

Pat Maine

"Dinner Bells And Straight Jackets"

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(Verse 1)

This mic holds me like a C4 hostage
Yelling out hip hop needs more mosh pits
I lost my mind there's no reward on it
Metaphor highway, detoured conscience
I get depressed and hit the leaf blower on switch
and blow trees for all my good deeds gone wrong
which
Makes it hard for me to lean toward modest
or keep form when the sky seems more godless
I live by my words, my lifes on the line
Hunger pangs, my labor fruit is ripe on the vine
I'm not hyped on my mind, my ego only hides
The fear of never getting what is rightfully mine
Every stormy night I put my kite in the sky
Hoping lightning will fly, it might be my pride
But weather death or revolution strikes me its fine
As long I'm not f**king 45 killing time
See I don't mask my pain I dress it up like my mascot
And give it platforms to showboat and hit the catwalk
Emotions spark, before they mix and matchbox
and viola I've made a fire out of Pats thoughts
Â
Nobody told me which way is right
So I smile while I titty f**k with bitch name life

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