

Walkin to an undertone.  
Ears don't hear so clear cuz I stuck a pencil inside my temple.  
My blood escapes from outta the hole, your broadcast is white from every one  
of my channels.  
Nothin' but static remains, I ain't really changed.  
I just disconnected and chucked all of my feelin's away.  
I'm numb now, they call me dumb somehow.  
I chose myself as a target to unleash and take all the pain out on.  
So I'm the victim of my own wicked torment.  
Spare me with the tears of sorrow, I quite enjoy it.  
I was never meant to belong.  
Odd shaped pieces never fit the puzzle of life society's built on.  
So here I sit with a hole in my head, I tried replacin information and I wou  
nd up dead.  
Nothin' but static remains on my hands and my brains are leakin' out on the  
floor as I die screamin in pain.

You dealin with a person who aint got nothin to lose type  
a motha fucka hang himself with the lace inside his gym shoes.  
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't no tellin where  
I might be or what I got with me.  
You dealin with a person who could really give a fuck,  
type of motha fucka get the stick and somebody gone get stuck.  
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't no tellin where  
I might be or what I got with me.

I'm the wrong one to test, laid hoes to rest go against me and i kidnap the  
nest second guess me  
I'm pushin pause on your life like your stopped at a light  
I'm sneakin in like a thief in the night to cause murder (nah man dont hurt  
her)  
man you soundin like bitch get a grip to late her necks slit  
watch the blood drip it forms a puddle by the side of head and now it hit yo  
u that  
shes dead in a rage you lunge at me but my blade cuts a hole in your lunge y  
our grabbin at me  
but both yall are done I'm the one nobody though could ever do something  
so grucium to the point where people call it a rumor that never caught me ti  
ll this day  
the spirits still haunt me in my mind is where they hide  
I hope nobody'll find out I could end it with a slit of my wrist or I could  
murder  
mother fuckers to help me get with this shit.

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I might be or what I got with me.  
Man who you fuckin with?  
I got no conscience fuck the whole world is how i feel  
to be honest walk up in a crown of Gs bust off hot lead from the barrel of m  
y gun  
to the cheek now they dead.

blood stains streak where they were standin they body slayin section pick th  
em up  
and put them in my collection.  
don't start static always lookin for more watch your back when its dark and  
you alone its on

electroshock brain wave hair rise look in a killas eyes static with me  
you only fantisies rub the wrong way quick reflex eager to jump at fuckin an  
yone  
and put em in check i let things get to me now  
I'm the one startin the static easy come easy go problem solved  
with automatics deep breaths takin no need aint necessary  
cause the static bein started doesn't scare me not at all

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a motha fucka have hang himself with the lace inside his gym shoes.  
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