Mayor

Pac Div

* knock at the door *
[Mayor] Jesus Christ, who is it?!?!
[DaPIG] Officer Fleming!
[Mayor] Come in! Hey, good morning, how ya doin?
[DaPIG] Good morning Your Honor
[Mayor] Want a donut?
[DaPIG] Uhh, no thank you
[Mayor] What are you doin with that shotgun * last two words slow down *
* a burst of gunshots *[Pharoahe Monch]
In short was that I had shot him, several times in the head
Mount Sinai, 6:15, pronounced dead
The news reporter said the assailaints fled the city
Meanwhile I'm shacked across the street, in some
shitty-ass hotel, waitin til things get a little quiet
Dunn I could try to bounce, but now why should I even try it?
The riot that ensued, I viewed bird's-eye
Fifteen floors up behind the curtains in the nude
Took three-hundred and sixty-five to get close to him
Boast to him, roast, when I put the toast to him
Dangerous, the most heinous crimes have been committed
Through painless means, more famous lives have been acquitted
To hell he went, bent, sent, government issues
with my initial in print, ah, we'll never miss you
in the streets, understanding that you made it hard to eat
Complete the cypher, or, make ends meet
Twenty-five years my father spent hard labor you suspended him
from the force, placed his head beneath the pendulum
Periphreal vision now, doorknob shiftin
Optical illusion or the coke that I'm sniffin
Think, primal instinct, maybe it's me
Hit the lights must hit the floor simul-taneously
Seems as though this is manifested through some amazin dream
Dazed cops entered the room with guns and lazer beams
But dazed it seems we blast at, one another
Bullets hit the chest of this, black undercover
My last minutes on earth, drop say a prayer
Fuck it if I'm gonna die at least I shot the Mayor!I feel, pain and sorrow
My heart's, hard and hollow
I can't go on, to see tomorrow (2X)[Pharoahe Monch]

Walked out the room staggerin, dagger in my back
Dazed wagglin my leg, imagin I'm not afraid
Grazed and bruised, amazed at who's surroundin
Cop guns, cocked back, SWAT teams, astoundin
From rooftops, troops glock to smack my melon
Felon, Seargenat yellin for me to come out like Ellen
Propellin walked through the lobby and the front door
Packin hand grenades and strapped with C-4
The more swine, the merrier, Harrier jets overhead
Ready to riddle my body with bullets of lead
A dead man walking, destination devil's lair
Fuck it if I'm gonna die at least I shot the Mayor!I feel, pain and sorrow
My heart's, hard and hollow
I can't go on, to see tomorrow
Ooh, I've, gone too far
Can, turn, back no more
Hell.. open your door!!!!!!

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