

Capathy

Qwel

Coward human got a gun, he's down to shoot it, run
Bow before his outward spouting power
A flower slumps in the slums
A crushing flood on someone's love, someone's son, someone's do
ne
(Buck, Buck, Buck, UHHH)
And the rain sings like, I don't care
And the train howls like, I don't care
But where them thugs at, so other thugs know just who to bust a
t
Some dumb ass brats who buck at other thugs, but miss as much a
s tap
To cap a total stranger's rug rat
Waitin on the bus mad
Not another mustard..puff...slug through lung and lunch bag
Fuck cats actin adamant about thug ass philosophy
But oddly enough never changed a diaper or diaper wrapped colos
tomy
Rap about zaggin rags, I highly doubt it
Let the dragon out on babies babies, now ain't a side round it
(I don't care)
Drowning flowers ain't a thing, not for cowards fraid to sing
That goes for cops up on Howard
Panoptic tower made of heat
It's raining steel nails through tissue boat sails and gales of
dollar cream
Hail increase like collars, fathers martyred out of ink
Think how slaughtered daughters' mothers weep it out without an
ounce of sleep
Salty heaps of sniffled "why's" crystallized round her cheeks
Sees the skies as just clouds now
Shouts in her pillow wet
But where my killer's killers?
To fill in her children's silhouette
Chillin, building hell, feelin well, killin something
Blood for miles, high as a horse's bridle, demons runnin, Jesus
comin
Told 'em
Hold 'em to an unrepentant sentence, senseless muggin
Desensitized eyes, shruggin pride, to deny your lungs from pump
in
He's the hardest motherfucker ever fucked a mother
Brother buckler
Bust at thunder in his slumber
Up to pluck your number
Peace
The Harvest
Rubber Duckers, he's retarded

Swingin his sickle, gleanin brittle garden, marksman sucks you
under

I don't care