Visions of my childred wiping tear from open eyes As they Kneel baside my coffin family say their last goodbyes But ita the faces of my babies got me trippin thankin god for breath Expressions filled with pain has got me strappin on the vest And I know that I aint living right I hang on borrowed time And this life's gome leave them bastards cause they pops has got to grind Little mouths have got to eat so I hug them hit the streets Spittin time with them and money got me feelin incomplete And I aint scared of any mothafucka fight the flames of hell But a child without his dad has got me hiding in my shell Got me shikin in my boots to see them face this world alone Are the strong enough to cope stuck in half a fuckin home As I lay them down to sleep its all on me their soul to keep And if I die before I wake I pray to God he's up there waitin With an army full of angels strapped with gats cause I'm defying Since I first became o father only fear I have is dying

This situation has got me losting sleep I can not eat
Im feeling weak the fear has got me
On my knees
The fear has got me

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After all that I have ever done And all that you will ever see for life Death beyond the grave How will they remember me I only fear the lost of my voice When its gone The only noise is the pen Im a writer by choice I can cut my tounge clean off And smoke myself toothless I still be on the mic Spittin shit they call ruthless The truth is I go deaf dumb and blind in one ear And be the dopes deaf dumb blind guy you ever hear I aint scared of dyin Death I've been there The pine box for many years My return aint bull aint no reincarnation Get lost in translation

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Eyes open but I dont remember much I try to focus but the light is bright as fuck I go to sit up but Im strapped and stuck Stuck panic cant say nothin Like my jaw is wired shut How the fuck did get to where I am is still a mystery My memories not assistin me As I lay here in misery Literally hopin some body would give me some kind of time Im I dead of alive Is this a dream or a sign Is there a chance I can find my mind and rewind But paint me behind blinds and find somethin Its like a game but nobody told me we were playin And the fact that I dont know if Im alive and same And inside my brain only one thing remains The fear of no knowing paralyzes all most everthin An second can be my last breath And my best guess is nothin with on memories left Im sorry

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