

Man Made Ways

Vinnie Paz

"And we fight for you know we are right. We must strike at the lies that'll spread like disease to our minds."

It's mind control, they stolen my mind

I used to have the mind of a revolutionary now it's dead
Cause the Devil got these images that's dancing in my head
If I don't take these pills then I can't get out of bed
And I gotta pay the bills so I gotta take my meds
That's what the voice says, it was never there before
It was another voice that's telling me you're a father, you're a husband
The argument is hard to win, it leads to more discussion
Every other thought is rushing like it's fucking water busting
I've been sleeping with the TV cause I left it on
Pass out from the Xani bars licking chicken szechuan
Broken fingers figure shit I think it must've kept em gone
Otherwise I'm like a ticking effin bomb weapon drawn
Pace around the floor freaking every creak I'm stepping on
Thought I heard the cops coming no I must've guessed it wrong
Flip the stations all around, nothing but deception on
I don't know what's real or not, hear I'm planning methadone

Look I've never been mistaken for the social type
Overnight mix and match meds and get the potion right
Name it I take it I took it I baked it cooked it and ate it
Like God made it till I'm crooked
Psycho pharmaceuticals rebooted my brain
My death is stained by whatever's fun, the proof in my veins
So when I took it I stare at my reflection like it's throwing threats in my direction
Now I look at life and cope like any addict
Might be an addict by candlelight
Every shade drawn, every day's dawn good and gone as I write
You can bet it's like street corner hustling
FDA muscle in funnelling cash into new epidemics
They usher in mass produced pain
Paranoia that they mask with their lawyers and brass
Next stop poisonous gas, chill the citizen's strain
Chain smoke stacks burn us to ash

We living in them days of the manmade ways
They brainwashing us, it's America's plan
I'm about to rebel, we all slaves in the system
We're dying over money and relying on religion
We living in them days of the manmade ways
They brainwashing us, it's America's plan
I'm about to rebel, we all slaves in the system
We're dying over money and relying on religion

Yeah, I used to have the mind of a revolutionary but it's gone
I'm dishevelled, I'm a rebel, I'm a devil with a bomb
As I settle every motherfucking ghetto has a song
Put the metal to my temple when I wrestle with Saddam
Yeah you see the mind control divide your soul
I rhymed it though in '94 but no
Y'all ain't listened to anything I was telling y'all
About the biochip inside you and impending war

I run over you fucking devils like I'm Mendenhall
Overseas they dying young, they sending y'all
The cash system is dead, y'all just pretend to ball
Glocks and clips, apocalypse repent or fall
Do y'all believe in the birth of a nation?
I call it control, they call it coercive persuasion
Yeah all of them serpents of Satan
I'm a build a bomb shelter, only let the persons of faith in