

Mr. Lif "Phantom (Feat. El-P)"

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F/ El-P

[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 to devour 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 she'd 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 oughta 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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