Prize Fighter

Grieves

Beat the bloodly hell out of it
Look at what it took from ya
You're pride's shattered and all you do is deny
Shoulda, Chill
Cause now your living all alone
In a place meant for two
With a pocket full of stones
And it drags you, down to the bottom of it
You pig headed mother fucker
Should've saw it coming
Cause now your wipin all the pictures off the fridge
Bitin your bottom lip
So you don't call her a bitch
And it's crazy
Where'd you learn to fight like an Animal
Everytime you have a slight misundertandable
Issue, it kills you to let shit go
So you treat it like it's trying to take a chip out of your bones
When it finds you
Dragging all the bullshit behind you
Fight for the hell of it
And fuck for the solid truth
This is everything that's ripping you apart
But you act like it's just a little scar

I never back down
Never threw no fight
Never stopped when the bell dinger proved yo right
Never listened when you told me it would loose my life
But, I'm a give it just one more round

I never back down
Never threw no towel
Never hesitate to respar with three meters back
Never thought that it would ever tackle me out
But, I'm a give it just one more

Beat the daylights out of it
Look at what it put you through
Revive what you used to do
You shoulda, chill
Cause now you're living in a box
With a ghost for a friend
And a gun full of thoughts
And it beats you down
With the water running
You blind swinging motherfucker
Should've thought of something
Cause now you're dancing in the middle of the ring
With yo fists tossed up
Yelling I don't feel a thing
And it's crazy
You don't want to live like this
If it wasn't for your friends
You would kill by this
Feeling passionate, it actually slows you down
When you don't read between

The lines of those old nine rounds
When it's time to
Dragging all that bullshit behind you
Fight for the hell of it or fuck for the solid truth
This is everything that's ripping you apart
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