

## Company B

### "Simple"

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I'm wild with a dosage  
Character closely cut from a fabric that's ferocious  
With a misanthropes motive and a quote that drips  
from a slit throat  
Livid and sickly corroded, fuck it I'm precocious  
First fraud to get soaked equals the joke that stands  
closest  
Tear the thugs up with clubs before the toast leaves  
their holsters  
Purvey the unconveyed for the age of the no hopers  
And never shut the fuck up till we have a sense of  
closure  
Dissonant key, shines blind while I'm landing  
Well I've lost friends to death and simple  
misunderstandings  
Every breath is a zone, isolated and accident prone,  
christ...  
Maybe I'm designed to live alone  
'99 will be remembered as the time that shit cluttered  
my dome  
So in 2000 when you talk to me (blah blah blah)  
Just watch your fucking tone  
Some people think they know me 'cause they play me in  
their home  
And lose perspective on the rules of engagement  
Get smacked to the pavement  
If the tune bruise hard, that's my whole job fulfillment  
So before your suck box squawks that smart  
thought...try to kill  
Or space ghost might spit on you, we're tight like  
that...teammates  
Been through too much shit to turn away now, no  
debate

I'm wild with a dosage, maybe something similar  
To the substances that threw some of my best friends  
out of focus  
Who holds the vein contains poppy juice, notice the  
same strains

That take away our pain might croak us  
88, eighth grade, weighs in with a grin  
Smoking bones in tompkins park where all the crack  
heads lived  
It was me and my friend jon and a bag without skins  
So we emptied out a cigarette and stuffed that shit in  
Way before The paincave made itself known, that's  
what we did  
Like running around downtown brooklyn getting  
chased by the big kids  
Now as a man I don't run much, still have the same  
click  
That very few people I meet in this world can measure  
up with  
Simple words can do work versus complexidus bids  
Plus a rhyme style without emotion isn't telling me shit  
This portion of the broadcast is adjourned with a dark  
tint  
Now I've got razor blades in my throat and I don't mind  
it one bit  
From the women I've loved down to the clubs that I've  
ripped  
I dedicate my strange ways from in this maze that I sit

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, can you escape  
from...drum roll please....

The paincave  
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