

Ditched

MC Chris

"It was a doozell in manhattan,
That's when it really started,
I was server glow so why no doubt I'd be incarnate,
So I partied on my buddy,
With a beast on my yeast,
Graduation drink, champagne, highschool bill, Cosby speech, holiday inn, Holliday inn, Hollywood, I would
wallow in gin,
Watch the ladies at the pool that I never saw swim,
Begging with my parents, in a hi-rise outside maintenance,
Waited tables outside in hulah, and then waiters who get libations,
When the bellow, GET THE HELL OUT, we
Find bars that stay opens,
Hope I don't, wake my folks, if they knew my heart be broken,
Cause it already was,
That's why I'm always buzzed,
Can't go for an older crutch,
What in want there? Love?
Detective dad solved the case of the disappearing liquor,
Wanna feel how it felts,
Wanna see we both sicker,
Sat me down said your mother thinks you're drinking too much, I just wantchu think about it, you're too young
for a crutch,

Mom thought my marajuana that delivered the grief,
You get outta my house,
If you be smoking the weed,
I say,
You're a hypocrite,
That's addicted as well,
You've been drunk my whole life,
It's like I'm living in hell.

He said,
I should grown up maybe coral a career,
Then left out my rapping,
Hefty backbone of fear,
Thought dorm and took my stuff to the tougher side of town,

The house of broken bong wasn't swallowed in the ground, so,

No joke we did coke,
And some cool things called,
It was followed by a hollow goddess down in the dust,
Played, tore up '64,
Tell my roomie, raised by Zedd,
Was a loser in a war, where the winner was awake,
Wake and bake, two - three steaks,
After dinner, Digest these,
Liquor at the local bar,
That is just across the street,
Everyday I get a beer,
Sometimes pass a xanax,
Take several tabs of acid, then I see the disadvantage.

On a lark with the lamb,
Like slam it's sambuka,
Be wispy then she dissed me while a,
Bitchy bazooka,
Held a cab,
It's a trap,
Long before the google map,
Drop me off where they sell heroin,
It's an arrow in the back,

Call my buddy Michel,
They called him MIKE D,
Ex member of a cult found no fault,
I can see,
Waited in the streetlight, cross streets given me comf,
About to loose my life, cause I'm dangerously drunk,
Double vision, got no balance so my bearings, I'm buried,
He comes around the corner,
Must'n tarry, starts to carry,
Barely got to our block,
I heard the sound from behind,
To this day I hear a jogger
I'm brought back at that time,
We were surrounded by glocks,
One glistened and glared,
I closed my eyes so tight, so frightened and scared,
Still was in my stomach, heater pressed against my head,

Pawsed my friend, hurried up like thorough-breads"

Lyrics Submitted by Jack Enix

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