

Martyr

Shyne

Shit, sometimes man, be contemplating
Yo, living in hell, die, might be better Walk through the shadow of death, my out pissing
Rebel, laughing at the devil, homicidal threats
Only if he knew, I wanna lie a coal, who the wanna die old
On this miserable earth, forever, put me in dirt
It's better then living searchin' treasure
That only brings atrocity and treachery, baby mother's stressing me
Ain't no hope left in me, live everyday like it's my last
Waitin' to meet my that passed At last I could meet Christ, ask Him why the You died on the cross
Here these stupid, they still lost
I'll ask Malcolm, see what it was like to fight for civil rights
And nights he thought he would die, what did he do
Did he grab his gun and a shot?
Get on my knees praise Big and go with Pac
Find out did he really take 5 shots
Ask him, who shot ya, was it the Feds?
Couldn't of been Big Poppa, Brooklyn ain't braille
Like that, ask Martin, why the you ain't fight back? If you had a choice, life or death
What would you choose?
If you had a choice, life or death
What would you choose?
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What would you choose?
If you had a choice Life ain't real, it's a dream we see tomorrow
Reality, that's pain and sorrow
Reality, disaster beat breaks
A little girl up in the projects gettin'
Reality's a gettin' rock shot 41 times
And you askin' why I run from one time
I don't even get justice
Sometimes, no times, oh, I'm bout to lose my mind Reality's up, like a hard workin' mother, losing her job
The battle of good and evil
Like the devil, ain't losing for God, we on Lucifer's squad
Not knowing what the it all mean
I can't even, get a can of sardines
Driving Bentley's, burning money, I'm yearnin' money
Taking your, I'm earning money
Yet you call me a thief I call me a broke trying to eat
On this earth suffering, why it's like that?

Guess we the punished, blame Adam and Eve
If you had a choice, life or death
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What would you choose?
If you had a choice
Hold your latex, from nuns I take
Play chess, with the devil from the sky
Like rain shells drop immune to this cold world's sorrow
Beyond shell shock, can't you tell pop, I need some help
See them meadow officers watchin' myself rot
Ice pick and cell blocks
Hope the 12 stop on the highway to hell, switchin' lanes
That know, what I mean to suffer and struggle in the gutter
Slice birthday cakes with box cutters
I did not stutter, you heard me this is utter, reality
Observe me, on a journey puttin' on gurneys till I meet my maker
And I need my ama, Guiliani and Howard Seiffler
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