

## Green Light

Madchild

There's a time when we all meet our maker  
Stay on our grind 'cause we all need our paper  
We find love but eventually break up, then make up  
We all fall asleep and then we wake up

Pay attention, we all have our calling  
The point is get back up when you're falling  
I lift my joint back up and quit stalling  
Let the chips land where they lay  
I go all in

I'm on a warpath  
Give me more death  
My ink is poisonous  
Got agent Orange breath  
Blood drenched, still attacking, it's a savage war  
Babbitt more  
Complicated addict with these habits formed  
They look to me for help, be more reliable  
Suicidal bomber, homicide is justifiable  
Pounding on my chest causing more tears  
Sniper on the roof, this is real guerilla warfare  
Slow it down, let my mind meet my maker  
And let my pain bleed onto lined sheets of paper  
Underground but different level of wealth  
I love God but I snap like the Devil himself  
I'm a baffling beast  
So rappers kneel in front of me like I'm a Catholic priest  
These kids are yellow like a daffodil leaf  
I'm a driving force so jump into the passenger's seat  
Or keep falling (keep falling)

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I tried being normal  
Fuck being normal  
Skin weathered leather  
Still mad pain and turmoil  
We do not share the same black magic  
And you do not got the same bad habits  
And I cannot hang out with old friends, they're all violent  
Sitting here alone with my thoughts, that's loud silence  
And I can see like every mistake with closed eyelids  
Keep playing them all back in my head, it's so tiring  
If you don't think I'm ill by now you must be real deaf  
Penalty for stealing the King's dinner is still death  
Balance in my cash flow are not going corporate  
You falling down, I'll lift you up like a forklift

I write with blood in a calligraphy pen  
My style is vigorous and vicious with an ignorant blend  
And you can see the go signal again  
It's green light, the rise and fall like collegial again  
It's alright

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