

Outtro

O.C.

Hallelujah! Inhale the air, while it lasts
We're here to be studied
Slaves we've been - hell, we still are
We own nothin, we fight for nonsense
It's all science fiction
Dreams in excess, equals positive, objectives
Bronx streets, poisoned humans, polluted minds
Distortion..

Life.. death..
Man woman and child.. yeah..
Planet Earth.. all these things..
Listen..

My mind is grand like endless sand
Warnin off the seafloor defeats the flam
For some strange reas' I sees my outcome
Sorta like fate was besaw by Malcolm
The stage is my panel, the crowd are my disciples
They control my music, and it's lifecycle
Friends hard to come by, they shady when I strut
Fools stand back, waitin layin in the cut
Hate but smilin, spitin my light
Hooker she be evil lookin sharp as a knife
From dawn to dusk, my ass I bust
Limit my cuss, in God I trust
Flush bad memories, smash thoughts of enemies
Focus on solutions, come up with remedies
Infinite thought supports me throughout so
So much more to say but, this is the outtro
(this is the outtro..)

We all perish one day
We suffer until the end
Who gets the happiness? How do we find it?
Why do we keep up the habit?
Why do we continue? Where is the break end?
Can we be cleansed, mentally?
Help us, endure us
Pollution clutters the black woman's mind
We're all ghetto struck..
Sabatoge!{*echoes to fade*