

# Brain Cell

## CunninLynguists

[Verse 1: Deacon]

You was manifested in an egg, developed in a womb  
Born out of a moon belly, first day of doom  
Crying out like you wanna be put back in there  
Maybe later in an incubator for more care  
Alone, get to your home and your cribs set  
Put behind bars and you ain't even lived yet  
On through the playpens, when will this fate end?  
Parents can't make rent, money from the safe spent  
Got building blocks out, making a house  
Mama with her cheese blocks setting traps for a mouse  
You watching her same loving hands that absorb pain, kill  
You're learning that life's more than a board game  
Still better line up the cubes in your rubix right  
Piece the puzzle together, there's holes in your views of life  
Only for sure thing is years, but you gotta fight  
Keep the wind to your right or hit the pen flying kites

[Hook]

Living in a world no different from a cell (4X)

[Verse 2: Kno]

Walk up the rectangle steps, take a seat on the bus  
Backpack, pack that sack meal for your lunch  
Four cornered blackboard makes you act bored  
No use paying attention, now you facing suspension  
So its back on the block and the calling you square  
Try to get the label off but you're glued to the cable box  
Closed Caption clothes and fashion, so attractive  
As you lay on a box spring and old mattress  
Choices blocked off, childhood gone  
Just future cubicles and retirement homes  
But you can't see it happening, live savagely  
Only thing you put passion in is Zig-Zag packaging  
Swallow Oxycontin to find solace  
You need a fix so you hit some blockhead for his wallet  
But the gun jams and the cops come to take ya  
And now that bullet ain't the only thing thats caught up in a chamber (chamber)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Natti]

From a cellular phone to a cell on a phone  
Or trapped in confession seeking blessing trying to atone  
With no more casual pounds with the hand on the clock  
Now locked in city block working Lucifers Lot  
Down to box for success, is that true or is it not?  
In ya room coping with stress  
Smoking Kools from out that box  
Shit ain't cool, in detention no flinchin, that shit ain't school  
Cold sell for a quick sale, but April Fool!  
Now your case is on the docket to face a box of your peers  
And them bars they trying to take you to  
Won't nothing like Cheers  
Just years upon years, till your last box is near  
Without your participation incarceration ain't clear  
If the plots you got are flagrant  
It's best that you leave em vacant  
Cause there's cells in your mind, that'll free you everytime  
Even the tales thrown in these bars can't be confined  
Just be patient, nothing in life is by design

[Hook]

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Lyrics submitted by cheefkum.

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