

Mr. Lif

"Phantom"

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F/ EI-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 envisionin

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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