

Black Cloud (Live In Berlin)

Crazy Town

Now people say I'm jinxed.
I got some kind of voodoo hex.
Life is so complex.
There's no telling what can happen next.
Life on the edge,
Fuels the sickness in my head.
It imbeds the type of thoughts
That got a lot of brothers dead.
The smarter brother knows
To keep his foes close.
And I'm the type of brother
That's smarter than most.
A cold hearted overdose
Of lyrical antidotes.
The cure to make sure
My karma can't take me down.
Up to the same old tricks.
I wonder if I'll stick around.
Is a penny really lucky
If you find it on the ground?
What's the problem with this town?
I can't figure it out.
My karma's crashing down
In the form of a black cloud.

I've got a little black cloud
That follows me.
Everywhere I go,
It takes over me.

I'm sick.
I've got a real ill disposition.
My intentions are pure
But there's a cure for my condition.
My decisions
Put me in the wrong positions.
Chasing pipe dreams
Of fame and recognition.
The Epic.
Not only a name,
A definition.
My game remains no matter the pain.
I stay the charmer.
The Don of Karma.
I navigate it like the Dalai Lama
I ain't a saint.
But I've got Joi de vie
And I'm the one to blame
If the cloud rains on me.
I can't complain about it
Or even let regret
Provoke the energy it takes
For me to get upset.
A bad boy since birth
So I can't forget
What goes around
Comes around

And it ain't got me yet.
I've gotten wise in my age
And tamed the threat of my rage.
I've got a lot to learn
And I've got money to spend.
To pretend is reaping more
Than sewing ever could mend.

I've got a little black cloud
That follows me.
Everywhere I go,
It takes over me.

Trade my torches for a dime
The pressure's fading away now
Black cloud's lifted for the light
The pressure's fading away now.
A thousand cigarettes
Won't change the way we feel.
The pressure's fading now
Can you bare the thought of knowing truth?
Knowing truth.

I was rapping in the rain,
Hoping that my luck would change.
And if there's any truth
To all those old sayings.
Cuz if I killed a spider,
Would my house catch on fire?
If I walked under a ladder
Would it matter?
I tend to laugh
When black cats cross my path.
Break mirrors in half
Just to test the aftermath
Now here comes rain.
I project my pain.
Trying to make sense
Of these crazy things.

I'm a diamond in the rough.
Could I suffer enough?
I'm getting high for a living,
Not giving a fuck.
These hard times got me stuck.
Stuck in a jam
I'm the monkey on your back
And the crack in the dam.
Disastrous
Took time to master this.
And the past
Is just a map to capture this.
In the darkness.
I'm forced to adapt to this.
I would change the past
If I could have one wish.