Oh, man, a conflict of consciousness
Two sides of me battle for dominance
Costly contradiction because both are polar opposites
One is for the loud and the other's for the nonsense
I'm just tryin' to process a way that they can coexist
Feel split
'Cause it only takes but a sec
For that flip to switch and I start gettin' on some ignant shit
Rata tat, kill 'em shit
Bang, bang, drill 'em shit
Bust at every nigga shit
Boy, is you feelin' this?

I try to let them thoughts ride
'Cause the loudest day, my brain hides
I'm still analyze my actions
Used to angle for a different passion
Called to fame mine so I could motivate the masses
Self lavish
To stuff they don't teach you in college
In this game, I'm givin' free
Man, I ain't lookin' for no profit
With profit comes all the problems
Possibility of losin' what you accomplish

Who am I, who am I?
Gotta take along both sides, both sides
This a needle driven suicide, suicide
In this battle with my own mind
It's do or die
Tell me, who am I, who am I?
Gotta take along both sides, both sides
This a needle driven suicide, suicide
In this battle with my own mind
It's do or die

I'm at a conflict of consciousness
Can't beat 'em, join 'em, that's what some say
Maybe that's the way to get my voice through the air waves
Drop a few jams between lines so I can still keep a peace of mind
Known' that I try to give 'em bit of knowledge while we turn up
And turn our heads away from how they destroy us
Keep our minds occupied on bein' rich and shit
Can't say nothin' real loud
'Cause people sensitive
Boy, is you feelin' this?

Every time I turn on the television
Man, we can't have opinions
They make the fire words and make you look like a bigot
So it's best to stay silent on certain topics
Or else you stand a chance of losin' everyday you profit
This shit is obviously set up
A loophole around free speech
They have me overthinkin' when I run to the beach
I shouldn't feel this way when my pen hit the sheets

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In a battle with my own mind
I take along both sides

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