

# I Don't Know

Brokencyde

Can't breathe no more... What's this life for?  
I don't know...  
If I should stay or go

Mentally demented in this brain that he gets  
The pain wouldn't stop, was tortured by the rain when it drop  
Put a gauge for the thoughts, blast it, it's gone in a flash  
Hoping to smash his feelings and the hope that he had  
The dopest in rap, but couldn't never focus on that  
Was too distracted by the smoke that was chokin' his past  
When his heart was broken, yeah, shattered like glass  
Hiding his face with dark shade glasses and hats  
But no one deserves the fucking way he was raised  
Prayed every day, his tears never faded away  
Filled with hate and dismay, never couldn't handle the pain  
So much stress, trapped in this animal's brain  
Damaging himself, only hell remains  
Til the end, motherfucker, I had felt the pain  
Fighting demons in my brain, turn myself insane  
Writing stories about my life, I won't shout my name

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I'm an emotional wreck, with evil feelings of pain  
The acid rain drips on my soul, leaving stains on my brain  
Hopefully to maintain my captions, sustaining the real me  
Feelings kicking in after, thoughts killing my conscience rapidly  
Accidentally puncture my lungs  
From the start, I'm doing my part, keeping my heart together  
Grip glue, from the start  
In this dark, I can't breathe no more, wondering what this life's for  
Living six feet under with this corpse  
Back's torn from the former ashes, backlashes,  
Trying to backtrack to what happened  
From the early days, it's a maze  
I can't feel through this haze  
It's amazing what the human body has to give  
I have to live, half the battle is trying to win  
My devotion is trying to get rid of everything that wouldn't last  
My past sticks with me through this mass attack  
The tracks leaving my soul hoping in fact

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You try to complete me  
Delete me from your memories  
But you need me, how the fuck can I be your worst enemy?  
Possessed enough energy, after to build some sense in this  
I had a style before the feelings killed my sentences  
I still remember shit like it was yesterday  
I digested pain, waited for about five days to see if it ever changed  
I had my better days, figuring what I needed most  
Writing until I developed arthritis and my fingers broke

Needing this hope, living I know, smear the blood in my raps  
Continue writing this song until I fucking collapse  
I felt nothing, it was all nothing, nothing seemed to work straight  
I was a failure that came outta my mother on my birthday  
(Doctor, doctor, look, we have another retard)  
Equip me with a bicycle helmet and a pair of knee guards  
It seemed hard, but I adjusted to being fucked with  
Threw my feelings away and stab myself in the stomach  
I loved it.

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