

Pain

Wrekonize

I don't let the drums dictate the way what I spit/lay
Or if the rhythm of it's what makes it great
I listen to it, then when I hit play
My mind drifts into a place 50 years away
I see what would've been, if I let the pen lay:
The old me got so many things to say
But nobody listens 'cause his beard is grey
So he tells me to get back here and seize the day!
See... I don't need peace & quiet
I really don't like it, it really ain't the way
Cool concept, but hardly inspiring
When peace is the only thing you see every day
Now I don't think we need riots
Or all types of violence, for things to be okay
But in terms of environment, we need something to fight against
'Cause most great art can't exist without pain!
Cut off your own ear if it gets you to paint
Tell us that you do it for the people that hate
Can't enjoy the sun unless you sit through the rain
Again: most great art can't exist without pain!
Mary J. Blige, Billie Holiday
Charlie Parker, John Coltrane
Jimi Hendrix, Kurt Cobain
Roger Troutman, Marvin Gaye
See? You ain't got nothing to save
'Cause everything about you is safe
You live in the prettiest place
Rivers and lakes, makin' serious cake
You talkin', but I ain't hearin' them thangs
Sleepwalkin', you ain't even really awake
Too often, this is how you spend all your days
If this really the case, then it's really a race
And maybe that's why I can't fuck with you
You too comfortable, you too huxtable
Police don't even fuck with you
You ain't seein' 'em leavin' people bleedin' right in front of you
All I see is white T-s, and popped collars
Pitbulls and rottweilers
People who ain't got options
Might as well keep the block poppin!

Yeah... Ha!
I could've changed a life, could've prevented one
The way it ended up, I must say I've regretted some
They said I meant you wrong, and now my head is numb
I know I walked the line, but never did I pretend to run
I wrote this verse in blood, I'm drinkin' Heaven's rum
Hoping the Armageddon comes, I'm it's second son!
You quoted words of mine and truly as that record spun
I heard the devil hum those melodies I've been affected from!
It leaves me breathless, empty lungs
Senseless, head is but a vessel for the medicine!
I spit pain, backflippin' off of rebel's tongue
Negative and never fond, this Netherworld has severed some
And when it's all said and records done
You see I make sure to reflect the one emotion most would never strum
I like my mirror with cracks, don't ever change

'Cause most great art can't exist without pain!