

Cunninlynguists

"Brain Cell"

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[Verse 1: Deacon]

You was manifested in an egg, developed in a womb
Born out of a moon belly, first day of doom
Crying out like you wanna be put back in there
Maybe later in an incubator for more care
Alone, get to your home and your cribs set
Put behind bars and you ain't even lived yet
On through the playpens, when will this fate end?
Parents can't make rent, money from the safe spent
Got building blocks out, making a house
Mama with her cheese blocks setting traps for a mouse
You watching her same loving hands that absorb pain,
kill
You're learning that life's more than a board game
Still better line up the cubes in your rubix right
Piece the puzzle together, there's holes in your views of
life
Only for sure thing is years, but you gotta fight
Keep the wind to your right or hit the pen flying kites

[Hook]

Living in a world no different from a cell (4X)

[Verse 2: Kno]

Walk up the rectangle steps, take a seat on the bus
Backpack, pack that sack meal for your lunch
Four cornered blackboard makes you act bored
No use paying attention, now you facing suspension
So its back on the block and the calling you square
try to get the label off but you're glued to the cable box
Closed Caption clothes and fashion, so attractive
As you lay on a box spring and old mattress
Choices blocked off, childhood gone
Just future cubicles and retirement homes
But you can't see it happening, live savagely
Only thing you put passion in is Zig-Zag packaging
Swallow Oxycontin to find solace
You need a fix so you hit some blockhead for his wallet
But the gun jams and the cops come to take ya
And now that bullet ain't the only thing thats caught up
in a chamber (chamber)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Natti]

From a cellular phone to a cell on a phone
Or trapped in confession seeking blessing trying to
atone
With no more casual pounds with the hand on the clock
Now locked in city block working Lucifers Lot
Down to box for success, is that true or is it not?
In ya room coping with stress
Smoking Kools from out that box
Shit ain't cool, in detention no flinchin, that shit ain't
school
Cold sell for a quick sale, but April Fool!
Now your case is on the docket to face a box of your
peers
And them bars they trying to take you to
Won't nothing like Cheers
Just years upon years, till your last box is near
Without your participation incarceration ain't clear
If the plots you got are flagrant
It's best that you leave em vacant
Cause there's cells in your mind, that'll free you
everytime
Even the tales thrown in these bars can't be confined
Just be patient, nothing in life is by design

[Hook]

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