God, Please Believe Me

Body Count

I spent my life between the light blue lines of loose leaf
I spent my time between impressionable minds and true beef
I spent my days up, my nights up, it's too hard to sleep
Look at my face, it's not the one of someone at peace
I carry guns when I don't need to, but my mind's so fucked
I see assassins coming out of the rough
I keep my doors locked, windows shut, shades down, so pound
Waiting on some Satans who may think of invading
When I do sleep I dream about pain and unrest
About gunfights and dum-dums exploding my chest
I see my boys that've died sitting with me again
And when I wake I realize that I've lost most of my friends
Will my past come back to get me?
Will them bosses that we shot come back to wreck me?
I'm paranoid, it ain't easy when your lifestyle was grimy and greasy
I'm trying to make peace with the karma and the drama
God, please believe me

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