

# Dinner Bells and Straight Jackets

## Pat Maine

(Verse 1)

This mic holds me like a C4 hostage  
Yelling out hip hop needs more mosh pits  
I lost my mind there's no reward on it  
Metaphor highway, detoured conscience  
I get depressed and hit the leaf blower on switch  
and blow trees for all my good deeds gone wrong which  
Makes it hard for me to lean toward modest  
or keep form when the sky seems more godless  
I live by my words, my lifes on the line  
Hunger pangs, my labor fruit is ripe on the vine  
I'm not hyped on my mind, my ego only hides  
The fear of never getting what is rightfully mine  
Every stormy night I put my kite in the sky  
Hoping lightning will fly, it might be my pride  
But weather death or revolution strikes me its fine  
As long I'm not f\*\*king 45 killing time  
See I don't mask my pain I dress it up like my mascot  
And give it platforms to showboat and hit the catwalk  
Emotions spark, before they mix and matchbox  
and viola I've made a fire out of Pats thoughts Nobody told me which way is right  
So I smile while I titty f\*\*k with bitch name life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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