

He Dead

clipping.

Protect your body
They want to take your body
They want to hurt your body
And put it in a coffin
'Cause they don't think you matter, oh no
They want to take your power, oh no
And make you even lesser, oh no
And add you to the number
Don't let them get close
They're screamin' out murder
You've got to be cautious
Before they destroy ya
Don't let them get close
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Before they destroy ya

Can you feel it everywhere?
Oh, he dead
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Oh, he dead

How fast can them bare feet run?
The answer is barely, isn't it?
But you can't stop for the pain
Pop another oxy, swallow, and hit the bricks
Follow the plan, you know all the tricks
Fire escape to the roof, stay low, stay low, stay low
When they screamin' out murder, they lookin' for you
They always lookin' for you, why the fuck they always lookin' for you?
Surely somebody must live without stiffness, ice in the spine
God you been runnin', so gotta keep runnin'
So so-and-so told you 'bout so-and-so's cousin
They got him and there wasn't nothin' left for her to identify
Disappeared in the blink of a eyeball
Bounce, man, bounce, man
Oh, he dead
Lost and found, man
Oh, he dead
Used to be this girl 'round the way
Oh, she dead
Looked up to God and you pray
Oh, he dead, oh, she dead
What they say, you got loose, do not stop, do not dwell
On the past, you's a fool, you got legs, best to use 'em
Don't let them get close
You've got to be cautious
This ain't knife to a gunfight, but more twig to a tank
They say these bullets hollow, holler if you feel the same
Say you need bullets silver, holler if you got a chain
Then this breeze make you shiver, holler if you feel the pain
Yeah, the molar is throbbin' insane, must be 'bout to rain again
Yeah, the older you get the less game they ought to be breakin' in

They like they meat fresh, so just stay alive, young man, feet to the road a gain
The echo of boots on the pavement is palpable off of the buildings, they closing in
They hunt as a pack and they packin' more firepower than you ever imagined
The pack on your back rattles back and forth, no slack
Go faster, go faster, they masters of trapping and
You just a trapper who went for a Masters
And dropped out when it didn't matter no more
Your body of work didn't embody bodyin' bodies
And watchin' them pile on the floor
So what them books got you but dreams of everything lost?
What does sleep bring you but screams at night where you toss?
And turn hope into stone, your motto embossed
Stay alive at all costs

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