

Keep Grindin'

Prozak

Well alright
It was once said that uh
You can't stop what can't be stopped
Or uh
You can't kill what can't be killed
You know what I'm sayin
We're gonna give you another Tale From The Sick
Cause that is what this is
And this here is my boy prozak hailin all the way from from Saginaw, Michiga
n
He is The Hitchcock Of Hiphop

Don't think I hear them plannin, To try to reach the planet.
I roll with Strange Music, bitch we carry automatics.
To all you hatin' fagets, who wants to start some static.
I call me Quick Quick, but clips can make you drip with maggots.
No method to this madness, I do this for the thrill.
I still do BDM, right now I'm the solo kill.
Relax and take these pills, should help to ease those ills.
You mind will spin in circles, 'briate your brain stays still.
I'm still the same old motherfucker screaming fuck fame.
Mob underground and hell and marchin over red flame.
So tell me who's to blame, the planet as a whole.
The Corporations gain, now watch the panic grow.

[Chorus:]

See I've been down this road.
I'm still a million miles from where I'm going.
Watcha think of me?
Watcha see in me?
Who I'm tryna be?
And I'm still grindin'.
See I've been down this road.
I'm still a million miles from where I'm going.
Who I wanna be.
It's what I'm gonna be.
And if you trouble me.
I keep ridin'.

Pychotic rhymes that show, malotic rhymes that flow.
Exploding microphones with schitzophranic episodes.
I'm aiming at your soul, you feel the darkness grow.
The call me Hitchcock, the modern day Edgar Allen Poe.
I love them gothic biches, they be strippin' at my shows
I hang with misfits, and wierdos, and also juggalos.
Radio stations keep hatin' because of statements I'm makin'
like they mistake me for satan, why must I be forsaken?
So keep on conversatin', I'm here to haunt the nation.
I am the ghost of those who chose pose the Declaration.
I'm here to fight for freedom, I'm here to fight for speech.
And trust me we can beat them, we own the streets.

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This life is critical, these times are biblical.
Sin is habitual as these rhyems are political.
Some say I'm cynical, some say I'm criminal.
Some say I'm heaven sent, behold the spiritcal.
Exquisite and spiritual, yeah wicked and lyrical.
The source of my material, ok now here we go.
Sometimes I wake up screaming and even if I'm dreaming
I'm pleading for reasons to belive is this Prozak or Steven I'm weezin'.
I'm barely breathin' pleasin these demons I'm self defeatin'
I'm freezin' this heathen from perceiving these thoughts that I'm receiving.
I feel faint but I'm bleeing I can't take it
I'm leaving is this fate that I'm meeting or these mushrooms I'm eating.

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