

The Ride

iMayday!

DZL you know it, my rhyme style is coded
Underground they wonder how I get away unnoticed
Slicker than a candle oil, victims have no vantage point
Quicker than a phantom boy, victory I can't avoid
To conquer DZL you need lots of people
Cause the shots are lethal and you not gonna creep up
Try to get at me, I'm already on the hunt
Proactive, more action, yeah give em what they want
The fireworks, watch how they perspire first
Think that I'm a sitting duck? Nah, I'm a final first
You're laughing at people's misery then you're crying worse
When you're lying in dirt, your momma crying in church
I'm driving the hearse, flying in reverse
Like the Grim Reaper and believe me it get deeper
Like the crib keeper, the host of the big feature
Til you pigs and leeches see you're living facetious
Ten percent started then I finish it
Targets get diminished in a matter of minutes when
Citizens get involved, yeah they fixing to do their job
Anybody that come through the hall shoot em through the balls
Leave em terrified, paralyzed, on the ground
Funny from disposition now they wanna find common ground
The time is now before we jump off
Tragedy can make the petty situations dumb small

Ain't nobody making it out alive
Born alone, die alone, that's the ride
Ain't nobody making it out alive
We've been here now way past the time

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I've broken bread over the toaster
Soaked in red hoping for closure
Oh the ledge is getting closer
I'm coasting and coping for gold
And I'm over the hedge betting boulder
With this head on my shoulders
I've been bred British soldier
My clock's almost over
Under the moon and the seasons
They change for no reason
I just wish I got freeze em
And hold some more Per Diem
If you please my maze was made to keep you from the cheese
And bring these bandwagon bragging tattered maggots to their knees
Checkmating homie's faces, the game they play is faceless
Bar-codes and bracelets, Locking us up in the basement
Here's the scheme, they make you fear the final fucking scene
But I don't need no kicker Nolan flick to wake me from this dream
Give me a Trojan horse, rolling up and bang upon the pearly gates
A Magnum of the JD, a snub nose.³⁸
I'll just watch the clock drop on these dirty states
Finally I'm at the crossroads and nail upon the burning stakes

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Skip the Kool-aid, pass it on
Watch em chug it down like some fucking hogs
Atomic bombs, falling on my lawn
I'll raise hell and go to heaven like I promised mom
Like a junkyard dog trying to right some wrongs
Like I jumped this clip with no shoe-straps on
I really, yes I really jumped off
Before a single zombie bit me, sank their teeth in my arms
Til their meds run dry, I swan dive on hard drives
Give em poisonous lines until their cancer subsides
I got these Vice City blues, cause of Vice City blues
But I know what to do, I need to make more itches brew
Gypsy voodoo place-mats, terror cards read their lifespans
They panic and frantically look for an escape hatch
But ain't no cash back, the whole thing's bass act
You might as well enjoy because it can't last