In A City With No Name

Weerd Science

So whatcha think about mortality How are these motherf**kers running America Squeaking by like the sound of my sneakers Weaker versions of the father Hardly none of you mother f**kers even bothered to vote (nope) Neither did I, seamless as I Try to mend myself into the thread of American life I find myself all alone with a knife and a cell phone I feel so out of place like Melrose Pop culture, silicone, synonyms, clones Snare drums and microphones Head trips and assholes, I'm all alone I'm going home, I am no longer the Joe Who pretends and smiles and acts Like he's not one of the sickest dudes doing rap

I'm all alone and I don't care I knew it was gonna suck ass when I got here If you'se a gunner you can get yourself shot here In a city with no name I remain anonymous (2x)

So whatcha think about this fallacy families I don't know when Alex be getting on Mallory How are we going to explain that we hungry And we need calories to maintain our energy And people never know my name. President Bush Don't tell me it's a freedom they wanted Look at the war that you started Quit talking to me like I'm half retarded, it ain't working I think so damn hard my f**king brain is hurting I'm spurtin' out shit that you wouldn't normally hear Here I go, be it for bite another rapper, no Atmosphere Kid is gonna crack this year I'da had a record deal if I was black this year

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So what you know about higher ups who's powered by coward's bucks Who talk like they better but really they just as fowl as us Out of luck and out of time, out of reasons to pretend That I'm one of the happiest people alive; I'm not, I'm rotten I'm spottin' my chance and I'ma take it Whether something happens or not I got nothing to lose, I'ma tell you how I feel And hopefully some of you mother f**kers'll listen this year I got nothing to prove, I'ma tell you how I feel And hopefully some of you mother f**kers'll listen this year

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