

## No more

Prozak

I tried to hold my own, safe face, maintain  
The only light in my tunnel is this freight train  
Moving at the speed of karma, it's insane  
One minute you're on top, next you're in flames  
Burn like embers on this solitude  
What happened to the yes men that surrounded you?  
What happened to loyalty, respect and gratitude?  
Vultures, when they thought you had something they surrounded you  
Horde of vampires, drain you of your own well beings  
Stepping on necks on the quest to become king  
Cutthroats, turncoats, manifest like dope fiends  
Insult to injury, choke with their own hall strings  
Enemies of the worst kind, souls black like shoeshine  
Nature of the hater - perpetrator, they consume time  
666 metaphorically their true sign  
Trust me, you will see them and receive them all in due time  
Enemies

I can't take this - no more  
This is my life - not yours  
So what the fuck are you hatin for?  
I must be something you can't ignore

I keep on pursuing the suited and as if  
The real person in Prozak are congruent as in there's 2 of them  
Connected at the souls, symbolic the black hole  
The secretly seeking dominance, ominous control  
Nowhere to turn next, thoughts are out of context  
Life is out of focus and I'm hopin to survive this  
Depression, lost my way, no direction  
Well under midst of career resurrection  
Shed a tear for my form of reflection  
You fell victim in the battlefield of deception  
Well on the quest to keep it real, he been steppin  
Through the landmines of his own mind's invention  
Wolves in sheep's clothing, deceitful screen smoking  
Evil is omnipotent, it's all-seeing, all-knowing  
Keep your eyes open for bad signs and omens  
Or get fed to the lions like ancient times of Romans  
For real though

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Like a jack of all trades and a king with no subjects  
Renegade to the game, I'm looking 'round like what's next  
Been through it all, man from stolen ideas  
To shady record labels tryna put bullets through my career  
And even some of my peers, who weren't as they appeared  
Back stabbing faggot rappers who hold themselves dear  
But it stops here

I'm on top, I'm back again, it's a new year  
For the focus and dedication, I'm your worst fear  
To see me shining and grinding  
Through the core of the storm and it's on, I keep lightning  
I'mma keep writing, keep performing and keep fighting  
Keep spiting, you industry whores, while crowd hyping

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