

# Reasons (Instrumental)

## Diabolic

I'm respected in this game, I rocked every spot I been in  
While you can't show yo face, like Islamic women rockin' linen  
But I'm stuck sleepin' in mom's house without a fuckin' bed  
'Cause these major labels put out whack MCs like Pumpkinhead  
So I ain't touchin' bread, I been duckin' feds  
Can't even hustle for myself, I spend it on some cunt instead  
Got nothin' left, every breath is harder than the last  
And success seems out of reach, slippin' further in the past  
That's why I'm trashed, sparkin up this hash in a session  
Packin' up more angel dust than the attic in heaven  
That's why I'm pissed off like havin' a bladder infection  
With broken catheters left in my dick while I have an erection  
Got me liable to snap in a matter of seconds  
Pullin' Mac-11's like Pun from the back of an Acura Legend  
I just think of my future, past and the present  
Try to capture the essence and find some sort of lastin' impression  
But all I found's a corrupt cop's act of aggression  
Grabbin' me and smashin' my head in with the back of his weapon  
That's why I'm beyond the blessings of a Catholic confession  
And why I take cash when the plate's passed for collection  
I've had it with bein' the illest rapper to step in  
Lackin' success in a game where dudes bite like they don't have a reflection  
I've had it with these labels, so I'm breakin the mold, 'cause they ain't just takin' creative control, they takin'  
my soul  
The reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief  
The reason that I steal, the reason that I cheat  
Is the reason you avoid me when I'm walkin' down the street  
And it's probably the same reason I'll end up deceased  
The reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief  
The reason that I steal, the reason that I cheat  
Is the reason that I wile out and riot in the streets  
And it's the same reason my fuckin' life'll never have peace  
Yo, I think about hip-hop and how they just take it  
away  
'Cause I grew up when Wu-Tang got rotational radio play  
But nowadays, if I say shit I'm nothin' but a hater  
Till I pull a rusty razor and cut yo face like fuckin' paper  
Maybe I'm mad 'cause labels use food stamps to pay me  
But I can't be the only one who'd rather hear Bootcamp than Jay-Z  
So yeah, I'm underground, all my fans are backpackers  
But at least my fans don't buy mixtapes full of whack rappers  
I can't front, I listen when I'm in the club, grabbin' tits

And the bass is so loud, I don't hear the trash you're spittin'  
All that glamour, glitz and packs of crack you're flippin' Won't be real till you stop braggin', and say it was a  
bad decision  
If you're anything like me, you're poor with a tortured past  
Gettin' beat by pigs 'cause your pants are half off yo ass  
Ain't tossin' cash in photographs with some camera crew  
You was black and blue in handcuffs on New York Avenue  
That's the truth, that's the reason I'm almost suicidal  
Feelin' out of place like Muslims with a Jewish bible  
They takin' drama from my baby momma, now my mind is gone  
Weight of the world on my shoulders, 8 planets piled on  
Rifle drawn, pointed at the cops when you callin' 'em  
6 million ways to die, I'll try all of 'em  
Holdin' a Glock and squeezin' till they stop my breathin'  
I know I'm crazy, don't ask me why, I got my reasons The reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief  
The reason that I steal, the reason that I cheat  
Is the reason you avoid me when I'm walkin' down the street  
And it's probably the same reason I'll end up deceased The reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief  
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