

# 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)