

# Synopsis

## Fat Jon the Ample Soul Physician

G's get locked up and die, mostly over bureaucracy  
And hypocrisy remains unchanged, keep yo brains unchained  
Or ain't a thang gon change, if the pain don't stain  
Then ain't a thang been gained and that's just plain insane  
So I refrain from lames, ain't never played no games  
And I ain't gon lay no blames, 'cuz I'm back, still trill, too  
Take from me, I will kill you by whatever means available  
What ever's viable, assailable, it's hell of bullshit niggaz  
This ain't no click of just niggaz, this is an order of dungeon family Renegade crusaders and we gone make you  
believe in this here shit  
Like we made us, just like he ain't paid us, these crack ass niggaz  
Must really think though was what we made of  
Niggaz lift ya shades up, so I can see the soul of the fakers  
That I'm terrifying, I hear thunder still clapping  
And the lightening still blinding, the truth still hurts  
Comin' real steel works, kilts and steel skirts, though they still twerk  
Emotions still leave niggaz to idiotic actions  
And lots of people still caught up in just physical attractions  
The fans, the business, the life so demanding  
But they still ain't did shit 'cuz out here we still standing

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