

## Jimmy P. "Bury The Hatchet"

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My words are weapons, it's evident I'm selective  
I'm begging for you to question the message that I'm  
selecting  
Cuz rap music is sampled, but is that ample enough?  
For example, can we handle the gamble and press our  
luck?

Dismantle the double whammy; cut it, my hands are  
clammy  
Shaking just like a granny with Parkinson's drinking  
brandy  
I must be a nervous wreck, pics didn't surface yet  
Bottles of Percocet put me furthest from the threats

I hope you never forget that I too deserve respect  
I'm a dirty flirty birdy that wants to fly in a jet  
How dare you call me arrogant, evil and egotistic?  
When your characteristic's being fake and taking  
pictures

Let's be realistic, the reason that I'm so sadistic  
Is because you make me wish that I was pissed that I'm  
artistic  
Gotta tell the truth, Chris Rock made me realize  
That men lie the most and women tell the biggest lies

Any day could be your last; I'm living my life up very  
fast  
No geriatrics, distractions get scary fast  
Let's bury the hatchet- need to be in psychiatrics  
So I'm fighting back with a battle-axe, getting drastic  
[X2]

Wish I could travel back to '93 right before I was born  
And tell my mama you don't wanna have me, you've  
been warned  
I'll deviate from the norm, affiliate with a swarm  
Of nonconformists who watch porn in their dorms

The newborn is gonna be sworn to always brainstorm  
Ways to transform the earth but will always be scorned

So maybe if I can speak, the baby will be unique  
And when you sleep in on the weekend the baby won't  
make a peep

I can see the future vaguely- people call him a freak  
He'll be meek and quiet, but he'll be trying to wreak  
havoc  
On all of the savages that called him a geek  
His life will be bleak, but if he seeks the proper  
technique

He'll be complete- those that stepped on him with  
cleats will shriek,  
Cuz now their option is to sleep on the street  
Because they chose to mistreat; they chose to sow,  
now they reap  
So be tongue in cheek, cuz life can be bittersweet, you  
know

Any day could be your last, I'm living my life up very  
fast  
No geriatrics, distractions get scary fast  
Let's bury the hatchet- need to be in psychiatrics  
So I'm fighting back with a battle-axe, getting drastic  
[X2]

Advice that you gave me shackled me and enslaved  
me  
You put me in a grave but you're happy thinking you  
saved me  
If ignorance is bliss, won't see the cuffs on my wrists  
Or the chains holding my frame, but shame still exists

The smile on your face is replaced with a taste of hate  
My faith has gone to waste, can't trace the fall from  
grace  
If I said you hurt me, you would turn around and desert  
me  
An action that converts me back into an introvert

See I'm only as strong as you pretend I am  
Then again I'm just a friend or whatever you say I am  
I'm all by myself and I'm lonely inside of the moment  
Give condolence to my opponent and never seek  
atonement

Show emotion but stay focused, open and potent  
Like venom soaked in your denim that leaves you  
hopeless and frozen  
I mean, paralyzed, you must be very terrified  
I should've clarified, when you die, you go to

paradise... right?

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