Mikkey Halsted "Exorcist"

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I couldn't sell myself for the platinum
Not for the gold
Not for the all .. and takers
Not for the hores
Because I grew up in the town so cold
And see my old man .. keep some food on the store
Seen to many gangsta …
Next minute they're lying in a funeral home
Too many locked up .. for me to lying upon
Try to perpetrate the fog when I'm writing this song
Say exactly what I feel either is right or is wrong
But I can only be me they either like it or they don't
I guess I fuck mess that's why I write right to the point
See I'm the exorcist that's why I use the mike to annoy

Look Satan I can surrender the hip hop
In the name of ..
I'm gonna take you from the rich
Give you back to the poor
Before you fail in front of me
got hocked by the Lord
Don't fight it
You've been chosen to sit aside by the Lord
.. See you've always been a soldier
Don't fight for the hore

You got to fight for what's right Go right to the source Before the murder rock your … You got married to the street You got to divorce Because .. war That's why you need an exorcist

You've been possessed by a genius
Far from being doped
They just ..
You just can't believe them
Niggers ain't from the scene
They ain't even decent

They smell like hate And I think they're from the prison In front of Tv It's hard to decide who is who Until you get up close … .. who's a lie who's the truth … Don't have me full you … You have no place here You have no dominium You have no stay here Just a property you got now You can sit here You ain't safe here I' tryin' to tell you I'm the exorcist

That should be it You're straight now? Let's go get some money

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