

My Lyrics

Haystak

Representation for those who would other wise have no representation
Protection for those who other wise would have no protection (Ya Dig?)

My lyrics are a documented diary of life against the odds
A rythematic rhyme and way of prayin to God
My lyrics are an inspiration to people who need motivation
The end results of hard work and dedication
My lyrics are agony, drama, and trauma
Suicide letters to my daughter and mama
They tell the white trash and the shit ive been through
The courage that it took for me just to continue
If my lyrics offend you fuck you this my shit
Everybody who don't like it they can suck my dick
My lyrics were all I had when I was 15
Beatin on my bedroom wall like it was a drum machine
My lyrics slay MC's and broke they spirits
They thought that I was bullshit. (haha)
My lyrics are my way of expressing rage and aggression
I been surpresen since adolescence. (C-Come on)

[Chorus x2:]

My lyrics reach deep in the cracks and crevices
Stimulants to some but to others they sedatives
Cause I ain't truth in the streets then I am in the booth

I can't fuck with em in Iraq. (why?)
My home boy died over crack
I wake up fealin like im under attack
Its just me against the world don't nobody got my back
Makin money by the stack makes me happy for a moment
Wish my grandaddy was here I could spend all of it on him
50 thousand on the boat just so I could take him fishin
Wish there was a way to spend a million make him know how much I miss him
But there isn't so I try to bring order to the disorder
Roll up another quarter of koosh in from California
Blowing Harijuana helps me keep my composher
(Now left, right) Keep on steppin like a soldier
Its the same thang, maintain, try to keep my money right
Till I get ahead of the game, I never sleep at night
Let my headstone read "I gave it my best"
Then made a livin simply by getting shit off my chest

[Chorus x2:]

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My lyrics are letters to my homies in the pin
Man I wish I could come and see you but they would indite me then
My lyrics are my deepest thoughts in spuratic sentences
Some shit that really happened, others just for instances
My lyrics are relentless, ruthless, if they were officially [?]
If they were bullets you'd be laid to rest
My lyrics are a true test of what a rappers made of
I make em more than worse, so I make em know he washed up
My lyrics make a mothafucka get another job
MC's like me the reason mothafuckas rob

My lyrics make a mothafucka know that he can't spit
Make a mothafucka quit, realize he ain't shit
My lyrics made every hit on them billboard charts
But they hit hard in the trunks of them D-Boys Cars
My lyrics get bootlegged, downloaded, and gave away
Still I get paper in a major way, with My Lyrics

[Chorus x2:]

My lyrics reach deep in the cracks and crevices
Stimulants to some but to others they sedatives
Cause I ain't truth in the streets then I am in the booth. (Come on)