

## Invetro

## Organized Konfusion

Two weeks before my old man busted up in her  
My moms never walked slow  
Now she smoke crack, sit back, and listen to talk shows  
I hope she don't eat pork fried rice tonight

See, the cholesterol already got my arteries tight  
I might select even before she injects her lethal chemicals  
To wrap the umbilical cords around my neck  
Shit, I'm pissin` in the abdomen

Two and a half weeks old, already thoughts of stabbin` men  
Unravelin` plots and plans for thievin` and shit  
Immune to the gospel, not believin` in shit  
Where the fuck do I go from here?

'Cause when the afterbirth disperse it`s hard to persevere  
I swear I can't fuck with it  
She hits about two packs of cigarettes a day and I`m stuck with it  
The asthmatic, internally scarred from crack addicts

Who share needles outside in the rain on Kraftmatics  
And laugh at it  
I guess for them it seems funny but soon  
I be the nigga who kills for petty money presume

Inside this Temple of Doom we throw the womb  
I bloom to be emitted in June, considered a coon  
Livin` my life incomplete though  
On the edge of destruction, invetro

[Chorus: x2]

I`d rather not be born  
Than to be scorned in this world of hate  
Where life escape me and stick me like thorn  
Wild like child porn  
The autobiography of the unborn

Overshadowed in darkness where curiosity is my light  
Fear it but very coherent that there`s a fifty percent chance that I might  
Not make it in spite of the fact, it`s my life  
And can't take it, knowin` that I`m losin` this fight to contradiction

The love with the hatred inviting friction  
Umbilically inflicted, watchin` my life go down like Christion  
Understand mommy dearest is confused right now  
But my faith brings us through someway, somehow

From now I vow to invest the livin`, bow only to God  
The coke`s tokes and tell-lie-vision violence already got me scarred  
Disregard what the devil allowed on my set  
This city`s number one threat, huh

Bet I could probably run for mayor on some shit like that one day  
Or get my hustle on, just like my dad, quiet as kept for the long stay  
Flow as a positive form to first step  
I want some friends and a ill-ass fuckin` neighbourhood rep

600 Benz gooseneck with a Nakamichi system in it  
Graduated from a rookie, rolled-up windows tinted  
Desire presented for ice cream, Big Wheels, local rented movies  
From Power Rangers, Lion King, Toy Story and Goonies

But the bomb, at least that`s what I heard  
Beyond my 9 to 5`s I write a dope rap song  
But with your insides gone the vision is frail  
Dreams can`t set sail

From all that unprotected sex and cold Ballantyne ales  
Oh well, I still prevail, God always has something in store for me outside t  
his hell, move on  
Torn in the eyes of Allah, scorned when the dawn distortion upon  
My abortion clinic visit in the morn

[Chorus: x2]

I`d rather be born, shine as the true and livin`  
Spawned to live this gift to the fullest, shit is on  
Still rethinkin` my position until I`m gone  
Mission is to elevate mind  
Glisten, destined forever, weather the storm