

## Gaby Baginsky

### "Phantom"

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[LIF]

Check it out

I been waitin', playin', for a long time

X amount of thoughts carried out in my mind

I turn on the TV, I see crime

Script written diligently and aired on time

Push the power button, now I'm to the tower somethin

Opened up my fridge and found nothin

Tipped to my room with an aura of gloom

Wishin' I could write another tune

But my hands are paralyzed, plus my eyes

Wanna shed tears, but it's not possible, there's

The burden of things I couldn't bear

Feelings weren't dealt with properly

Remorse follows me

With his good friend, the threat of poverty

Here's where I am, versus where I think I oughtta be

There's a certain chance I'm a victim of circumstance

I take a look at myself and at first glance

I see who I recently thought to be me

Based on identities public and private

Behold the radio pirate, ya nigga

A felon, chillin' with a gun to your melon

A pimp with his pockets swellin', a jester

A slave with wounds that fester, the wanna-be

Pre-med 3-D dread an academic reject

Hopin' to detect life, erect what god gave

Human laws are laid, we go to war, come back

And come up with more

I'm kind, friendly, your worst enemy

Charming, crass, and potentially

Dangerous, have you ever heard of such?

I'm invisible and impossible to touch

[EL-P]

This is not my beautiful melting identity

The thoughts that I can't manipulate for the safe line

Is personal, one amongst many is the macro,

Made from the pain of the fragile

(repeat 3x)

[LIF]

I still say fresh dope and things of that sort  
I don't shoot up, smoke crack, or take shorts  
Your thoughts are always welcome, I seldom  
Won't enter another's perspective, corrective lenses  
Are somethin' that I wear, so I can see the globe real  
clear  
Look, there's famine over there, plus the families in  
fear  
Of disease and distress that lingers in the air  
These are the words of a man in purgatory  
Words of a simpleton living in oblivion  
Is this the model for life you will envision  
free as can be in a world of imprisonment?  
I dare you to check new territory  
American dream? Time for another story  
One where I don't choke to keep afloat  
I'm sick of livin' on false visions of hope  
With a knife to my own throat  
Stick of dynamite inside my overcoat  
Because I know the ropes  
Reality in this world is bought and sold  
A very limited scope of life is shown  
And I'm just one of the mold, fully controlled  
Left to erode in my humble abode  
You won't hear me because I got no loot  
You don't hear me because you don't compute  
I'm docile, psycho, have you heard of such?  
I'm invisible and impossible to touch

Single mother, who are you? (I phantom)  
Office worker, who are you? (I phantom)  
Caught up in the system, who are you? (I phantom)  
Tryin' to earn a living, who are you? (I phantom)  
Depressed and uninspired, who are you? (I phantom)  
Hard-workin', broke and tired, who are you? (I  
phantom)  
Seekin' education, who are you? (I phantom)  
Can't get ahead no matter what you do? (I phantom)

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