

# Shyne "Martyr"

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Shit, sometimes man, be contemplating  
Yo, living in hell, die, might be better

Walk through the shadow of death, my out pissing  
Rebel, laughing at the devil, homicidal threats  
Only if he knew, I wanna lie a coal, who the wanna die  
old  
On this miserable earth, forever, put me in dirt  
It's better then living searchin' treasure  
That only brings atrocity and treachery, baby mother's  
stressing me  
Ain't no hope left in me, live everyday like it's my last  
Waitin' to meet my that passed

At last I could meet Christ, ask Him why the You died on  
the cross  
Here these stupid, they still lost  
I'll ask Malcolm, see what it was like to fight for civil  
rights  
And nights he thought he would die, what did he do  
Did he grab his gun and a shot?  
Get on my knees praise Big and go with Pac  
Find out did he really take 5 shots  
Ask him, who shot ya, was it the Feds?  
Couldn't of been Big Poppa, Brooklyn ain't braille  
Like that, ask Martin, why the you ain't fight back?

If you had a choice, life or death  
What would you choose?  
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What would you choose?  
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What would you choose?  
If you had a choice

Life ain't real, it's a dream we see tomorrow  
Reality, that's pain and sorrow  
Reality, disaster beat breaks  
A little girl up in the projects gettin'  
Reality's a gettin' rock shot 41 times  
And you askin' why I run from one time  
I don't even get justice

Sometimes, no times, oh, I'm bout to lose my mind

Reality's up, like a hard workin' mother, losing her job  
The battle of good and evil  
Like the devil, ain't losing for God, we on Lucifer's  
squad  
Not knowing what the it all mean  
I can't even, get a can of sardines  
Driving Bentley's, burning money, I'm yearnin' money  
Taking your, I'm earning money  
Yet you call me a thief I call me a broke trying to eat  
On this earth suffering, why it's like that?  
Guess we the punished, blame Adam and Eve

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Hold your latex, from nuns I take  
Play chess, with the devil from the sky  
Like rain shells drop immune to this cold world's sorrow  
Beyond shell shock, can't you tell pop, I need some  
help ox  
See them meadow officers watchin' myself rot  
Ice pick and cell blocks

Hope the 12 stop on the highway to hell, switchin' lanes  
That know, what I mean to suffer and struggle in the  
gutter  
Slice birthday cakes with box cutters  
I did not stutter, you heard me this is utter, reality  
Observe me, on a journey puttin' on gurneys till I meet  
my maker  
And I need my ama, Guiliani and Howard Seiffler

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