

Tech N9Ne "The Noose"

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I've tried writing this letter now,
Several times before,
When the party's over and,
The liquor is no more,
I'll tell you now that living has become somewhat a
chore,
And following their rules is such a God foresaken bore,
Now I say God because I'm programmed,
But I believe in none,
I see no interventions and I see no Holy Sons,
And if I'm wrong than strike me down and break these
breathing lungs,
Just take the words reverse them back upon my evil
tongue,
I've seen children arm eachother like it's second
nature,
Some just wanna watch the world burn,
And bang upon the drums,
And that is why the music and the rhythm will live on,
Chaos has a melody and death is like a song,

I sing, sing out to the rafter's I sing,
Close this little chapter and I think,
This life is a disaster and it stings,
I'm trying to find a way to just sing,
Sing out to the rafter's I sing,
Close this little chapter and I think,
This life is a disaster and it stings,
You see I'm trying to find a way out,

What a world, what a world,
I'm hanging up the noose now,
Waiting for the end,
What a world, what a world,
I'm hangin up the noose now,
Waiting for the end

I went to visit wounded soldiers out on Camp
Pendelton,
And the cause of the missing limbs it mean there's no
love like Wimbledon,
When they sat before me young as hell and gave me

accolades like gentlemen,
I'm thinking that the enemy took away their ability to
walk and to touch no way of rekindling,
What is now gone unless they got money like Forrest
and Lt. Dan,
The war if you win a damn they have no remorse at any
minute bam,
That's fucked off while we're chilling on tour on the bus
getting sucked off,
Know our family is grieving 'cause war is recieving their
peeps and they crying their butts off,
That's why I get so much,
When a flow bust,
Why we got it so good 'cause it's so rough,
For the young soldiers who,
Do exactly what they're told to do,
Damn, do what exactly what they're told to do,
Defend they're country and uphold the crew,
But give my one and only soul for you,
That's a hell of a job description,
I don't know if my God's with this one,
But I guess its the laws of sick men,
Send out youngin's and they fall the victim,
Of an evil clans plan,
That's why I be saying dwamn,
'Cause on 9/11 I realized our fate is another man's
hands,

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Waiting for the end,
What a world, what a world,
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When I see how my loved ones have left,
I wonder how long I would I would fight,
I wonder if I would give in and let the reaper lead me
into night,
See I got too much pride left,
My grandmother died to early,
Reaching for moments more but instead the cancer in
her lungs took it from me,
We drift, naturally like two ships in the roughest of
seas,
That's why this moments precious yet I'm too distant to
feel it complete,
See these days I feel so disconnected,
It gets harder to drop to my knees,
I guess that's a side effect of living in generation XYZ,
Obsessed with pain and grief man I wish we were kids

again,
Things were simpler than 90s incidents,
Got me losing friends to the hands of violent men, fast,
Faster than speeding bullets whizzing down alley ways,
Abruptly I'm waking up from this haze,
But only to realize the world hasn't changed,
Some of ya'll not even fazed,
Y'all think it's the way we been raised?
Fuck it I'm sinkin right back in this haze,
'Cause these could turn out to be my last today,
With a hope and a prayer put a rope in the air,
But I'm just too scared,
Chokin from the pressure will I rock this chest,
Swing back and forth and tempt death with a blank
stare,

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Waiting for the end,
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