

## Pro

# "A Life Worth Dying For"

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Within all men, there's a desire  
To push through the pain and not burn as we walk  
through the fire, see  
Though we know there's something much greater than  
us,  
Our heart's desire, tells us the only thing important, is  
us  
From life's first cry to our final resting position  
Is a constant jockeying for significance and attention  
And as we chase the Grim Reaper with his diamond  
covered sickle  
Or send our brothers to meet him with vanity's pistol  
It's clear that we are craving life!  
Yet misdirected, trapped in the snare of night  
Who can save us from this dastardly device?  
Give us purpose as we claw and we fight?  
This can't be it, I'm sure there's more.  
Show us a life, worth dying for...

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to welcome you, to the  
truth!  
I want you to take this journey with me, (turn me up a  
little bit)  
Stillborn, I was born unresponsive,  
Meaning though I breathe I'm still dead to the beating  
of my conscience  
Explains a lot, when you think about it  
Cause I lived life for myself and I ain't even have to  
think about it  
As I yield to the wickedness inside me,  
I attempt to play God like Bruce Almighty or Jim  
Caviezel  
Sin deceive you and make you think there's not a love  
greater than he do  
It's death, that Satan's dealin' in this game I think I'm  
winning  
You always lose in Las Vegas though you get cash to  
the ceiling  
It's my demise on dark nights concealing (get it)  
I still pray I don't die playing a villain like Heath  
What you peep in my Ledger, it's the sum of a deader

Hoping God don't cash in on sins that he measured  
That's why thugs hit blocks with dope and Berettas  
Thinking if they have more control, that things would  
be better  
It's life that you craving on this operating table called  
Earth,  
We need saving  
That's why women give they body to these thieves  
Thinking if they gain his love, it's the cure to they  
disease  
And gangs fight over territories they have never owned  
Cause something burns inside saying this is not your  
home  
This a sport where your money matters hardly  
You can ball and never get a trophy, similar to Barkley  
(Charles)  
I guess the point I'm really trying to make  
We all on Death Row, Snoop, Pac, and Dre  
And the Devil is sure to trust 'em, like we never should  
Make us popular but in his heart he would kill us if he  
could  
Tell the truth, some never listen though  
Thinking that He alive like Pinocchio,  
While being a creation that disrespect the maker  
Life is only found in Geppetto, Creator, God!

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