

# Prodigy Blacck

## "I Have No Space To Communicate"

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[Intro: Prodigy Blacck]

I don't know anyone who is smart enough to  
understand..

[Verse 1: Prodigy Blacck]

Let it be known to all the haters..  
Who've wanted my neck..  
Come close to me with three steps?  
I make a path threw your dome..  
Giving you no time to gasp or to catch..  
Your damn breath..  
I'm not the type of person you've delt with..  
I've got devilish tactics..  
Things that'd push back your wig..  
An turn your whole mind state different..  
I don't know why so many men bother..  
My rhymes are life like..  
I give people the intelect..  
That I walked out their life as their father..  
I've been threatend to be killed..  
With no act's of hessitation, My rhyme's bring  
comfrontation..  
With the fierce and godlike sikes of annihalation..  
It's a life I don't wish to sovrein..  
But here pain and tryanny's attack's live to be  
unlimited..  
It makes it harder, every day before I go to sleep..  
Knowing fact's that after today..  
I could be burried underneath soil that's in the depths  
of ten feet deep..  
I'm not trying to make anybody appologize..  
I've just been trammatized..  
Told a few lies that could have atrocious effects on my  
life..

[Chorus x2]

I've got no space to communicate..  
(All my ideas)  
I've got no space to communicate..

(All my fears)  
I've got no space to communicate..  
(Reasons for tears)  
I've got no space to communicate..  
(Certain things that appear)  
In the end I've been trapped with nothing to say..

[Verse 2: Prodigy Blacck]

People raise victorious..  
In the areas of thus..  
Who reign latitudinous..  
I'm still here writing rhymes..  
That people consider ferrious..  
Enough agravation to get the 5.0 curious..  
I've been put threw all this missory..  
Look how fucked up I am, look what all you did to me..  
I've been walking one hundred miles..  
Without looking back..  
I'm not leaving anything and I can put praise on that..  
I've turned life into prospectives..  
Of Allah Jenovah..  
Weather it takes me threw the path of hell..  
Or threw a kassenova..  
I've been living seperate lives, one with genocide..  
An the other with unforgettable pride stuck in his mind..  
Which one do you think I should choose?  
I pick the wrong one, and we're both fucked up..  
With a life to loose..  
I'd put everything on the line..  
But all my prioritys in life is all I have to jeporside..  
I'm trying to give you guys a taste..  
Of what it's like being proclaimed the legitimate..  
Insesenate, with the drive of those who find anyone to  
humiliate..

[Chorus x2]

I've got no space to communicate..  
(All my ideas)  
I've got no space to communicate..  
(All my fears)  
I've got no space to communicate..  
(Reasons for tears)  
I've got no space to communicate..  
(Certain things that appear)  
In the end I've been trapped, with nothing to say..

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