

# Puppet Masters

Wrekonize

Cameras at the stoplight cameras in my MacBook  
Catch us when we not right don't miss it just stop look  
How long do you think it take for me to break through to you fucking bastard  
s  
Till you realize who's in control they are the puppet masters

In a place where we are free  
Quotations on the free  
They be having us believe  
That we don't cause them to heed  
Where we go and who we see  
Who we screw and where we be  
But they track all of our needs what type we bleed it's a disease I  
Walk with  
A twitch and I'm overly sick but they brought me to this I'm  
Paranoid  
Got me a pit just to walk to the bridge get me off of this shit it's  
A master ploy  
They just call me manic causing static can it that's the noise  
They will watch you sleep they got cams up on the mother fucking asteroids  
Webcam with a so called model  
Boot it up and get your social in  
Barcodes on all my bottles  
Keep tracking me and all my friends  
Sending me into a aftershock so pad the box  
With master locks  
And trash it while I stash the plot  
I hear the robins scan the block  
That ain't just ghetto speak the eyes are wide around the planet  
Cloak and dammit different language multi angle vantage  
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There they go there they go  
In the dark they roll in shadows  
There they go there they go  
They'll take your bows and arrows  
There they go there they go  
They eyes up on the sparrow  
But I know they'll make u think  
Ya mind is playing tricks on ya  
Ya mind is playing tricks on ya  
It's Playing tricks  
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I speak only in morse code I whisper till the doors closed  
Watching for the pork show and they maybe bugging your clothes  
So for sure go to war when the floor holds torsos  
Bodies on the ground from the politicking now  
What u want some mercy  
Be ready for the jump when they better with the pump and they want to hurt m  
e  
I been severing up from every etiquette of not even medical love cause you c  
an never even trust

Those men up in the club who pretend to protect you gon end up Xerses  
LED's see these alarms are silent  
But some things still remain their sole response is violent  
I'm digging for the clues the mayday music does the mining  
We speak conspiracies and spiritually unearth the diamond  
For the ones in the dark who are scared to be seen by the drones they pilot  
And the ones who refuse to open up their eyelids  
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Am I insane am I losing all my sense and everything from which I came  
Did I see that shadow move or was it all up in my brain  
They say I need their meds to check my head because I'm strange  
I swear I seen those puppets what the fuck this ain't a game

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