

# Lines

## EyeDea

Shut your fucking neck off, your fucking neck face  
I'm a poor white trash can, Shut your fucking face off  
I'm a poor white trash can sitting on a suburban lawn behind a sidewalk that stretches as far as I can see  
I believe in God, mailboxes, and capitalism  
But that's only cause if I didn't...I couldn't be LINES  
Read between 'em, color outside of 'em  
I go beyond the lines you let define you right  
No better table we got lots to draw  
Cause it's a thin line between a thick line and no line at all (x2) When God cries, Acrylic paint drips from his  
eyes  
He puts a rainbow in the sky for you and I both to openly despise  
I take in the last breath with the lips touchin'  
And when its all over ill probably feel like I missed somethin'  
The feel good music ain't as bad as the kiss was  
And its nothin' to say I live under construction, obstructed, distracted,  
Corrupted, directed abstracted. corrected conducted  
And laughed at by nothin' but fascist robotic plastic psychotic toys in the attic  
Crafted by bad actors turned narcotic addicts slash black magic addicts  
Practicin' maskin' skin graphs with pins and needles to fool the feeble masses  
So its no obstacle to rob the soul of its only assets  
Pay heavens border patrol to control the traffic  
The face the angels wear is cold but plastic  
So with my foot on the gas the world's wishin' i crash  
Cause I turned the lines they built to hold me back into an infinite graph sip it and laugh LINES  
Read between 'em, color outside of 'em  
I go beyond the lines you let define you right  
No better table we got lots to draw  
Cause it's a thin line between a thick line and no line at all (x2) I rock the kinda smile you only see in a casino  
On my way to my  
Killing the machines  
I'd die to put a lot of wear and tear on the regime  
But it ain't what it is cause it's barely what it seems  
Rhyming's in my blood so it's carried in the stream  
Nothing but a fairly poorly narrated scene  
I can't name all the therapists I've seen  
But I still have the little house on the prairie in my dreams  
The cream of the crop rise to the occasion  
There's more to hip hop than what you got in your basement  
Instead of condemning yourself for all the peace of mind your wastin'

I'll draw the new blueprint you just take the time to trace it  
I'll draw the new blueprint you just take the time to trace it  
I'm pure bashin' ears in a non-linear fashion here  
Ask if we're out of line?  
You God damn right  
I redefine the boundaries every time I touch the mic and spit my lines LINES  
Read between 'em, color outside of 'em  
I go beyond the lines you let define you right  
No better table we got lots to draw  
Cause it's a thin line between a thick line and no line at all (x2)

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