

Nothing to Lose

Boondox

Sittin' in my cell, this breakin' bar hell.
Dreamin' of the days of murder enlocked in Cartel.
Drive by's, date rapes, and weight like barbells.
I stuck my girls throat, stuffed it in the cart well,
Oh well, it's what I thought at the time,
Cause in my own mind it didn't seem like a crime.
It seemed to be fine all it was was good times.
Shoot a bitch snort a line at the drop of a dime.
Matter of fact the local mob was my first job
It's kinda easy when your killin' to rob.
At least I wasn't sittin' home bein' a slob
I got up off my ass and started climbin' to the top.
They color me a demon and I'm askin "How can I be?"
I know I got a heart just lack of humanity.
But now my sanity is somethin' I ain't seen in a while.
Sittin' on death row, this is my Green Mile
Locked up ain't where I wanna be
Confined to my mind is like a prison to me.
Since birth had nothin' to choose
I'm on the run with a gun with nothin' to lose. Childhood is to blame, poverty stricken.
Add some defects to the mix and watch the plot thicken.
I was sick of bein' poor, sick of just livin'
Sick of depression and this trailer park livin'
That my mamma had me stuck in and where was my dad?
I think that he forgot about the son that he had.
So the chances of survival were none to slim
And my mamma keeps sayin' I remind her of him.
So went from just like my dad, then I'm goin' for broke.
Pulled the kick door, stabbed my neighbor in the throat.
I set off on my journey just to see what I could find,
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Pulled the kick door, stabbed my neighbor in the throat.
I set off on my journey just to see what I could find,
I watched Scarface and knew the world was mine.
As far back as I recall I was fearless,
But now my death is near and it's clear that I fear this.
I know that Satan's waitin' and I ain't found heaven
So I put my salvation in this chrome Mac 11. Locked up ain't where I wanna be
Confined to my mind is like a prison to me.
Since birth had nothin' to choose
I'm on the run with a gun with nothin' to lose. It's about that time, I hear 'em comin' down the line.
My cell door slides and I'm hopin' that it bind.
I gotta make my move, it's the needle of death
About to shoot me in my veins till I take my last breath.
Cold sweat bubbles up I can't stop shakin'
I gotta do somethin' keep thinkin' thinkin' thinkin'.
I'm gonna die either way, nothin' to lose
I look him dead in the eye then I make my move.
Kick the guard in the sternum not a second to waste
The strength of my adreneline caved his chest plate.
I hit the next guard in the face with my shackles,
Paint the walls dark red with blood and bone spackles.
Knocked the next one off the C block balcany,
I snatched his tazor gun, home free I'm about to be.
Made a run for the door I didn't look back

I got shot in the back of my head and...What the fuck!?! Did you get him?? Back up!! Check his pulse!! Is he dead? Brandy, get over here, we need some help!! What happened?? Just move!! C'mon, alright, backup!!

Shit!! Son of a bitch!! He just... He just jumped up!! Locked up ain't where I wanna be
Confined to my mind is like a prison to me.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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