

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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