

Spiritual Possession

Wrekonize

It started on a dark night in the city
About 6: 30
I left the studio...
And a kid approached me and attempted to rob me at gun point
Explaining to him I wasn't carrying any funds of any type
He started to get impatient
And at 6: 33 he shot me and now

I'm a spirit without a shell
And instead of going to heaven or hell
I'm flying 'round this city looking for a place I can dwell
Gettin' attracted without choices this story unfolds
Being controlled by two poles magnetizin' my soul
And all of a sudden without any warning at all
I was pulled down quickly through the top of the local shopping mall
Through the food court, down towards a store in the back
Where a youth was thinking about stealing a gum-ball pack
This isn't Guilty Conscience kids so don't make that mistake
Nobody can stop me from changin' fate not even Dre
I possessed the child's body said to him "What are you doin?"
Over a pack of gum-balls your whole life could be ruined
I explained to him a pack of gum really ain't helpin' ya
Put a plastic gun in his jacket and walked to the register
Raised the jacket covered gun like I had done this before
The girl started givin' me stacks of money out of the drawer
I must of forgot that my current host slack hide in his h?
Lucky for him we didn't show up on the video tape
Then a flash of memory appeared inside of his dome
He had a povern-stricken family survivin' at home
He loved them dearly and was worried he'd never see them again
And two tears rolled down the soft face of his skin
So I walked him out the back quietly with all the profit
And sent him in the direction of home with a G in his pocket

I'm flyin' through the air and I'm over your intersections
And what some super-naturalist's would call spiritual possession
Look into the reflection and what did I see
But the face of a young child starin' at me
Now I'm flyin' through the air and I'm over your intersections
And what some super-naturalist's would call spiritual possession
Look into the reflection now what do I see
But the face of a young covenant nun starin' at me

It's past mid-night
I've entered through a window filled with dim light
And possessed the young nun with a cute face and brown skin tight
"It's him right" the thought shot straight through her brain
As the door opened and there stood a priest holding a cane
I felt pain you see this woman viewed herself as a weakling
Cause the priest forced himself on her while the other nuns were sleeping
On weekends, on weeknights, at lunch, before breakfast
Not only was he sick but this father was also restless
I watched in horror as I became her first witness
He knew she wouldn't say anything to anyone like an infant
But in this instance for truly my death was like a blessin'
Cause I would help her fight back usin' my spiritual possession
I took control went on a shoppin' spree at the Amara Mart

Bought surveillance, weapons, and food on the head priest's credit card
Set up a trap and waitin' in bed patiently that night
And sure enough he peeped back in at the same time to rape her rights
Now smile for the camera you weak sick bastard
This is for every time you gagged her and made her call you master
Faster and faster, you'd scream through your laughter
Bendin' her body backwards, trainin' her for gymnastics
You lead Christians and Catholics, inside a daily practice
But meanwhile your smile stays directed towards that chick
Career comes to an end now, what a pity though
You can catch proof in the same place you see the R. Kelly videos

I'm flyin' through the air and I'm over your intersections
And what some super-naturalist's would call spiritual possession
Look into the reflection and what did I see
But the face of a young covenant nun starin' at me
Now I'm flyin' through the air and I'm over your intersections
And what some super-naturalist's would call spiritual possession
Look into the reflection now what do I see
But all of your reflections starin' at me