

Inside Looking Out

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

The first stone is thrown through the sky
Night time illuminates, eyes grow wide
I see the enemy now, more clear than ever
No fear, that's better, meet you head on to settle
The notion now exists that you can beat me

I swish this speedy to a quickly then I eat you alive
And all for reasons placed on your stupidity
You should have never got next to me
Now you fleeing desperately

[?] you in the night will then align
Become an outcast to all mankind
Just like a threat, fuck no, you can call it a promise
A full moon in the night is upon us

You ready for change, I'm hating
No, I'm really just speaking my mind
But now a days doing so always seem to get intertwined
In the politics and everybody holding a grudge
And if you got no love, you get no love, because

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But them mother fuckers ain't crazy at all
People always act like they paid mother fuckers
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The most wickedest witches in the world shudder
In fear when the words of Samhain is heard
We slaughter at night because in the dark you can't tell
Whether we're attacking near or far

All up in your grill or just breathing down the back of your spine
Or lingering in your mind like the rhythm and rhyme
I'm a time bomb set in your head ready to explode
Or implode depending on the size of your dome

Watch as I explode in crowds of bystanders
Who protest the spitting of wicked crawl like salamanders
[?] downfall with bitches who running every which way
From the torches of molotov saw

[?] for the degenerates stealing your innocence
Who cutting off your hands if you ain't feeling this
Peeling the skin back revealing he's just the shell of a man
Without a spine in his back, as I was saying

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The most infamous lunatics on the planet
Combining their forces to cause panic amongst the minds of people
Playing the product with such passion
And through them we become legend and everlasting

Blood letting is a chance to let a little go and
What remains from what you cut away will eventually grow
And if it don't grow you get thrown into a realm with us
Crippled and crushed and unable to trust

I am not afraid though many have been enslaved on what you say
I am not paid so how can I relate to you
White walls, thirty inch rims with chrome spinners
Most people I know still scrounging change for dinners

Still hustling for a paper and [?] for precision
It's some real life shit, it ain't no friendly competition
And the [?], you ask me why I'm paranoid
'Cause so many suckers perpetrating the game to fill the void

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