

Running With Blades

E-dubble

No razor blade under the tongue
No noose tied round my neck
I tied a shoestring to that knife
And prayed one day I would feel that threat
But that day just would not come-
So I put the knife on that shelf
I had become what I feared the most
Looking in the mirror I don't see myself

It's grayscales, recognition is permissive
And right now it seems that I don't really have permission
I tied my hands by myself with my mouth
Now I'm bound by my words and
And they bound to come out
Top down's not an issue
I don't have a whip, cept' the one I beat myself with
Puglistic fit
Nuts enough to go Kliscko. 85 and 0
Tryna ohh, potato vodka's a no, no, so
I try to keep it one hunid sitting in the burbs
Where nobody recognizes me, lacking on the herb
So replace it with another vice
Legal kind this time, enough to kill a horse off
Warsaw type crime
Embellish til' I'm Belly up, absent tee problems
I've been fighting with myself for 10 years to try and solve them
82 to 2012 build up to the grandiose
They think I'm a replicant, wait until the overdose
Of overeducated, never hesitated extroverts
Public servants serving the public that's just a fucking joke
4 years can't start a revolution
So fuck a presidential election let's let em' boo em'
Til' the PAC funds dry up, Cold Bears rise up
Christie when I bully shit, Obama when I wise up
My trigger fingers for the varmints when I'm feeling gully
The bigger picture still can linger but it's getting blurry

Lonestar state, ready for whatever fightin' pennsatucky luck
I'll trade a bullet for a sweater
...never hate, cuz' my cheeks stay turnt
Even though I been burnt keep the swagger on learnt
on my own two feet... I cut these teeth
I get aggy I get sad, I get happy I eat beef
Dodge chickens... respect and love women
At the bottom of the barrel the pharoh is not living
Not blessed by no fraud, but blessed to stay hard
Knock off any chest that's pressed to bogart
No flexing, no jawing, chuck bark don't start
Put the SNL cast on blast when I star
musical guest, and comical host
Cue cards are not cute, the drugs dope
But not mine... this script is unkind
So passionately natural with buds of my kind
I smoke that new hope, turn that next page
I'll blaze on the day when I feel we're all paid
reperations for those that can't say it
Philip k. dick dickens for those who hate hate

I love who love's love, the next day will come
Pray to your god, I pray to that sun, in that way I'm frayed no star and no
funds
The kool aid is done, who stays and who run's