

Hello I'm stress, Fuck you!
You're fired, and pregnant
'Cause I control this twisted carnival, hit the exits
I spent your rent on killin' children, chasin' red cents
Tasted birthday cake, want to vote?
Invade with dead cents
From hemp scented bar parking lots where justice don't chill
To money hungry starvin' artists dressin' up with no skills
So hush, pretend it's a game
Just remember the pain
Write a song about the industries dust intrigued lust
Then it's the same jargon hardened garbage
How's your liver? How's your sister?
Drown her kids in liquor sips
Stereo sounds for six figures
It's bigger then right and wrong
It's writing songs for singing sheep to sleep
Bleach the sheets, Teathin' leeches teach the feast
On your babies dreams, 'cause maybe things ain't that bad
Not considering, I'm not the victim cop this image, cop this insulin
Rip the infants limb for limb
Stretch their skins for instruments
Bang the drum, bang the gun
Buy the jeans by the hope
Buy the smoke by the gallon
Buy the rope by the throat
Buy the talon by the rope
Buy the throat by the talon
Mimicking riddles fillin' abusions
Filling these shoes that's impossible
Fossils rockin' Big Macs and public hip hop and toppled obstacles, and stumbling
You've got a shot, humilities just an anchor
Work to turn the slaves into graves
Ashes to cash dust to pay dirt
Chalk up a favor, pay it later
For now we'll fake the sound
Ground shakin' anti-gravity
When your wallet weighs you down
Hip hop cultures flourishing worth worshiping these vulture skulls
Of target markets, red targets and carbon multiples
Of headings beading sevens, sixes and small print
I'll be Tyreseus to lead these lemmings towards the dolphin shit
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They have eyes but do not see
I'm not the victim, cop this image, cop this insulin
I'm not the victim, cop this image, cop this insulin
I'm not the victim, cop this image, cop this insulin
I'm not the victim, I'm not the victim, I'm not the victim