

# Phoenix

## Grown at Home

Bloody ink on my pad spelled suicide  
Michael Jackson even passed cause you scrutinized  
Fuck illuminati lies, say I'm lucified  
Baptised in the gutter, motherfucker you decide  
Cause the ride come with doors that be suicide?  
Or the thighs on my whores, they be super-sized?  
Good and bad happen, wars, nigga chose a side  
Now all hail to the Lord like you do to God  
Who am I? Lord Flacko  
Painting vivid pictures, call me Basquiat Picasso  
Capo Head Hanco, now my following's colossal  
Ain't no boxer, Pacquiao, but got the chopper en todo caso  
It's like you heard, God spoke  
I've seen the ghetto gospel  
The choir like my reefer and the preacher got my eyes low  
Shits to Mary Jane to make me see from singing high notes  
The bible or the rifle...goodnight folks  
Bloody ink on my pen spelled suicide  
Kurt Cobain even died cause you scrutinize  
It's a fine line between truth and lies  
Jesus Christ never lied, still was crucified  
That's why I never judge another nigga  
Life's a bitch, but that bitch in love with other niggas  
3 to a bed, sheets, no covers nigga

Dirty kitchen, no supper in the cupboards nigga  
Sucker niggas, wassup my niggas  
So my new attitude is like "Fuck the niggas!"  
I grew up with niggas but don't fuck with niggas  
I don't trust them niggas, ain't got no love for niggas  
Had the gold grills shining like them southern niggas  
Kept it trilla, now the whole world fuckin' with us  
Meanwhile you treated all of us like other niggas  
Now your world is in my palm, take cover niggas  
I shall ever pour, Lord pick me up  
Ever since a baby, two deuce in sippy cups  
Ever since them diapers and my zip-me-ups  
Now I'm walking on my own, y'all, wish me luck  
Where do we lie?

Tell me where do we stand?

Where do we go?

It's all part of the plan

Where do we lie?

Tell me where do we stand?

Where do we go?

It's all part of the plan

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