

Pref1x

"Michael Jackson"

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They say that things just can not grow
Beneath the winters snow
So I have been told

VERSE 1

I first met your voice one summer I was 8
Dancing in my Ninja Turtle underwear at 8
In the morning when I heard the radio play
Beat It remixed by the DJ of the day
Yo it gave me chills the first time I listened to Thriller
Listening to it now I can feel them they're still there
The album was a significant pillar
The King of Pop has risen I can feel that your still here
Before Nas had his one love, Mike Jack had his one
glove
The smoothest of criminals, The use of a little
Choreography proved you could do it original
You got a lot of bad rep for stuff that I didn't
understand
But from a fan's stand point now I understand
It's easy, to point the finger at another man
So it was pointed at you by the other man

(Chorus)

They say that things just cannot grow
Beneath the winters snow
Or so I have been told

They say we're buried far
Just like a Distant Star
I simply cannot hold

VERSE 2

What more can I say to you Michael J. Jackson,
You were like Michael Bay the way you brought the
action by dancin'
By the age 12 you were frantic
You had a million fans but still felt abandoned
And Joe Jack didn't help it by standin'
Watchin' you rehearse with a belt in hand

For when you mess up. He was so quick to use it.
Sounds like a difficult way to make your music
Your melodies gave me great amusement
But it's hard to have a famous face when you hate the
way you view it;
So I don't blame you for the changes you've
Made your face go through
I've embraced the faces of you
Each one's representing different fazes of you.
It would be amazing to explain it to you,
But I can't so I'll send you a prayer
And every time I write now I'll pretend you are here.

Chorus

VERSE 3

It opens up scars when stars meet the pressure.
Even Heath couldn't read between the ledgers.
He just wanted to sleep. Now he sleeps forever.
Some may you both R.I.P. together.
Ed McMahon is up there now to give a big hand.
He is funny, but it's not funny how this is man.
It's not fair at all, so may my tears and droplets
Fall through the nozzles of this Farrah Fawcett.
This prison you live in won't let you leave
It too a cardiac arrest to set you free
Thankyou for the records that you left for me.
May you trade in your red jacket for a set of wings
Michael Jackson, more than a popular name.
You're an influence of whom knew not what you made
Now sharin' a spot with 2pac in his place.
Too fly, you probably moonwalk through the gates.
Too fly, you probably moonwalk through the gates.
Too fly, you probably moonwalk through the gates.
You're amongst of the greats.
This is the passing of an icon.
No more flashing of your icons.
This is the passing of an icon.
No more flashing of your icons.

Chorus x3

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