

Gil

"Rage"

Visit "[Rage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Grouch):

Every man's blood boils
When turmoil or life foils his plans
I've soiled my hands puttin' work in
Tryna keep from hurtin', cuz fools be irkin' the fuck
outta me
Now what do I gotta be, the epitome of nice?
Biterally precise when I talk
And assuming when I walk I never let the chip show
Cuz people try and push it and they wanna test my wits
So, I'm defensive, intense with my brain waves
And that's offensive, I sense so the pain stays close
Most don't depressurize
When I've had it up to where you can see it in my eyes
Realize there's no sanity
Hella profanity and a sort fuse to light
I snort and use the mic like a weapon
Effectin' any section I step in
Got 'em checkin' for the vibe that I'm protectin'

(Asop):

Who takes the time to look around?
That which surrounds makes the sound of compromise
Damn, they try to size up to such plateau's they'll never
touch
Always talkin' about nothin', when you catch 'em, they
always hush
Not much to be said, not enough to be heard when the
words become absurd
When a voice of a gangsta starts to emanate from the
'burbs
Now anybody, everybody can try to rock a party
With that bump in your trunk, always drunk with your
motions
With no devotion, collects an ocean of funds
In the worst way, idiots they stay this way
Me hella 'noid like a homophobic stuck in the middle of
a gay parade
With no way to escape the confines of one's mind
A mental prison, a prism of thought
A crystalis of anger created by the action of strangers

A dangerous way to live your life the these days
Thinkin' he hella fresh though
A male emcee acting like a lesbo
Making one's life so stressful
That's why I escape with these with the ease of a hiatus
in Fresno

(PSC):

A rusty nail in the foot
A cavity in the tooth
My threshold, the pressure build up, to me I'm aloof
And no proof of a cracking point
Mood swings like primates
Gorilla in the mist type range, I see all states
I King Kong shit, rip down the house structure
Like Empire State, the power will surely crush you
As a pun on a radio edit, or nasty soda
I'm colder in the heart when the camel back breaks
No one seen the true beast, release him and danger
follows
Like sequels to horror flicks, there's no tomorrow
No sun will come out, no Annie, no Daddy Warbucks
The Hard Knock Life begins when tempers flare up
An enemy will show no mercy, take it from Percy
And stop at No Limit until the bullshit's ended

(Eligh):

Rage, trapped in a cage
Wrapped in a page, you never change
Severed off from the vain
Not enough blood to complain
Rage enters the brain
Now it's a pain you can't maintain
Leaving friendships slain, always the other one to
blame
Never to be the same, rage is just a game played
To someone less it runs deep on an unseen plain
Peep the problems of the average man when he's
insane
Losing personality replaced by the devil's frame
Madness, uncanny love for the fact his life is lived in
sadness
Can't handle the Silence so The Lambs get
reprimanded
For the underhanded, underkept raging thunderclap
You're wondering "What's that?"
It's the wrath of rage-aholics, ah...

(BFAP):

People playing games with my mind
Playing games every time that I find

Confined to a world, disillusion mind
I'm losing my patience, losing time
Wasting my patience, you wasting time
Not facing who you are
Enraged in cages, enslaved in graves
We lay, relay, we play
Beating on drums till the warrior battle comes
Native son chasing the moon in smoke filled rooms
Chasing hell to it's doom, boom
Like losing a check on payday
Holding a grip, it's stressful
It's not your fault, it never is
Whatever, I watch the fake, clever moves you make
Earthquake, alcohol makes a fire go crazy
Till where nothing can faze me

Visit [Gil](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.