

Two Distant Strangers

Joey Bada\$\$

You don't feel my pain
The policeman wanna blow out my brains
Blow (blow, blow, blow, blow)
Two distant strangers
We are not the same (we are not the same)
I'm just another target on the range (range)
No, this is not no game (this is not no game)
It's time we show these niggas we not playin' (not fuckin' playin')
So many fallen and so many names (so many names)
'Cause we just another target on the range (range)

We walkin' 'round black
It's like walking with a bulls-eye
Set it on my back, So now I'm walkin' with my bulls-eye
Screaming "Fuck the world, man!", I let it in me
The Devil gettin' closer, I can feel the nigga in me
Right over my shoulder, the world just gets colder
God gave his toughest battles to his strongest soldiers
Weight up on my chest feeling like a fucking boulder
Life is but a dream, can't say I never told ya
I'm Just trying to find a way up out this nightmare
Every day I fight fear
It's a whole different life here
Tryin' to get my mind clear
Feelin' like my time's near
Woke up close to God
But the Devil, he was right there
Breathin' down my back, every time I try to take a step
He always bring me back, feeling like I'm on the brink of death
Every waking breath can bring a false sense
Swear to God I hardly slept, 'cause one eye just won't shut

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There's a fire inside of me that grows daily
Most people look at the fire as being a bad thing
I see it differently
I say it's all about what you choose to do with it
Sure, you can use it to burn things
Like bridges, or even worse, yourself
But you can also use it to keep warm
And as a light to Illuminate the darkness
Fire's power
We can choose to learn it's properties
Become the artist
Or put other people at risk
By destroying everything we touch
Either way

I 'm gonna let this motherfucker burn