

Deformity, a bodily malformation, check  
Distortion, or disfigurement, check  
A Deform, person or thing, check  
Gross, ugliness, check

I don't wanna take this, I don't wanna carry this, I don't wanna lift this  
Everyday, when I wake, wish there was I way that I can rip this  
Off of my shoulder off of my back, like a big boulder got me off track  
I don't wanna be seen lookin like that  
I'm looking at it, it's mean lookin right back  
Ugly, bloody, pussin', heavy  
Way more sinister than Leatherface, Jason or Fuckin' Freddy  
And that shit ways me down, got me going crazy now  
Lazy round me place, cause I got shit right side of my face  
How did I get it? How did I grow it? How do I cock back and just blow it  
Off? Surgery yes you know it cost and I ain't goin out to show it off  
I'm just stuck in here, with this fuckin' weird stuff in near  
Crushin', pussin', bustin' till it up and clears  
I'm ready, it's wicked, it's gotta be deadly  
It's everything you could imagine, bad, twisted, evil and medly  
Down into eternal fire, this is where it lead me  
Can hardly hold it up because this thing is so fucking heavy

(Ewww, that's gross, yuck, what's that?  
Oh my god, disgusting, repulsive, what the fuck?  
It's not a tumor, fuck the rumor  
I need more to go, stop Staring at this  
Mutherfucking side show)  
HEAVY (Everyone you love got needs)  
HEAVY (I'll shove start to buckle at the kness)  
HEAVY (My lord said this slow heal carry  
And if it don't then it might get scary)HEAVY

Cha!  
Gotta cover it up, gotta go outside to get food  
How when the smell is like shit stew?  
The way people are staring and lookin it gets cruel  
Bad when I'm shoppin', at the walmart  
They be laughin', then a brawl starts  
Cause they wanna pick on a muthafucker  
With deformities, bless yall heart  
I'm sick of it, when it's on my back  
I can't even get a women to kiss on this  
Face, I don't even want to live on this, place  
Because all people givin' is hate  
And your really gonna get it bad if your, disfigured  
The more these sick gigglers  
Pointed my heavy load it gets bigger  
They call me hunchback and I wish they wouldn't taunt that  
They be lookin at a nigga like I woke up  
And showin straight up shittin' in their lunch sack  
Kids, grown ups, dogs, cats  
All be lookin and pointing at this deformity on my back  
Taking over me, I'm slowly, turning into it  
This repulsive, nasty, heavy, sick, humongous pile of shit  
Under my skin, infecting my blood  
Like I have some kind of disease, it's

Big and bulgin out of my jacket and everybody sees it

What is it? With this load I carry there's problems in my life  
Got big problems with the IRS and problems with my wife  
Got a lot of problems with this music career, problems with my mom  
And I gotta solve 'em quick they fallen on me  
It's a problem with this shit on, and it's heavy  
When everybody depends on you to be the shot caller  
And you pushin, tryin to get all of your people  
Over the wall, but the shit got taller  
But you tough and determined, you rough and you learnin'  
You cannot do if you not baller  
So you get it and hit it one after another  
And look - the lump got smaller