

Martyr

Shyne

Shit, sometimes man, a nigga be contemplating,
Yo, living in fuckin' hell, nigga die, might be better.

Walk through the shadow of death, my dick out pissing
Rebel, laughing at the devil, homicidal threats
Only if he knew, I wanna lie a coal, who the fuck wanna die old
On this miserable earth, forever, put me in dirt
It's better then living searchin treasure
That only brings atrocity, and treachery, baby mothers stressing me
Ain't no hope left in me
Live everyday like it's my last
Waitin' to meet my niggaz that passed
At last I could meet Christ, ask him why the fuck you died on the cross
Here these stupid motherfuckers, they still lost
I'll ask Malcolm, see what it was like to fight for civil rights
And nights he thought he would die, what did he do
Did he grab his gun and a bust shot?
Get on my knees praise Big and go fuck with Pac
Find out did he really take 5 shots
Ask him, who shot ya, was it the Feds?
Couldn't of been Big Poppa, Brooklyn niggaz ain't braille
Like that, ask Martin, why the fuck you ain't fight back

If you had a choice, life or death
What would you choose
(3x)

If you had a choice

Life ain't real its a dream we see tomorrow
Reality, shit that's pain and sorrow
Reality, disaster beat breaks,
A little girl up in the projects gettin raped
Reality's a nigga gettin rock shot 41 times
And you askin why I run from one time
I don't even get justice,
Nigga sometimes, no times, oh I'm bout to lose my mind
Reality's fucked up, like a hard workin mother, losing her job
The battle of good and evil
Like the devil, ain't losing for god, we on lucifer's squad
Not knowing what the fuck it all mean
I can't even, get a can of sardines
Niggaz driving bentley's, burning money, I'm yearnin money
Taking your shit, I'm earning money
Yet you call me a thief I call me a broke nigga trying to eat
On this earth suffering, why its like that
Guess we the punished, blame Adam and Eve

If you had a choice (3x)

Hold your latex, from nuns I take sex,
Play chess, with the devil from the sky
Like rain shells drop immune to this cold world's sorrow
Beyond shell shock, can't you tell pop, I need some help ox
See them meadow officers watchin' myself rot
Ice pick and cell blocks
Hope the 12 stop on the highway to hell, switchin lanes

Niggaz that know, what I mean to suffer and struggle in the gutter
Slice birthday cakes with box cutters
I did not stutter, you heard me this is utter, reality
Observe me, on a journey puttin niggaz on gurneys till I meet my maker
In the name of Amadou Diallo fuck Guiliani and Howard Seiffler

If you had a choice (3x)