

Mac Lethal

"Backward"

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(talking)

My name is David McCleary Sheldon
I was born and raised in Kansas City, Missouri

Started right here I don't want it to be over
Say it right here I don't want it to be over
(repeats in background)

You got a beautiful face

Sittin' on the roof of the factory high
There's a blood orange moon in the strawberry sky
To come home soon is the wishing wonder
But I'm calm by the boom of the distant thunder
Relax, there's no television static
Just the howl's and never ending traffic
This world is plastic and fake
And I was born a few generations late
Illustrate my face feel this spunky
Yeah I'm strange as hell but I'm real as fuck
So follow my smell to the hollows and dells
And I'll show you the snake's as they swallow their tails
They're right there running the assembly lines
Where the coal gets shoveled by the carton smokers
They're parasites burrowed in the listeners minds
Nevermind, scratch that, let me start this over
Man, how far does this pigeon hole travel
Find the answer in the indigo shadows
Though you can unless you know the chant
Or the eight away labor line soldier ant
I held my mom as she died in my hands
Had to cancel the tour
I hope you guys understand
That the life of a man's gonna crack
In the eyes of his fans
When he fails to supply the demand
Now if only I could catch my breath
I got spurs on my boots, I can etch my steps
So I can find my way home when I stretch my depth
But I gotta get a disclaimer off my chest
When I talk about social ills

Or the alcohol fix or the potent pills
Understand that i wrote it with a soul to fill
I had to sketch myself a new home to build
I was baited and caught by decoys and free will
Wounded inside I rejoiced in cheap thrills
My life was destroyed and rebuild
Listen to the dangerous sweet noise and keep still
Introverted borderline sick disconcerted
Kinda slick when its quickly worded
Every tick every twist every drips assertive
With the verse every pixel is picture perfect
When at first! that's how I stitched the ferber
With the scraps and the bits of the century murder
And then the intenceses I'm ripple with the type of
terrificness
The benefits of rhyming certificates kids are intimate
I'm spitting so the minute on the rhythm and I'm gettin
so inventive
That there's really no equivalent
I'll rip a show, a pigeon hole, and invalent
Until they gotta tippy toe to get a dose of lithium
So tell the other kids to smell the blood I spit
Just to let them know what they hell they fuckin' with
I've felt pain and I'll feel it again
Take 'em back to the end start again
I got mental cravings for sinfull tastings
And gentle phrasings with pencil shavings
I felt pain and I'll feel it again
Take 'em back to the end start again
Away

Start it right here I don't want it to be over
Say it right here I don't want it to be over
(repeats in background)

You got, you got a, you got a beautiful face
(repeats until song finishes)

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