dragon

$\underline{Sisq}\tilde{A}^3$

Ryan pump blast shattered glass in the classroom Penny tried to hide in a bathroom Homicide scream from the hand held dragon Mental flame from the barrel claim twenty five angel, mercy Long as the black board, splatter with his inside Never had a chance to ride his new skateboard Billy didn't shake, Lord, he fell silent Died in the pantomime of cold violence His killer didn't even blink, he couldn't think Even when he heard the sirens kept firin' Pupils dilated, possessed and perspirin' He grew up admirin', thirty auts and calicos AR-Fifteen and long barreled forty four's So on the story goes He went out in a blaze of glory He went out in a front page story He went out in a front page story My soul can't rest today I can't bring myself to pray I get down on my knees 'Cause you will always be six feet under me My soul can't rest today And I can't bring myself to pray I get down on my knees 'Cause you will always be six feet under me Frank, I'm sorry you didn't get to see Your cell phone tape, hear yourself But to the motherfucka's who took Frank Williams aka Fast Black, fuck you Dear God, I've messed up again, I'm sassed up again Vodka spillin' out my mouth onto my chin I've slipped into the darkness of the heartless Those barbarians carry savage weapons and they start shit They hearts is cold as the arctic, these men motivate mobs to lynch These monsters are men who I hang with These monsters of then are who I bang with Who I bang with, Crips, Bloods, BG, VL We have created our own road to hell We train to kill and not to feel, reactin' with a mac

But no matter who I kill I can't bring my nigga back My niggaz dead and I can't get my fuckin' head around it We was just smokin' blunts of the best chronic And now I'm wearin' a t-shirt with his picture on it Staggerin' about to vomit, consumed with vengeance With my vengeance I am all consumed By mid afternoon smokin' blunts in my room To whom ever this letter may concern When bullets strike they burn more Than the flesh of the ones hit You took my nigga, my heart split, it's broken Shattered in a million pieces, help me Jesus Help me Jesus, just help me, Jesus, thug niggaz killers They victims was screamin', help me Jesus My soul can't rest today I can't bring myself to pray I get down on my knees 'Cause you will always be six feet under me My soul can't rest today And I can't bring myself to pray I get down on my knees 'Cause you will always be six feet under me

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