

# God, Please Believe Me

Body Count

I spend my life between the light blue lines of Bruce Lee  
I spend my time between impressionable minds and true beef  
I spend my days up, my nights up, it's too hard to sleep  
Look at my face, it's not the one of someone at peace  
I carry guns when I don't need to, but my mind's so fucked  
I see assassins coming out of the rough  
I keep my doors locked, windows shut, shades down, so pound  
Waiting on some Satans who may think of invading  
When I do sleep I dream about pain and unrest  
About gunfights and dum-dums exploding my chest  
I see my boys that've died sitting with me again  
And when I wake I realise that I've lost most of my friends  
Will my past come back to get me?  
Will them bosses that we shot come back to wreck me?  
I'm paranoid, it ain't easy when your lifestyle was grimy and g  
reasy  
I'm trying to make peace with the karma and the drama  
God, please believe me