

Organized Konfusion "Invetro"

Visit "[Invetro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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 pornography, the autobi of the unborn

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 pornography, the autobi of the unborn

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' neighborhood
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

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 pornography, the autobi of the unborn

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 pornography, the autobi of the unborn

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

Visit [Organized Konfusion](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.