

When the walls collide, everything inside is a mess  
(I'm feeling) I'm beaten down, broken, I'm buried by the stress  
Emotions amplified, awful and depressed  
I'm feeling beaten down, left for dead, buried with regrets

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, and I'm dead by choice  
While you laying dead 'cause you make no noise  
Nobody left to call on, you got no boys  
So no one alive 'cause you got no voice  
Ruthless, yes sir, life is ruthless  
But the truth is y'all played out like [?]  
I ain't hearing that shit you talking  
Yet you keep on doing that quite often  
Loose ass lips may land you in a coffin  
Fucking with the dead, must be gone out the head (Yeah!)  
Why you can't see the light 'cause you blind  
Everything is a blessing in disguise

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Judge me not less he be judged  
At glass throw rocks, there will be blood  
Let us be us, all watch the flood  
Of a million other faces that are just like us  
How can you see when you got both eyes shut?  
Look in the mirror like I don't know what's up  
Just like a tree I leave 'em all piled up  
What a feeling to be one of the sons y'all trust  
Listen to me, the government's corrupt  
Nothing but crooks, and we're the ones they fuck  
Nothing for free, you barely make enough  
It's the American dream [?]

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Beaten, broken down, and thrown away  
Under these layers of hate  
I collapse and I decay  
Under judgement of everyone like every other day  
No we are not the same  
No we are not the same  
With you I can't relate

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