

# The Crow

O.C.

Check out the scheme of a dream, thick fog all around me  
Standing in a tunnel of blood, hounds surround me  
Shadow of a child, my eyes visualize and figure  
And as you walked backwards the shadow grew bigger  
Temptation made me curious to follow it  
All fear in my heart, at that point I done swallowed it  
State like trance as I reach out my hand  
You wore an overcoat robe, face was disclosed  
Now was this a dream or reality  
I was about to become one of Satan's fuckin fatalities  
In silence, I hear the wings of a black crow flappin  
The bird lands, then appears a man  
Very sleek in physique, stood about six feet  
Dispute was jet black I had to step back  
His demeanor wasn't pure, I knew this for sure  
He had a diseased look that the world couldn't cure  
I'm frozen, the fear returned to my body  
Heart pumpin so fast, I thought I was goin into cardiac arrest  
I wake up in a cold sweat, wifey sleepin on my left sound asleep  
I peep around the room then I make a sudden jest  
A feather from a black crow was beside my pillow  
Was it a sign from God to repute for the things that I did in my lifetime  
Now my soul's on the line  
I'm puzzled, spark up a Newport  
Then I take a fall in hell it's the cancer  
Then I try and find an answer  
CHORUS: (2x)  
My wisdom that I'm droppin is-  
Is somethin like a doctor and  
Necessary like oxygen  
I'm seein who's my opposite  
And who's my aid in life  
So let's attract and repell  
Third rate government they tryin to seize the world  
Day like a rose, the wind is blowin hard against the window  
Pull up the blinds there sits the crow  
I back up fast heart beatin massive  
Lost my breath, collapsin fallin on the mattress  
I went into a state of unconsciousness  
Open my eyes up, I'm layin on the dark street  
Leaves blowin in the breezes, Jesus  
I on the street like a nightmare  
I take flight, a bird through the air  
While I'm wingin it I see all sorts of chaos  
Dead bodies, burned buildings turned over cars  
Uh-uh, seein visions of an all out war  
Territory factors, picture escape from New York  
Gun fire, blomb flowin, nerve gas a-flowin  
Just imagine whole race of Harlem gaurds showin  
Realizin I was havin out-of-body experience  
Return to my physical and wake up tense  
Layin in the hospital as I figured the riddle  
G-O-D was throwin at me paranormally so  
Givin sight beyond sight about the world we know  
A preminition that I saw through the eyes of a pro