

IDA**"Among the Sleep"**

Visit "[Among the Sleep](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm seconds from meeting with the minds berg had to offer
And feed my thoughts to Christ to the altar
I wake up on a red floor
Axing a dead whore
My dick chewed up, why I let this bitch give me head for?
Pigs tryin' ta kick down the door, I'm out for me
Opened the sliding glass door and hopped off the balcony
Fell 30 flights to ? on 10th Av.
Landed on a FedEx-disguised meth lab
And after it blew up
I woke up and threw up
Stuck my hand in my pants, my shit ain't chewed up
Wiped the puke from my face
Then leaved this place
With a 4-5 in the waist
At an elitist pace
No breeding space
I step out and show face
Within 3 minutes I'm approached for H
Then a shotgun to neck, now loose the weapon
And my scull fragments painted the sky for seconds

[Chorus]

Back to my brain like my brain is a home
While I roll with the fame I still aim at the throne
All my peers all sleep and I'm the only one not weak
Or am I unconscious dreaming I'm making a speech
Is this reality or my memory getting milage
Am I staring at the sun or blood vessels in my eyelids
Do I make music or is music making me
Is this really all death or just my awakening

I pick my head up, with a face full of drool
Look around the classroom, now I'm some geek in high school
Get fucked with in the hallway and can't do shit
But write names on bullets and fill a few clips
No need for rags and vodka, got a locker

With enough fire-power to war with helicopters
First click to pass, I'm clicking to release
Each adolescent fist holding 4 police killers
And I ain't paying for the clips I'm spendin'
When I shoot up the crowd like a ? convention
Feds storm the building for the sick boy with balls
Made of steel, put shit through toilet stalls
See my teachers dead through holes in the door
And alerted the cops outside, holdin' the floor
I exit the bathroom, enter a vet parade
Getting shot the fuck up but smoke some pigs on the
way

[Chorus]

I open up my eyes to get cracked in the face
Six times, while I'm asked for combos to a safe
My wife on the couch, dying, raped, in shock
While the gunmen argue on where to take the Yacht
Assuming I'm rich
Playboy bitch
My own boat
And if I don't start speaking I'ma lose my throat
They start chumming the water with my dead hoe and
laugh
Force me to see great whites snapped on the lower half
Locked off my arm, do it in, no guns to shoot
Think of 3 past deaths and find an escape route
All I have to do is wake up, lift the mast
And get shot off the boat and my back to get whipped
in half
I wake up screamin'
With a shotgun in church, feenin'
To kill myself, but I don't know if I'm still dreamin'
50-50 chance I'ma die and go straight up
Or straight to hell, either fuckin' way I'ma wake up!

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