

Everything's connected like the dots, tryin to keep me calm unarrested from the cops  
Tryin to look beyond my perception of the top  
The yachts and these broads as their chests come out their top  
And she bad to the bone we bone, right when she moan it's on  
Rather be known than gone, Shifty Capone I'm home  
Searchin on line to the front yo  
I ain't never met a line I ain't cut though  
Hard to lead the blind when you cant see a thing  
Everybody thinks you fly and they just cant see the string  
See the thing is, how would I hop that wall, woulda dropped that ball  
Woulda stopped that car, woulda took that gun, put it in my mouth  
If it got that far, I'll take it all...all  
They try to lay me down, look inside my my mind and you can find where crazy towns at  
Takin that for the pain, another tat on the vein  
I got assassins for friends, and they say that I'm insane

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[x2]

I never liked school, so I never packed my textbooks  
but in my backpack packed a tool  
couple of cassette tapes, walkman too

Fridgerator Perry heavy and my Uzi weighs a ton  
Grew up 80's baby, LA shady, fools shoot you for fun  
Run like DMC but don't walk this way  
You might get hit with A-K, kiddies double dutch get hit with strays  
In a maze in, in a daze, don't recall happy days  
Broken home, broke alone, just my momma, daddy gone  
Fuck what ya think you know, this ain't the typical  
Story ya think ya know, don't make it less difficult  
Innocence, in any sense gets burned up like some incense  
In an instant, your shit was fucked up since an infant  
What are you supposed to do, when hatred takes over you  
Mad at the fuckin world, feelin real postal too  
Had all this hatred and this pain inside  
Coulda went Colombine but had a column full of rhymes

And I'm puttin all the feelings in my backpack  
Taking all the reasons off the wall  
And if you knew it than I know that you'll be coming back  
So what the hell you lookin at, I'll take it all