Ahh shit

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Huh!
Check it...uggh!
Silence
Something about silence makes me sick
Cause silence can be violent
Sorta like a slit wrist
If the vibe was suicide
Then you would push da button
But if ya bowin' down
Then let me do the cuttin'
Some speak the sounds
But speak in silent voices
Like radio is silent
Though it fills the air with noises
Its transmissions bring submission
As ya mold to the unreal
And mad boy grips the microphone
Wit' a fistful of steel
Yeah and mad boy grips the microphone
Wit' a fistful of steel
Wit' a fistful of steel
('Cause I know the power of the question)
Wit' a fistful of steel
Wit' a fistful of steel
(And I won't stop cause I know the power of the question)
It's time to flow like the fluid in ya veins
If ya will it, I will spill it
And ya out just as quick as ya came
Not a silent one
But a defiant one
Never a normal one
Cause I'm the bastard son
With the visions of the move
Vocals not to soothe
But to ignite and put in flight
My sense of militance
Groovin', playin' this game called survival
The status, the elite, the enemy, the rival
The silent sheep slippin', riffin', trippin'
Give ya a glimpse of the reality I'm grippin'
Steppin' into the jam and I'm slammin' like Shaquille
Mad boy grips the microphone
Wit' a fistful of steel
Yeah and mad boy grips the microphone
Wit' a fistful of steel
Wit' a fistful of steel
(Cause I know the power of the question)
Wit' a fistful of steel
Wit' a fistful of steel
(And I won't stop 'cause I know the power of the question)
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And if the vibe was suicide
Then you would push da button
But if ya bowin' down
Then let me do the cuttin'
Yeah!
Come on!

A .44 full of bullets
Face full of pale
Eyes full of empty
A stare full of nails
The roulette ball, rolls along on the wheel
A mind full of fire
And a fistful of steel

And if the vibe was suicide Then you would push da button But if ya bowin' down Then let me do the cuttin'

Yeah! Wit' a fistful of steel! Come on! Uggh! Wit' a fistful of steel! Uggh!