

Grammar of life
The past is imperfect
The present is temped
The future is maligne
And immortality lasts forever

Welcome to the new shit
Fuck the world saved by the hip hop
Fuck the whole anti cop
Now it's all like the world is all headshot
Like cumspots on video tapes and internet downloads
How you're gonna unfold you gotta 8-year-old kid in the office with gun loaded
Like he in a classroom and all the students are ducking
What the fuck is this world coming to check this up then
You know it better than I we both been here trying keep out things from rubbing
Together cause we got too much fat in them
Fellow American how are we gonna get through this shit without dying from non starvation

I'm like ? you think it's funny call you big dummy
Trying to get up in this shit and follow through
You like busted your load with only two minutes to do it
Yeah what do you think that this is the right way
You got the organization now you left the rest of us out to play with no ball
And no fucking endzone there's nothing left to do but to keep protesting on
Our microphones
Yeah thanks a lot you left us a lot of choices
Like having no lips and no tongue but still voiceless

Ain't no more heroes only refugees.
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Heroes scramble for grub out of food trucks
Heroes are the ones who gives the fuck when the night comes and they don't wake up
Heroes learn to catch and take scrap metal from bombs and make a wah-wah pedal and make it play long note to make that shit sound right
Heroes catch and take particle blasts turn that shit into a god damn pedal bite and make that last