

Atonement

Obsequiae

As I wait for atonement
Trapped in the heat of the moment
 Feelin' like I can't control it
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Trapped in the heat of the moment
 Uh, huh, feelin' the steam from the cauldron
 With tension runnin' deep as the ocean
 Many are called but so few are chosen
As I go through the motions
 Of medication uppin' my dosage
 Bangin' Earth, Wind and Fire 'Devotion' as I admire the focus
 Takin' the city with a grain of salt
 Where they tastin' foul, chase it down, with the latest malt
 Liquor roll and hit it, knife did it
 Hope you got some smarts wit'chu
 Hope you got some heart
 It ain't no stoppin' when it start, nigga
 Feel somethin' bigger got a hold on me
And I ain't trippin' not a Bobby Brown, lippin' with my nose runnin'
 Basically I had two options I just chose one
 And then got ghost like my picture was on a most wanted
 Coast to coast, from L.A. to Chicago
 Now I'm faced, with the weight of survival
 Plus the taste from the way I been lied to
 While the preacher man spittin' his gospel, I can win if I try to
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