

Lately I've been feelin stifled by my addictions and reckless ways

Drownin in the depths of depression dreamin of yesterday
Breathless haze starin out the window while the record plays
Before the penmanship pennin lyrics in second grade
Let's just say I was raised holdin onto silent rage
'Til the day my anger manifested to my violent ways
And now they're here to stay, they keep tryin to hibernate
They never sleep, I never sleep at night, I'm always wide awake
I try to make a break away, but I'm always pulled back
The winter's cold, my knuckles are red, I rock a skullcap
I walk the streets at night, slidin on the ice
My own reflection in the sidewalks I've been fightin all my life

I've been writin all my life, schoolbooks to bar napkins
Product of froze streets, cool crooks, and hard rappin
I hear your palms clappin, I hear your cars crashin
I hear you livin and dyin this is how stars happen

I didn't even know we'd fallen asleep
These long sheets of paper just get shorter when the candle burns

I'm tiptoein, openin doors, when the handle turns
The dark speaks, flames flicker, light trickles underneath the blinds

Open just the sides for eyes to peek out the window
At the dark skies and all the night's creeps
I look at my girl inside my bed and see my wife sleep
She breathes calmly; meanwhile I got a motherfuckin army
And madness sits behind me and my pad is all that matters
I scatter random words and abandon slurs
A writer with the tragic pen imaginin what can't occur
Can't occur, high as hell, open up a can of worms
Douse the world with gasoline and burn it, God damnit burn
My pen is mightier than swords, mightier than yours
Words live forever so they're mightier than wars
I can't sleep at all, I'm fighting for a cause
I am fighting for what's mine, I am fighting for what's yours!