Reasons

Diabolic

I'm respected in this game, I rocked every spot I been in
While you can't show yo face, like Islamic women rockin' linen
But I'm stuck sleepin' in mom's house without a fuckin' bed
'Cause these major labels put out whack MCs like Pumpkinhead
So I ain't touchin' bread, I been duckin' feds
Can't even hustle for myself, I spend it on some cunt instead
Got nothin' left, every breath is harder than the last
And success seems out of reach, slippin' further in the past
That's why I'm trashed, sparkin up this hash in a session
Packin' up more angel dust than the attic in heaven
That's why I'm pissed off like havin' a bladder infection
With broken catheters left in my dick while I have an erection
Got me liable to snap in a matter of seconds
Pullin' Mac-11's like Pun from the back of an Acura Legend
I just think of my future, past and the present
Try to capture the essence and find some sort of lastin' impression
But all I found's a corrupt cop's act of aggression
Grabbin' me and smashin' my head in with the back of his weapon
That's why I'm beyond the blessings of a Catholic confession
And why I take cash when the plate's passed for collection
I've had it with bein' the illest rapper to step in
Lackin' success in a game where dudes bite like they don't have a reflection
I've had it with these labels, so I'm breakin the mold, 'cause they ain't just takin' creative control, they takin' my soulThe reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief
The reason that I steal, the reason that I cheat
Is the reason you avoid me when I'm walkin' down the street
And it's probably the same reason I'll end up deceasedThe reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief
The reason that I steal, the reason that I cheat
Is the reason that I wile out and riot in the streets
And it's the same reason my fuckin' life'll never have peaceYo, I think about hip-hop and how they just take it away
'Cause I grew up when Wu-Tang got rotational radio play
But nowadays, if I say shit I'm nothin' but a hater
Till I pull a rusty razor and cut yo face like fuckin' paper
Maybe I'm mad 'cause labels use food stamps to pay me
But I can't be the only one who'd rather hear Bootcamp than Jay-Z
So yeah, I'm underground, all my fans are backpackers
But at least my fans don't buy mixtapes full of whack rappers
I can't front, I listen when I'm in the club, grabbin' tits

And the bass is so loud, I don't hear the trash you're spittin'
All that glamour, glitz and packs of crack you're flippin' Won't be real till you stop braggin', and say it was a bad decision
If you're anything like me, you're poor with a tortured past
Gettin' beat by pigs 'cause your pants are half off yo ass
Ain't tossin' cash in photographs with some camera crew
You was black and blue in handcuffs on New York Avenue
That's the truth, that's the reason I'm almost suicidal
Feelin' out of place like Muslims with a Jewish bible
They takin' drama from my baby momma, now my mind is gone
Weight of the world on my shoulders, 8 planets piled on
Rifle drawn, pointed at the cops when you callin' 'em
6 million ways to die, I'll try all of 'em
Holdin' a Glock and squeezin' till they stop my breathin'
I know I'm crazy, don't ask me why, I got my reasonsThe reason I'm a liar, the reason I'm a thief
The reason that I steal, the reason that I cheat
Is the reason you avoid me when I'm walkin' down the street
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