

## Fading...

Prozak

Tell me something good like Rufus an Chaka Khan  
Although haters want us to fear we keep on keepen it on  
Hot water and hell n not a second befor dawn  
Ya jus needa amp up the pace because the spotlights on  
Hey Man, they say I often preach  
Spit it like a wicked evangelist so only the chosen will understand this  
To complex for one dementional minds  
I'm the monsta in make-up who wake up n get high  
Becuse in my own life I'm blessed with sorrow n pain  
And the occacinal happy day to keep from being mundane  
I'm insane like my armada and the killers I roll with  
Pandora's box was never ment to be open  
Close caption, my want is take action and hit em when there asleep or just r  
elaxen  
Never see it comeing  
Prozak started up the death machine and I'm riden in the frunt seat with so  
much blood coveren me

In here, this dark is where I am.  
I don't know where I am.  
I'm slowly fading...

And it's here, this darkness is where I stay.  
If I can't find my way  
It's where I'm staying...

Sometimes I feel so down and depressed  
Sometimes I feel that the weight of the whole world sits on my chest  
Sometimes at night I try to sleep but then I can't katch my breath  
Sometimes I try and cope with stress feeling that there ain't nothing left,  
put to rest.  
Man, I started rappen wicked about a decade ago  
I was destend to bring darkness to records and microphones  
You can hate this if you want but I'm going still call this home  
Fucken mainstream radio play the wicked we walk alone  
Never intended for the weak minds to understand or except this  
Don't add up another sitistic  
Devils reject it  
Test it and what going to find is this shits true  
That the sloghterings we supply will devistate you  
Going to desecrate you  
Never did trust you'  
That's okay that you don't like us because we fucking hate you  
So I ryhme in the view of sycotic, morphed, and ballistic  
When ya'll should be on Prozak because mainstream minds are twisted

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I'm a maniac by trade  
Raised by public enemy number one by tearing domes out the game  
And id be careful because every word that you say

Is another way for people to imulate you everyday  
And then hate it in everyway  
And when you face with it, it's on some hater shit  
Catered to that mainstream bitch n get some play with it  
I'm stright with it  
I'm wickedest when I'm sittin here with this pen  
And it's given me the grin, even like the purest of sin  
And if I let it loose with a bottle of grey goose  
By the time the cops come I'll be firen on them to  
And you can hear the thunder now, I'm underground  
You wonder how I've never been found  
Even with the wickedest sound I hover around  
My fingers up in your face  
And all you weak ass sell outs ain't nothing more than motherfucken disgrace  
s  
And I'm hideing from all the faces who dominantly want to take from the mind  
Of something so twiztid but I turn them away

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