

Backpack

Crazy Town

Everything's connected like it's not
I'm travelin through time and give it all I got
Stuck in my ways, another cigarette, another shot and it pays
Another fuckin beat that makes you think that I'm craze
I need another reason just to keep it ablaze
The season is hot, and I keep trudging the maze
When I'm on the move, I keep it fixed in my gaze, I bring it up like
Cinematic dreams, automatic snow, dressed in hand me downs, living out of control
Rockin shows from Echo Park to Berlin
Static flows lighting the spark from within
Cinematic schemes, automatic hold, taking everything
And it's out of control
Put on the table, hit it with a rock
Slap on another label, this is what I got

I've been lookin out the door, I see you coming back for more and more and more
And you catch me acting up again

I'll be puttin all the feelings in my backpack
Taking all the reasons off the wall
And if you knew it than I know that you'll be coming back
So what the hell you lookin at, I'll take it all
[x2]

Everything's connected like the dots, tryin to keep me calm unarrested from the cops
Tryin to look beyond my perception of the top
The yachts and these broads as their chests come out their top
And she bad to the bone we bone, right when she moan it's on
Rather be known than gone, Shifty Capone I'm home
Searchin on line to the front yo
I ain't never met a line I ain't cut though
Hard to lead the blind when you cant see a thing
Everybody thinks you fly and they just cant see the string
See the thing is, how would I hop that wall, woulda dropped that ball
Woulda stopped that car, woulda took that gun, put it in my mouth
If it got that far, I'll take it all...all
They try to lay me down, look inside my my mind and you can find where crazy towns at
Takin that for the pain, another tat on the vein
I got assassins for friends, and they say that I'm insane

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[x2]

I never liked school, so I never packed my textbooks
but in my backpack packed a tool
couple of cassette tapes, walkman too

Fridgerator Perry heavy and my Uzi weighs a ton
Grew up 80's baby, LA shady, fools shoot you for fun
Run like DMC but don't walk this way
You might get hit with A-K, kiddies double dutch get hit with strays
In a maze in, in a daze, don't recall happy days
Broken home, broke alone, just my momma, daddy gone
Fuck what ya think you know, this ain't the typical
Story ya think ya know, don't make it less difficult
Innocence, in any sense gets burned up like some incense
In an instant, your shit was fucked up since an infant
What are you supposed to do, when hatred takes over you
Mad at the fuckin world, feelin real postal too
Had all this hatred and this pain inside
Coulda went Colombine but had a column full of rhymes

And I'm puttin all the feelings in my backpack
Taking all the reasons off the wall
And if you knew it than I know that you'll be coming back
So what the hell you lookin at, I'll take it all