

# Birthday

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

How bout a birthday? Fuck another funeral  
We're only here to live one time, you know?  
How bout a birthday? Fuck another funeral  
And how I live my life, they don't control  
How bout a birthday? Fuck another funeral  
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'Til the day I die, you can label me a juggalo

My homeboy's dead, he been gone 3 days  
And now I'm with his family in a funeral parade  
'Til the wake split stories over chicken and biscuits  
And I contemplate all the shit that he's missin'  
It's fucked why folks die so young  
I bet he had the chance to get my dry-cleaning done  
Oh no here it comes, guess it's time to get the soup  
Instead of the cigars 'cause my homie's wife is due  
Here's what's true, there's an obituary page  
With no section devoted to new lives being made  
Sad to say, easy to see when you look  
The birth rates decline while the death rates off the hook

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Bad news, so much fuckin' bad news  
What the fuck is the matter with these sad fools?  
Nobody cares what they buildin', just what they tearin' down  
It's hard time on your spine, it's heavy on your mind to carry 'round  
Tell me 'bout what's coming, fuck what's goin'  
Drama we already knowin'  
Bodies fallin', whistle blowin'  
Show me what's alive & growin'  
Tell me about the trees reachin' the sunshine  
Tell me about some soldiers coming home safe, just one time  
Let somebody blind look around  
Let the deaf hear a sound  
How 'bout a hidden treasure found?  
Spread some fuckin' pleasure round  
How bout a birthday? Fuck another funeral, BOO!  
That's like 2 in a row too, with more to go through  
Show me some white clouds, beaches with seagulls in the sky  
No more white gowns, gurneys [?]  
Somebody slow down, relieve some of this pressure  
Let's try to focus on some positivity  
So much fresher  
How 'bout it?

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No more funerals, no more wakes  
No more eulogies, give my birthdays  
It's time for first crawl, first tour, first walk  
I don't wanna see no homies outlined in chalk  
This year is our years, we livin' without fear  
But so many folks dying, that the future's never clear  
It's cloudy & overcast with the past, it's a reminder  
There's nowhere safe for you to hide 'cause death showed behind ya  
And if this is God's plan, then help me understand  
'Cause I'm losin' my fade in a world in atom, man  
How 'bout a birthday, not a funeral possession?  
We'll party 'til the lights go out, without question

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