

Organized Konfusion

"In Vitro"

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Verse One

Two weeks before my old man busted up in her

My moms never walked slow

Now she smoke crack sit back and listen to talk shows

I hope she don't eat pork fried rice tonight

See the cholesterol already got my arteries tight

I might select even before she injects her lethal
chemicals

to wrap the umbilical cords around my neck

Shit I'm pissin' in the abdomen

Two and a half weeks old already thoughts of stabbin'
men

Unravelin' plots and plans for thievin' and shit

Immune to the gospel, not believin' in shit

Where the fuck do I go from here?

Cuz when the afterbirth disperse it's hard to persevere

I swear I can't fuck with it

She hits about two packs of cigarettes a day and I'm
stuck with it

The asthmatic, internally scarred from crack addicts

Who share needles outside in the rain on Kraftmatics

and laugh at it

I guess for them it seems funny but soon

I be the nigga who kills for petty money presume

Inside this Temple of Doom we throw the womb

I bloom to be emitted in June, considered a coon

Livin' my life incomplete though

On the edge of destruction, invetro

Chorus (x2)

I'd rather not be born

than to be scorned in this world of hate

Where life escape me and stick me like thorn

Wild like child porn

-ography, the autobi of the unborn

Verse Two

Overshadowed in darkness where curiosity is my light

Fear it but very coherent that there's a fifty percent
chance that I might

Not make it in spite of the fact, it's my life

And can't take it, knowin' that I'm losin' this fight

to contradiction

The love with the hatred inviting friction

Umbilically inflicted, watchin' my life go down like
Christion

Understand mommy dearest is confused right now

but my faith brings us through someway, somehow

From now I vow to invest the livin', bow only to God

The coke's tokes and tell-lie-vision violence already got
me scarred

Disregard what the devil allowed on my set

This city's number one threat, huh

Bet I could probably run for mayor on some shit like
that one day

Or get my hustle on, just like my dad, quiet as kept for
the long stay

Flow as a positive form to first step

I want some friends and a ill-ass fuckin' neighbourhood
rep

600 Benz gooseneck with a Nakamichi system in it

Graduated from a rookie, rolled-up windows tinted

Desire presented for ice cream, Big Wheels, local
rented movies

From Power Rangers, Lion King, Toy Story and Goonies

But the bomb, at least that's what I heard

Beyond my 9 to 5's I write a dope rap song

but with your insides gone the vision is frail

Dreams can't set sail

From all that unprotected sex and cold Ballantyne ales

Oh well, I still prevail, God always has something in
store for me

outside this hell, move on

Torn in the eyes of Allah, scorned when the dawn
distortion upon

My abortion clinic visit in the morn

Chorus (x2)

I'd rather be born, shine as the true and livin'

Spawned to live this gift to the fullest, shit is on

Still rethinkin' my position until I'm gone

Mission is to elevate mind

Glisten, destined forever, weather the storm

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