

I drink the cloudy city rainwater, you can never save my soul.
Painted glass on my stomach, I don't break it for no one. Your
blood runs like a river when your back's turned and hope don't
float when it's chokin' on it's last word. Which one would you
use to describe this, sick of fightin' everyone around me for s
ilence, sick of tryin' to get inside of your silly blinded visi
on of what you though life was before you dived in. Take a look
at me I'm piggin through my last meal, headin' to the gallows
with a smile on my cracked grill and that's real. You can keep
your little rap deals cause I don't give a damn about bein king
of the crap hill. Stop, and let it fall where the chips lay an
d take the earth from underneath your fragile pride and kick st
and. So when it all clears and the rain clouds fade you can sta
y with the rest of the skeletons in their grave.

This city (yeah) it's really got a hold on you. This city (yeah
) it's really got a hold on you. You don't need to fight me off
, I'm well on my way. Gonna leave these cobblestones and matchs
ticks in the back of my brain. I learned that you don't have a
single word left that you can say. Better make me quiver when y
ou wave it like a knife in my face. Your king is dead.

You can change these bricks all day but not a single one will e
ver get you outta here, take you away. You want a throne that c
an never be claimed but standing there lookin' like another dro
ne that lost his way. So take the broken crown off power in a k
ingdom full of fools gold, searchin' for a diamond in a pile fu
ll of bruised hopes. You're lookin' at me through those tiny li
ttle two holes that lie to you and force you to be blinded when
the truth shows. Yeah I guess I'm nothin but a blood drop that
fell out of your last black listed number one spot. Coagulatin
g, I'm ready to be released, and how did your palms like the bu
rgandy powdered breeze. How poetic, you all want change but won
't let it, get a breath of any answer you decided it was ready
to breath. Believe me, that's the nature of the beast. Break hi
s little legs and watch it try to flee, watch it hobble out you
r awful line of reach. Turn around and pull the cotton out it's
mouth and pour it's heart out in the streets and when all of t
his is over you can sharpen up your teeth just to smile in the
mirror while the rest of you depletes.

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