

# Black Winter Day

Jedi Mind Tricks

Torn apart now,  
I cannot have this combination  
And you should up your elixer

Torn apart now,  
These are the choices we've made  
Do I swallow, or walk away?

Yeah, most of my adult life I've been torn into two  
If you love me, then I love you and this song is for you  
It's tight hard when you know what you said  
And your shorty seein' you as an emotional wreck  
The closer I get, it's like the farther I feel  
And my heart has turned into this heavy armor and steel  
It's hard to be real, hard to listen to the dumb shit  
And I take a lot of pills 'cause it numbs shit  
I wish I had another path to follow  
Wish that I could be a man and learn to pass the bottle  
A graphic novel, my future a box or an urn  
Havin' dreams about death, but I'm not that concerned  
And I'm diseased, through the seasons they turn  
Watchin' leaves from the trees turn disease and they burn  
I'm eager to learn, but I'm holdin' my breath  
And everyday alive is just another closer to death

Yeah, I've been alive longer then I expected to be  
And took care of everything that's expected of me  
Took care of my girl and my mother  
I told her that I'm always here and I love her  
I handle shit differently 'cause I'm grown now  
And the truth is that I'd rather be alone now  
I'd rather not have to deal with the day  
And I hate when people ask me how I'm feelin' today  
My brother Rasul, we had a beef and grudge  
But we grew up together, cousin, so it's peace and love  
I wish all the best, I wish all the shine  
I wish I didn't wanna offer my thoughts with a nine  
I'm thoughtful and kind, but I'm evil alas  
But everything I love has turned to a tedious task  
I feel that life a waiting game for people to pass  
But nobody ever want you to see through the mask

Yeah, I don't wanna be a burden to y'all  
I just wanna know exactly what my purpose is for  
I feel like nothin' I do is ever right  
And that I'm actin' a fool another night  
And I admit, I don't take care of myself  
So I do a lot of thinkin' and preparing myself  
'Cause the fact is my father died young and I might, too  
And it ain't any way to tell what I might do  
I don't wanna leave my mother behind  
I don't want for her to cry, because the struggle is mine  
I don't want for her to grind no more  
I don't want for her to work a 9-to-5 no more  
I ain't have to work a fuckin' 9-to-5 before  
So I'm tryin' to get this money to provide for y'all  
And if the shit ain't work out and I'm suddenly gone

Just remember that the motherfuckin' love isn't gone  
Pazman