

# Phantom

Mr. Lif

Check it out  
I been waitin', playin', for a long time  
X amount of thoughts carried out in my mind  
I turn on the TV, I see crime  
Script written diligently and aired on time  
Push the power button, now I'm to the tower somethin  
Opened up my fridge and found nothin  
Tipped to my room with an aura of gloom  
Wishin' I could write another tune  
But my hands are paralyzed, plus my eyes  
Wanna shed tears, but it's not possible, there's  
The burden of things I couldn't bear  
Feelings weren't dealt with properly  
Remorse follows me  
With his good friend, the threat of poverty  
Here's where I am, versus where I think I oughtta be  
There's a certain chance I'm a victim of circumstance  
I take a look at myself and at first glance  
I see who I recently thought to be me  
Based on identities public and private  
Behold the radio pirate, ya nigga  
A felon, chillin' with a gun to your melon  
A pimp with his pockets swellin', a jester  
A slave with wounds that fester, the wanna-be  
Pre-med 3-D dread an academic reject  
Hopin' to detect life, erect what god gave  
Human laws are laid, we go to war, come back  
And come up with more  
I'm kind, friendly, your worst enemy  
Charming, crass, and potentially  
Dangerous, have you ever heard of such?  
I'm invisible and impossible to touch

This is not my beautiful melting identity  
The thoughts that I can't manipulate for the safe line  
Is personal, one amongst many is the macro,  
Made from the pain of the fragile  
(3x)

I still say fresh dope and things of that sort  
I don't shoot up, smoke crack, or take shorts  
Your thoughts are always welcome, I seldom  
Won't enter another's perspective, corrective lenses  
Are somethin' that I wear, so I can see the globe real clear  
Look, there's famine over there, plus the families in fear  
Of disease and distress that lingers in the air  
These are the words of a man in purgatory  
Words of a simpleton living in oblivion  
Is this the model for life you will envisionin  
free as can be in a world of imprisonment?  
I dare you to check new territory  
American dream? Time for another story  
One where I don't choke to keep afloat  
I'm sick of livin' on false visions of hope  
With a knife to my own throat  
Stick of dynamite inside my overcoat  
Because I know the ropes

Reality in this world is bought and sold  
A very limited scope of life is shown  
And I'm just one of the mold, fully controlled  
Left to erode in my humble abode  
You won't hear me because I got no loot  
You don't hear me because you don't compute  
I'm docile, psycho, have you heard of such?  
I'm invisible and impossible to touch  
Single mother, who are you? (I phantom)  
Office worker, who are you? (I phantom)  
Caught up in the system, who are you? (I phantom)  
Tryin' to earn a living, who are you? (I phantom)  
Depressed and uninspired, who are you? (I phantom)  
Hard-workin', broke and tired, who are you? (I phantom)  
Seekin' education, who are you? (I phantom)  
Can't get ahead no matter what you do? (I phantom)