

## Men Of Vision

### "Guts on the Ceiling"

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Oh, you'll never guess what's up  
My mucking head blew up  
My chins in an old man's backyard  
I gotta sneak threw his yard  
To find the fothermucker  
And he's gotta pitbull dog  
And it's sitting on my chin like a frog on a log  
I throw a bone to try to distract  
Cuz I'm wanting my chinny-chin-chin back  
I'll never be one to boast  
But there's my tongue hanging off the lightpost  
Cuz my head exploded  
And my brains unloaded  
All over this beautiful city  
Teeth and bones to the nitty gritty  
There's my eyeball stuck to the wall  
Right next to my splattered jaw  
I don't dig this game  
Chasing my brains all through the sewer drains  
My head's all over the block  
Cuz I done went lunatick-tock tick-tock  
Come on, dawg, what's wrong with my head?  
It blew apart but I still ain't dead  
I get no respect  
I got nothing but guts hanging off my neck  
But I'll still chilling  
Even with my blood and guts all over the ceiling  
I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

(Chorus X4) I'm chillin, I'm illin  
With my guts all over the ceiling

Oh, you'll never guess what's up  
My mucking back blew up  
If you come across a spine  
Best believe it's mine  
Oh, forget about my tongue  
Cuz vato can't breathe without no lungs  
I lost both of mine  
Now that's an item that I wouldn't mind to find

But forget about dat  
Cuz I'm roaming the streets with a splattered back  
I'm trying to rap to this freak  
But she can see my ribs all in the street  
Then the chit-chat went dead  
She noticed that I ain't got no head  
Shhh, I think I hear my heart  
But damn, it got hit by a Smark bus  
And landed in Pontiac  
So I tell my mellow to send it back  
Come on, wined and my back blow up  
Look for my guts, look for my guts  
I gotta call from Nate the Mack  
Says he might of found part of my back  
Then bring it on over, ace  
I got slabs all over the place  
But I'm still chillin'  
Even with my blood and guts all over the ceiling

(Chorus X4)

You'll never guess what's up  
Ahh, I'm down on my luck  
Got no head  
Said I got no head  
Southwest ghetto zone  
It done fried my brain

(Chorus until fade)

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