

Chris Thompson

"Self Conscience"

Visit "[Self Conscience](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Prodigy]

Yo..

Is it ill, do it need to be fixed?

(That shit is real Dunn; and stop talkin like your skills don't kill)

Nah it's just that sometimes I feel like that

I can write more fouler than the last

[Prodigy's "Conscience"]

Yo that shit is cash trust me Dunn; I'll never lead you astray

Take my word niggaz wanna hear how you think

It be that shit that you wouldn't expect to win

that stay playin in they decks over and again

Speak your thoughts, put your all in it

Whatever's in your mind, spit it

Place your anger on the page, release tension on the tape

A stress verse, seem to be what they most thirst

Makes fake niggaz disperse, they never challenge

what works

[Prodigy]

Balancin the weakness, is what I specialize in

Dunn you my nigga cause you keep me hype when I'm writin

Kept me on point in the night when it might go down

Keep me eyes wide in the daytime as well

Kept me focused on what's real and nuttin else

I find it healthy, to conversate with myself

I kick it with my delf (I kept you alive, all these years)

It's that inner voice you shoulda took head to and shit

Coulda been home instead of bleedin

Maybe next time you'll listen when it speaks

[Prodigy's "Conscience"]

Yo Dunn, I got a story to tell

Remember last week's mission? I told you bring the gun

(Yeah I remember) Nah listen, without me you'd be a memory

I'm the one you could come to for guidance
Bring you home alive when you wildin
Kept you out of harm's way, told you when to spray
Told you when it's time to put it away
and when the cops came, you was safe

[Prodigy]

Without question, I stay aware Dunn I'm listenin
Everytime we speak it's real, I know your intention's
to make sure we both safe and livin, and breathin
You gets all respect from me Dunn, believe it

[Prodigy's "Conscience"]

Yo we got kids to raise and bills to pay
Enemies to lay down when they stand in our way, it's
only us
(What about the click?) Now if you die is they comin?
When you shot do they feel the bullet?
And when you broke can they fix it? Aight then, you
keep writin
and let me do the thinkin, I brought us this far without
mistaken

[Nas]

Voices in my head from choices that I dreaded choosin
Cautions I shoulda took head, lost in my weed, steady
losin
Thug stripes, badges of honor, forces to succeed
Whores on they knees, fuckin with millionaires, killers
and thieves
I fuck until there's no feelin where, I bust and I pee
I lusted cars but I suffered and my scars run deep
I stay to myself, one deep, pray to my God cause he
say when it's hard get on one knee, and ask Thy for
forgiveness
Fuck the cash, the ice, the Ferrari's
with two-twenty on the dash when your life ain't right
See niggaz smile up in your face and stick a knife in
your back
Snakes shake your hand and got his dick up in your
wife back
Why's it like that? It's life black, this is the game
The way I see it both bitches and niggaz, is the same
I trust myself, I can't fuck myself
When hoes leave and no weed I still know me, just
myself
Fear is weakness learn from what experience teaches
Beware of leaches, the vampires, my secret's
never follow, cause most niggaz is straight up cowards
Take care of my body's the temple my mind is the
power

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

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