

## No Malice

### "Smoke & Mirrors"

Visit "[Smoke & Mirrors](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

When I was a child  
I thought as a child  
I talked like a child  
I even reasoned like a child  
But when I became a man  
I put away childish things

It's like the blind leading the blind  
They caught up in the shine  
The tokens of success is not clearly defined  
The watermelons gone and all that's left is rhyme  
And yet you keep beating, beating  
But in the back of your mind there's somewhat you  
rewind  
Ever wonder why they continue to let you dine  
Place a glass ceiling, continue to let you climb  
Place drugs in the hood and pretending to let you grind  
That little job they pretending to let you find  
Boxed in, they continue to let you mime  
A little deal they continue to let you sign  
It's been more and spil wine  
I gotta speak to my kind  
Call me 8:45 cause both hands on the 9  
It's from the heart and it's so sincere in every rhyme  
I could let the wheel go, the Lord steers every time  
Shit, if no child left behind,  
Black faces on the first 48 look like mine  
Yeah, cause when that nigga in a bind  
The ones in position from my view look like Shyne  
Damn, and we the culprit in the crimes  
In the pulpit, niggas lying, they just pokin' at the lion  
'Til my soul start flying and then frying, I'ma be  
defiant  
It's written on the wall like a Mayan

You know, the truth is a funny thing  
I mean, it's a double-edged sword  
It separate bone from the marrow  
Spirit from the flash  
And if it's a lie, then say it's a lie  
But if it's the truth

And that saw hits you  
All you better do is say ouch

It's of a biblical proportion, what you are witnessing?  
Spiritual abortion, slaughter of innocents  
Guilty as charged, destruction of a lineage  
I pray father God, you allow me to repent of it  
And any crime scene that bear Malice's fingerprint  
I pitched those keys like a tent, without thinkin'  
Even served our own mamas, without blinkin'  
Walking dead, clueless, no inkling  
Within a twinkling, seeing what I was made of  
While y'all speculate Clipse break up  
Well think it not strange if I'm Abel to his Cain  
Hell, even Esau had a Jacob, I ain't trippin'  
And what's with all this swag I ain't feelin'  
Gotta get that money, huh, nah, I'm chillin'  
And I ain't sellin' my soul for no million  
Cause that daddy rap daddy they crack the black  
ceiling  
Why such blasphemy and anger toward a God which  
none have seen  
Hmm, leads me to believe  
That there's a wee bit more to this Jesus thing  
And they use his name to sell them pies  
Cause it take a lot of truth just to sell that lie  
Yes, even now I repent  
Of the circus acts, same clowns, different tint

I mean, if we gonna kill the kids  
Then let's kill the kids  
Pop that molly, right?  
I mean, load them choppas, right?  
Homeboy, the line's been drawn  
And if you find it evil to serve the Lord  
Then choose this day  
Whom you will serve

Visit [No Malice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.