Williams Cunnie "Vein"

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[Vordul]

Pop goes the flow of the weasel

Strapped with an Ox full of diesel

Trapped in the desert with eagles

Thoughts of ghetto acapellas in cathedrals

Spilling heavy gospels with cheaters

Twisted up, high off the reefer

Lost beyond regions of logic and reason, just being

We high so be not so obedient to society's laws and

limitations

Lost in this ghetto population

I'm just another face that's facing all types of, like

Stereotypes and hatred

But I ain't going to whet that and get all stressed out

I'm just trying to make it and strive with my...

Hellbent

Hell went through changes, emotions, inner thoughts

and rages

Relieved and released on pages

My life in its cycle and stages

Seen through descriptions in nature

Ever since back in the days when niggaz was loving

and hating

Everyone trapped and two thou caught The Matrix

With diseases of judgement that breed through the

hatred

Conceived through these scenes and then painted

Now what really defines the line of a hater

And what defines the line of someone even greater

And what makes somebody jump that line trying to take it

Wrapped behind enemy lines trying to make it

Mind in another universe while my physical's stuck on

the earth

In these inner city mazes

[Vast Aire]

Yo (11x)

Lay that shit down

What is you, a clown?

You wanna see a little kid get shot? Give me two good reasons so I don't smack you For flashing a gun in my face just to get some respect All in all, it's all love and I'm here to protect You only twelve years old, someone'll snap your neck You let your pants sag, but your thoughts gotta pull up Mental calisthenics, lazer brains can't push up Or even sit up to fight for what they believe in He thought about it I said, "Peace, keep breathing." I see him mumbling, shrugging his shoulder He probably cursing, but he know better He had a beretta with the rubbed off serial digit And I know he got it from Carlos The Midget The only cat I know cold enough to hustle shit to kids Been in this three man team forming eight arm squid And they laugh in the face of Any possibilities of being through and dead We're all from the same ghettos And these are the same hollow tips that knock nearly out of stilettos He cocked first, I cocked second And in that exact second both of the gats burst

"Man, this is your last fucking chance."

[Vordul]

Live and orchestrated

From blocks where animals grew up as four lazers

We twist mad sabres

Rock the sky pimping jays all day blazes

Wrapped in these inner city mazes

Relaxing on corners where cats stay wasted

Choking on 4-0 basics, you taste it

My life's an oasis, this trife's what I make it

Straight through these days spitting raps that laced it

I'm just trying to blaze these mics on the stages

Write on these pages like life as a scene, in

amazement

Like, "Ima stay blazing mics until I'm fading

Off of this surface to return to my nature"

In the meantime, spit flows and cop acres

Put my fam in it with shelter that spaces

Everyday life, yo, is rap in these mazes

I'm just trying to make it

The O-E slowly dissolves in my belly, got me aching

Niggaz up the block, yo I swear, trying to take it

But I'ma stay patient, watching every move made in the jungle

It's live trying to strive in this struggle

[&]quot;Fuck you, this is your last chance."

New York state of mind, that's the home that I come to Nothing but pigeons living, trapped in this system Bleeding, screaming...phoenix
We needed that scrap for that meaning to stay shining Trying to escape out of hellfires and lakes
Brain on another plane gliding through acid rain That's stress trying to master pain
Spit words, not to hurt, but to bash your brain That's the worth of an MC wrapped in the vein New York

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