

Vicks

Mike G

Keep the chopper where I'm sleepin
Waka in, the speakers where I'm sittin in the corner shaking like a fucking
tweaker
Something in my system got me feeling like a legion
But reality subside and now I'm crashing, fuck Aaliyah
I'm something like a demon
I guess that's why I spent most of my middle school days flipping pigeons at
my teachers
Spittin at my preachers
Private school, honor roll, still its "fuck Jesus"
Cause that nigga was a punk, I probably never gave a fuck
Quick to throw a punch, pray I'll never get a gun
I'm eerie as Virginia Tech students with a grudge
Satan's vision lives beneath the brimmin' of my huf and I don't give a fuck
If pastor don't condone it
Growing up I was a loner, well not a loner just that quiet kid
Who though of stackin bodies in the corner
Of the small bedroom where he was often left alone because his mother would
ignore him and his father was a goner
Had a couple hoes, but they soon went rogue
Now I'm used to playin the x-man like Logan
And in the midst of all these niggas rappin 'bout they Jordans
There's a voice inside my head screamin "Nigga, where you goin?"
Hell's depths are where I'll soon be residin
When I find the .45 my grandmother is hidin
That gunshot will be the highlight of my life
When I blow my brains out sure nobody will mind it
I'll play some Joy Division, tie a noose like Ian Curtis out of curtains wri
te letter statin how my life is worthless
So how the fuck is God gon' give my life a purpose
When I got a million voices in my head and never heard his
They say my minds kinda sick, in need of Vicks
Because my wrist suffers from the symptoms of repeated slits
But cut it out, cause nobody gives a fuck about
The dreams you used to have about burnin your grandmothers house
Down to the ground
Just to hear the sounds of your fucking family screamin
You can't imagine the demon
But it couldn't be that bad, there had to be reason
That you would fantasize with seein school faculty bleedin
Pacin, heavily breathin
Looking for a reason to do anything but just die
But you can't

Yea I got two X's, if I add one more
They'll watch me more than the video between two whores, I'm on
My mind's corrupted, doubt there's a way to fix it
And now they want you less than thick chicks with six kids
It's crazy in it, like the world I'm in
Never was a choice to begin, with my life full of sin, but
If everything went the way that I had it
I'd be a killer like Dahmer if he wasn't a faggot
Victims is weak rappers, you frontin' it's no problem
I go huntin a bury the cunts in the rose garden
It's payback, now, it's about that time
Cuttin crop circles in heads, how you don't see that sign?
I'm fuckin radical, waitin for money to come whether fast or slow

Rather haste to have my weight in gold, and never be low
You see me ride high, I'm a fly talker
Open, show-boatin' I'm floatin' like Skywalker
I'm diamond rough, ridin' tough, my light is bright as fuck
Can't even ask to spare your common sense cause they ain't got enough
Now, how broke is that, I ain't waitin, there's moves I'm makin I got clothes to pack
And now it's flight time
They can't contest with how might I rhyme
Feel famous, it's easy to shine with your lights lime
This is too fun, we post with two guns
And if I had two fucks I wouldn't give you one