

# Nothing's Clear

Bodyjar

I'm still cruisin' my brain is sore  
Time is willing, it's out the door  
There's no correction, no female sport  
It's locking up inside of my mind 'cause

Nothing's clear anymore

There's no corruption, no train of thought  
Not even willing until I'm caught  
It's like a judge and jury being bought  
By someone on the opposite side but

Nothing's clear anymore

Take a look inside  
Before you swallow your pride  
Take a look inside  
Take a good look inside

Stop and think about what you do  
Try to understand