

# So Sick Stories

## Ratking

Now do you see this, the way the grey controls only  
The souls that go to sleep to sink and dissolve  
I set adrift, in between the concrete and the mist  
Just another inner city bliss

Now do you see this, the way the grey controls only  
The souls that go to sleep to sink and dissolve  
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Just another inner city river blissUptown, soul of American century, no dispute

Our foreign coup, Malcolm gets shoot, shot  
Harlem screaming, "How come it's you, not?"  
Some other fucker at that audubon spot, got  
Houdini to seedy schemey, junkies who would easily deceive me, believe me

Monthly, must be, easy to fuck with Wik  
In my ear saying "Suck this dick 'fore I get sadistic"  
I'm in the corner, crying "what's this shit?"  
Seems I'm either puffing that bliss or cuffs on my wrist

Yin and yang, either stinging with pain or bringing that grain  
Either way yo it's all the same thang  
Thinking, might it be worth it, life in the circle, write in my journal  
My journals the, city it flows with the prettiest prose  
Mixed with the gritty and gross, I pity the  
Hideous shmoe, not the idiot shmucks, still giving a fuck  
But I pity them so I guess I care too, prepared to  
I-I-I dare to, keep trying when dying

The island be my heirloomNow do you see this, the way the grey controls only  
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Just another inner city river blissMarred Muts, upstream harbored us

Luck loop of lucky louie shufflin' suave struts  
Wrists carved up, from center street souls  
Whose scars won't shut, no scars won't shut!  
Back in kickball they were the kids that got cut  
Type to lick ya tears off, poke ya gut and such  
Now who's stuck? And where's my luck?  
Barged baxter in bayard boom, where's my buck?

You wouldn't last long on Lennox, you scared to come up  
But you need to be as scared of the come up  
When you need to be shootin' shoats and saving the young pups  
Torrid heat, Time Square post let it erupt  
We're bashing and barking like, dogs in the fog  
Down the South, slow draws, haggard hogs  
I can feel ya hunger baby, scribble and make ya starve  
Taught you 'bout tatted walls, scratched and scattered scrawls  
Night you like to breathe but you talk timid towards tamed with awe  
And tongues rip through holes with pockets to draws  
I was born in the ocean and adapted to life ashore  
Take it as a simple world, world, world  
Guess I'm spatting off like hell, now what the hell  
All the, all the, sick stories to tell  
Sittin' in ya cell thinkin' to yourself, "how'd I fail"  
Well, why'd I wail? Now do you see this, the way the grey controls only  
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The souls that go to sleep to sink and dissolve  
I set adrift, in between the concrete and the mist  
Just another inner city river bliss Suave slobs, conquer, Manahatta  
Wally's on my feet, Squallies on the creep 'cross the  
Street where the people that peep the nostalgia  
All dat karma can come upon ya Suave slobs, conquer, Manahatta  
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Songwriters

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