

phlegm in the windpipe

Twiztid

Paintin' circles I'm a target
Who doesn't relate to half-hearted
Who doesn't pretend to like garbage
Who doesn't give a fuck what you started
Honestly most of its retarded
I'm not an entity whatever's left of me
More of an artist than anything you'll ever be
I don't pretend to be the hardest
I pretend to normal in a system that breaks people down according to likes and dislikes
An algorithm embedded so deep it's just like phlegm in the windpipe
You can't cough it out, what the fuck are you talking about
And the system of rhyme I designed is embarrassed to bring this awareness about

Your world is trying to bring me down
Manage to stress me out
Don't understand what I'm all about
I don't know why
I feel insane all of my life and now you are to blame
I feel it somewhat so musical all of the madness that screams in my head every night when I pray
I don't know why I feel insane all of my life and now you are to blame

Since I won't sell my soul I can see their eyes roll
Just beating me down with their judgmental sighs, oh
What a wicked web I weave
Through trials and where tribulations lead
I vow to be one of the greatest to ever grab a mic and fight for we are the night
Scream it in their face the human race is wasted
No one gives a shit want to erase it all and quit
Let's just break it all to bits, busted nose, bloody lip
Run the circle, start a pit, take your pick, yeah

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I don't know why
I put my middle finger up in the sky, up in the sky
They want to die
But I won't let them see their ghosts as they fly
Ghosts as they fly
I don't know why, why, why
Up in the sky
They want to die, die, die
Ghosts as they fly

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