

Ghostown

"Death Before Dishonor"

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Cig: So this is it...I had to take it there, it's come to this point

DJ On Point: Do remember this is the Forgotten

Borough, the mixtape, volume 3

Cig: They keep on pushin' me, and honestly, I really don't give a fuck

anymore man

DJ On Point: We doin' this 1 for Staten Island right here

Cig: Everything gets worse and worse everyday, I don't ever see it ever

changin man...Cig, this is me, Ghostown

DJ On Point: Ghostown, lets go...

[Cig]

I could never picture myself rockin' no button ups

I paid my dues, been with dudes who've always stayed buttoned up

Wit losers on corners, cookin' somethin up

Dropouts a reasonable doubt, they families lookin' nothin' up

Cause it'll never look up, I try and remain righteous

We cry the same tears, and when I do I write this

I ain't just rhymin' words, herbs tryin' to fight this

But no, I don't give a fuck if you haters don't like Chris

Knowin' you might diss, but I'm driven by the hate

When I'm down and out, it keeps me goin', I'm risen by the fate

In other words, it occurs, that these words I'd state

State the truth in the booth that my fans appreciate

Pacin' in my room, wishin' that I'd die

Facin my fathers tomb till we meet on the other side

Know that I ain't wrong, or just good at lies

Just know this ain't so long, just short term goodbyes

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

You could give me death before dishonor

When it rains, it pours, so why would I bother?

Things won't change, so why try harder?

But I keep holdin' on to a better tomorrow

[Cig]

I don't rock designer clothes or worry about shape ups
Everyday death gets close, don't worry about if I'll
wake up
Nothin' to fall back on, it's just in my make up
To move forward when most of y'all would just shake
up
Wake up, it's the same shit over and over again
Would've blown my brains out if I didn't have this pen
Nobody understands me except for a few friends
And day by day it seems like there's very few of them
But I don't rap for you, but know I do rap for you
The few who have to go through what we have to go
through
Each and every day, say you don't even got a clue
Step in my shoe for a few and tell me exactly what you
would do
Lost, exactly, with me its more then just fine
Find myself alone again, hear me out, just 1 line
And through rhymes, if I just reach 1 mind, it's fine
Cause people like us take things 1 day at a time

[Chorus]

Cig: You gotta feel me on this man. I put so much effort
into this music.
I'm tired of eatin' bread sandwiches and puttin'
Cheerios and Cinnamon Toast
Crunch together just cause I ain't got no money to hit
up the studio. Man, this
rap shit gotta work out, feel me?

[Cig]

They tell me look in the mirror and state what's wrong
I don't know, but I just hope it don't last that long
I try and hold on, but homie I just ain't that strong
And sometimes I can't find the words for these dam
songs
Chris, just smile, but there's no reason to fool
Cause I hate girls, my job, my life, and my school
I ain't in this for money, honey's, or tryin' to look cool
Every night I cry damn it, I could fill up a pool
Chances to make it are slim, expect it to happen
But I ain't good at nuthin' else except for rappin'
My music's therapeutic in the way that I use it
Choose it to express myself, otherwise I would lose it

[Chorus]

