Vein

Meguca

Pop goes the flow of the weasel
Strapped with an Ox full of diesel
Trapped in the desert with eagles
Thoughts of ghetto a capellas in cathedrals
Spilling heavy gospels with cheatersTwisted up, I'm high off the reefer
Lost beyond regions of logic and reason, just being
We high so be not so obedient
To society's laws and limitationsLost in this ghetto population
I'm just another face that's facing
All types of like stereotypes and hatred
But I ain't going to wait that and get all stressed out
I'm just trying to make it and strive with myHell went through changes, emotions
Inner thoughts and rages
Relieved and released on pages
My life in it's cycle and stages
Seen through descriptions in natureEver since back in the days
When niggaz was loving and hating
Everyone trapped and two thou
Caught The Matrix with diseases of judgment
That breed through the hatred conceived through these scenes
And then paintedNow what really defines the line of a hater
And what defines the line is someone even greater
And what makes somebody jump that line trying to take it
Wrapped behind enemy lines trying to make it
Mind in another universe while my physical's stuck on the earth
In these inner city mazesYo yo yo, lay that shit down
What is you, a clown? You wanna see a little kid get shot?
Give me two good reasons so I don't smack you
For flashing a gun in my face just to get some respectAll in all, it's all love and I'm here to protect
You only twelve years old someone'll snap your neck
You let your pants sag but your thoughts gotta pull up
Mental calisthenics, lazer brains can't push upOr even sit up to fight for what they believe in
He thought about it I said, "Peace, keep breathing"
I see him mumbling shrugging his shoulder
He probably cursing but he know betterHe had a beretta with the rubbed off serial digit
And I know he got it from Carlos the Midget
The only cat I know cold enough to hustle shit to kids
Him an' his three man team formed eight arm squidAnd they laughed in the face of any possibilities of being
Through and dead

We're all from the same ghettos
And these are the same hollow tips that knock nearly out of stilettos
He cocked first, I cocked second and in that exact second
Both of the gats burstMan, this is your last fucking chance
Fuck you, this is your last chanceLive and orchestrated from blocks
Where animals grew up as four lazers we twist mad sabres
Rock the sky pimping jays all day blazes
Wrapped in these inner city mazesRelaxing on corners where cats stay wasted
Choking on 4-0 basics, you taste it
My life's an oasis, this trife's what I make it
Straight through these days spitting raps that laced itI'm just trying to blaze these mics on the stages
Write on these pages like life as a scene in amazement
Like I'ma stay blazing mics until I'm fading
Off of this surface to return to my natureIn the meantime, spit flows and cop acres
Put my fam in it with shelter that's spacious
Everyday life yo, is rap in these mazes
I'm just trying to make it go slowlyDissolves in my belly, got me aching
Niggaz up the block, yo I swear, trying to take it
But I'ma stay patient watching every move made in the jungle
It's live trying to strive in this struggleNew York state of mind, that's the home that I come to
Nothing but pigeons living, trapped in this system
Bleeding, screaming, phoenix
We needed that scrap for that meaning to stay shiningTrying to escape out of hellfire's and lakes
Brain on another plane gliding through acid rain
That's stress trying to master pain
Spit words, not to hurt but to bash your brain
That's the worth of an MC wrapped in the vein
New York

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