

## Alexipharmic

### "I"

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I survived a busted condom and swam through a  
douche And planted myself in fallopian tubes So I exist  
as the result of a broken Trojan And implosion of a  
supernova's explosion May tenth, eighty-five, this kid  
went live For him to arrive somebody must've died  
Cause that's just life, it's all give and take We're along  
for the ride til someone hits the breaks At eight years  
old, my childhood was sold For a calendar and custody  
along the winding road Told everything'd be all right,  
and everything was I was lucky enough to be a product  
of love But it's still fucked up. And every move I moved  
with em A year later I turned to Buddhism Around that  
time the Hutus and Tutsis Moved me to action, I found  
my voice to speak But then my balls dropped and there  
came a new directive Chased girls at school like an  
elective Watched religion be a system that increasingly  
decided It's the fate of other nations be conquered and  
divided That's when I chose to write these 8's and 16's  
Manifest dreams I chose to believe Well anyways, the  
days of high school came and left Like K-Fed's 15  
seconds on Brit's breasts I'm clinically insane to the  
point where they claim That my brain's got the inmates  
of Bellevue contained My mind's bound to change More  
often that a senile masochist trying hard to cope with  
the pain Most days I try to fight my way outta this  
conundrum But Æ illigitamati non carbarundum Each  
moment's impermanent so what I gotta do's Stay true  
to my octagon path and prove Nothing to anyone when  
I'm done the race is run Against myself and no one  
else Æ achievements don't rest on a shelf To be  
honest, I feel half the things I've done Have been as  
useful as finding shade on the sun When I was young I  
was aware everything was impermanent Didn't learn to  
love the moments which made it worse when it Passed  
by now I decided to fly In the testament to those in the  
past that died My last night of rest was when I was a  
fetus And if you understood the kind of dreams I had  
you would believe this Priorities in life are make music,  
make love Take slugs out the barrels of loaded guns in  
slums Still there's a lot of things I'd like to be Momma  
said I could be anything, turned out that she lied to me

Cause I'd be a porn star in a minute And marry Micah  
Moore but I'm not double digits But I was given another  
responsibility So when my veins get charged with  
electricity The pen starts to move, the blood turns to  
boil When the news shows more poor are stuck under  
soil Now I think Bush is a Dick, that's true But I don't rap  
about that to try to impress you I'll never respect you if  
you do to sound political Which seems to be rap's  
favorite ritual

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