

# Brain Dead

## Project: Deadman

I might as well share the rest of the bad news with you

(Prozak)

In my dreams I got visions of dead bodies decomposin  
Chokin from the smoke from the blast of the explosives  
Plastic detonations all my dreams are dramatic  
From the womb to the casket my mental thoughts are erratic  
A 9mm shot will send your ass to hell  
Rigamortis in the church while they ringin the bell  
PDM in this bitch on top of the game  
Wannabes tryin to be dissin all they claim to fame  
It's all the same in the wicked shit but aint nobody wicked  
Bitches sellin out like a Superbowl ticket  
Mother fuckers rise it's time for a new era  
Player hatin faggots got you runnin like Mascara

I look into my eyes and see my brain is dead  
Cocaine drains from my nose my t-shirt stained with red  
I take more caps and stems and think that I can fly  
I take more pills in hopes that one day I will die

(Prozak)

Will I ever break up out of these chains  
Of this life of this world of the pain I maintain  
And every mother fucker walkin on this earth cannot be trusted  
Demons are screamin as bullets get busted  
See so many things in my mind envision homicide  
Crimes from different times pathological lies  
Mankind's ties to the dark and mysterious  
The wicked shit for life my friend is very serious  
The streets are listenin  
Better watch your back from those dissin decisions  
Watch what you say  
The vengeance of bullets will hit you some day  
Watch where you go  
Don't be caught slippin at places you don't know  
Everyone dies  
Hell's flames ignite when you're dead close your eyes

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Yea Project Deadman bitch Prozak MEC mother fucker Self inflicted yea  
Representin wicked shit for life yea. We invented this shit I though  
t you knew?  
2000 and forever fuckers.