

## **Gimix**

### **"Rage"**

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(Grouch):

Every man's blood boils  
When turmoil or life foils his plans  
I've soiled my hands puttin' work in  
Tryna keep from hurtin', cuz fools be irkin' the fuck  
outta me  
Now what do I gotta be, the epitome of nice?  
Biterally precise when I talk  
And assuming when I walk I never let the chip show  
Cuz people try and push it and they wanna test my wits  
So, I'm defensive, intense with my brain waves  
And that's offensive, I sense so the pain stays close  
Most don't depressurize  
When I've had it up to where you can see it in my eyes  
Realize there's no sanity  
Hella profanity and a sort fuse to light  
I snort and use the mic like a weapon  
Effectin' any section I step in  
Got 'em checkin' for the vibe that I'm protectin'

(Asop):

Who takes the time to look around?  
That which surrounds makes the sound of compromise  
Damn, they try to size up to such plateau's they'll never  
touch  
Always talkin' about nothin', when you catch 'em, they  
always hush  
Not much to be said, not enough to be heard when the  
words become absurd  
When a voice of a gangsta starts to emanate from the  
'burbs  
Now anybody, everybody can try to rock a party  
With that bump in your trunk, always drunk with your  
motions  
With no devotion, collects an ocean of funds  
In the worst way, idiots they stay this way  
Me hella 'noid like a homophobic stuck in the middle of  
a gay parade  
With no way to escape the confines of one's mind  
A mental prison, a prism of thought  
A crystalis of anger created by the action of strangers

A dangerous way to live your life these days  
Thinkin' he hella fresh though  
A male emcee acting like a lesbo  
Making one's life so stressful  
That's why I escape with these with the ease of a hiatus  
in Fresno

(PSC):

A rusty nail in the foot  
A cavity in the tooth  
My threshold, the pressure build up, to me I'm aloof  
And no proof of a cracking point  
Mood swings like primates  
Gorilla in the mist type range, I see all states  
I King Kong shit, rip down the house structure  
Like Empire State, the power will surely crush you  
As a pun on a radio edit, or nasty soda  
I'm colder in the heart when the camel back breaks  
No one seen the true beast, release him and danger  
follows  
Like sequels to horror flicks, there's no tomorrow  
No sun will come out, no Annie, no Daddy Warbucks  
The Hard Knock Life begins when tempers flare up  
An enemy will show no mercy, take it from Percy  
And stop at No Limit until the bullshit's ended

(Eligh):

Rage, trapped in a cage  
Wrapped in a page, you never change  
Severed off from the vain  
Not enough blood to complain  
Rage enters the brain  
Now it's a pain you can't maintain  
Leaving friendships slain, always the other one to  
blame  
Never to be the same, rage is just a game played  
To someone less it runs deep on an unseen plain  
Peep the problems of the average man when he's  
insane  
Losing personality replaced by the devil's frame  
Madness, uncanny love for the fact his life is lived in  
sadness  
Can't handle the Silence so The Lambs get  
reprimanded  
For the underhanded, underkept raging thunderclap  
You're wondering "What's that?"  
It's the wrath of rage-aholics, ah...

(BFAP):

People playing games with my mind  
Playing games every time that I find

Confined to a world, disillusion mind  
I'm losing my patience, losing time  
Wasting my patience, you wasting time  
Not facing who you are  
Enraged in cages, enslaved in graves  
We lay, relay, we play  
Beating on drums till the warrior battle comes  
Native son chasing the moon in smoke filled rooms  
Chasing hell to it's doom, boom  
Like losing a check on payday  
Holding a grip, it's stressful  
It's not your fault, it never is  
Whatever, I watch the fake, clever moves you make  
Earthquake, alcohol makes a fire go crazy  
Till where nothing can faze me

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