

War Within

Prozak

Emphatic with the cinematic rappin'
Infectin' the whole planet
Vocab's like deadly pathogens
Attackin' and inhabitin'
Before you know whats happenin'
These punchlines'll blast ya like a cannon to ya abdomen and
I'm still adamant that talent will manage the balance
Between the amateurs and rappers above from the average
But this stature ain't enough for "happily ever-after"
Ya gotta make a livin' added to support your passions
You see, the life of an artist
The struggle's hardest, but the hardest lyrics come from the struggle
Just gotta harvest it
You gotta take the good, the bad, somehow just make it work
Let's take a second and just contemplate the universe

...

You get it? Nah f*ck it, neither do I
Life's a mystery that defies all logic, it dont apply
Homie, you can't see the truth
Get the proof of the closed mind
Gotta stay true to the path
It'll happen in due time

Uh

Yeah

Deevil

I aint complainin', I came in the game blind
A little over zealous
Afraid at the same time
They gunnin' for a spot
They ain't comin' to claim mine
And from over here it would appear clear they aint tryin'
You brave enough to give it up and start another chapter?
You really think the planet needs another f*ckin' rapper?
I'll let this shit swell around in your head, homie
I'm right inside the habit

I'm in it for grand only
I feel the need to be on point like a needle
Everyone is a liar and everybody is evil
The rap game is a construct for us to be f*cked in
You hope to make a livin' on your back?
Well good luck, friend
I've finally found the motive, I'm motivated
Based on what I'm told, I'm totally overrated
Could everyone who loves this suddenly grow to hate it
But still somehow show up to the show
hopin' to fake it?

Yeah

I'm past-tense, past sins, past dividends
I'm past money, past friends, past innocence
I've been above, and below, but now I'm past influence
I've passed by an astro passage, passed into it
Last night, felt like a past life
and seldom I act right
I stumbled then I fell, and collapsed like

(Ah!) A butterfly knife
The sum of my life, my vision blurred
Sun in my eyes, it's numbin' my sight
Like what am I?
The garbage disposal? I stomach this mess?
Now stick your mitten in
I'll shred this shit 'til nothin' is left
So I question your fundamentals
Pressed the mark of the vocals
Your target was shelves at Target
My target was selling global, damn!
Maybe I need to meditate more
Manifest it and let it take on form, etcetera
These days, more than ever before I wage war within
But never seen, but change the score and win
CES!