

CONSCIENCE

City Morgue

Urgh
Pain

Hello, say hi
Going one-for-one, eye for an eye (Jell-O, Jell-O)
Hello, say hi
Going one-for-one, eye for an eye (Jell-O, Jell-O)
Pain, pain, I need to clear my conscience
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Pain, pain, I need to clear my- (Pain)

Magnets to pacemakers, knives to guts (Okay)
Lookin' at my life, know I don't give no fucks (What's up?)
Now your granny on crutches (Haha)
Here, do it to mine, so we can level discussions (Haha)
Are we on that same level? Fist-fight with the red devil (Okay)
Off with his horns, crankin' up the black metal (Huh?)
The pot is bubblin', blowin' out the tea kettle (What?)
We can rewind the beef, wait until it get settled (Okay)

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But I'm back where I started, my face itch (What?)
I scratch on my skin 'til I break it (Okay)
My head hurts 'cause it's full of hatred (Huh?)
Man, the guns sink the fuckin' battleship (Haha, Sleepy)

I ain't got a clear head (No-no), you's a fuckin' airhead (Fuck outta here)
Now we choppin' heads off just like they deer heads (Boom boom)
Fuck America, we don't fear feds (Fuck outta here)
White face, dead pres' (Mula)
Kick your fuckin' door in with my dreadheads (Gimme that)
Spray the room up, it's gon' be a red bed (Doo-doo-doo-doo)
Leave them niggas dead-dead (Boom), if they call the cops up
It's gon' be a dead dead, countin' up that bread-bread (Sleepy)

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