

Sensory Overload

Mapei

O to the G
Holding down the fort suckerfree
Lord knows
My love

Sensory overload
Like a rush to the brain but I can't explode
Food chain's closed and my spirit's low
I can't tell we're damned like the horoscope

Plan my getaway in dreams
You can't really judge me
Fiends turn to the crackpipe
If I accept reality
It means I'm destined to just freeze
When they stop me at the turnpike
Psychosis, diagnosis
Personally I believe my genius is crucified
Sensitive in my lean
But you can't stop me mentally
I'm like Garvey on the starline

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Fiends turn to the crackpipe
It's a miracle I'm here
Rockstars always leave
At the drop of the mic
These homeless opponents
Need to find their way to be free
And out of my mind
If my ethnicity is in a category
Then believe me I don't wanna be identified

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