

Ghost And Flowers

"Words On The Wall"

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Verse 1

Scratch (Lex smells like teen spirit, atmospheric when you hear it)

Yo Words I utter
Are like words from your mother
If you want revival plant your church in the gutter
Eat, breath, and live god
Words on walls, like words behind bars
If the world doesn't make sense
Why should I make music that does?
Man I do it for love
Right after you pay me
The new generation is waiting
United states, united nations
New world order
The reporter from the corner
With the aura of Nirvana
Glory and honer
A reporter
My genetic make up
Get your weight and faith up
Chucks and Tims laced up
Can't walk a mile in mine
Eating sushi and wine when I'm toasting to crime

Chorus

There's words on the wall
Could you show me which one that you are? (2x)
Let it in...

Verse 2

He who becomes a beast
Get's rid of the pain of being a man
Less than human
In command of empires built of sand
Lost in the wind
Blown away
Out of proportion

Like the end
A see the four horsemen
Ghost flowers and coffins
But I'm sovereign
Artistic expression
So I'm Hip-Hoop's Davinchi
These words within me
Take a taxi in the city of kisses
See the words on the wall on the ceiling
Even on the floor the earth needs healing
It means so much more when it's something that you
feeling
Music comes out of a lack of reality
Real world situations and fantasies drastically
Change and inspire
Made an entire, empire
On the foundation of faith and believe
People I say peace

Chorus 2

There's words on the wall
Could you show me which one that you are? (2x)
Let it in...

Verse 3

Walking through the streets
Concrete on my feet
Names imprinted in graffiti of the lyrically gifted
Heroes mixed with words make them infinite
Big Pun runs the Bronx
That's where he represented
If he was alive he still shi-shi-shit on you
Heading to BK leaving the two train
Half the times when I get off
Left fried inside my brain like don't do drugs
Heading off to Flatbush
And met some thugs
Smoking blunts the size Big Smalls was
I felt my heart beat
Thundering, shaking the concrete
Words on the wall no sounds they still speak
From the trains to the street
In the city where a sleep
There's graffiti were I play handball
From the playgrounds to the school and the buildings
that stand tall
One love, get money, the world is yours

