

## Capathy

Qwel

Coward human got a gun, he's down to shoot it, run  
Bow before his outward spouting power  
A flower slumps in the slums  
A crushing flood on someone's love, someone's son, someone's do  
ne  
(Buck, Buck, Buck, UHHH)  
And the rain sings like, I don't care  
And the train howls like, I don't care  
But where them thugs at, so other thugs know just who to bust a  
t  
Some dumb ass brats who buck at other thugs, but miss as much a  
s tap  
To cap a total stranger's rug rat  
Waitin on the bus mad  
Not another mustard..puff...slug through lung and lunch bag  
Fuck cats actin adamant about thug ass philosophy  
But oddly enough never changed a diaper or diaper wrapped colos  
tomy  
Rap about zaggin rags, I highly doubt it  
Let the dragon out on babies babies, now ain't a side round it  
(I don't care)  
Drowning flowers ain't a thing, not for cowards fraid to sing  
That goes for cops up on Howard  
Panoptic tower made of heat  
It's raining steel nails through tissue boat sails and gales of  
dollar cream  
Hail increase like collars, fathers martyred out of ink  
Think how slaughtered daughters' mothers weep it out without an  
ounce of sleep  
Salty heaps of sniffled "why's" crystallized round her cheeks  
Sees the skies as just clouds now  
Shouts in her pillow wet  
But where my killer's killers?  
To fill in her children's silhouette  
Chillin, building hell, feelin well, killin something  
Blood for miles, high as a horse's bridle, demons runnin, Jesus  
comin  
Told 'em  
Hold 'em to an unrepentant sentence, senseless muggin  
Desensitized eyes, shruggin pride, to deny your lungs from pump  
in  
He's the hardest motherfucker ever fucked a mother  
Brother buckler  
Bust at thunder in his slumber  
Up to pluck your number  
Peace  
The Harvest  
Rubber Duckers, he's retarded

Swingin his sickle, gleanin brittle garden, marksman sucks you  
under

I don't care