

Men Of Vision

"Never Had it Made"

Visit "[Never Had it Made](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

First I was born young and healthy
I told my mother one day I'd be wealthy
Can't forget my first day at school
Got stabbed in the head with a pencil, but it's cool
Get my education
A job and a family, a good reputation
And what about grade two?
Got shot in the neck and the bullet went straight
through
But I'm packing a textbook
Don't fuck with me cuz I'm going to grade three
Thank god it's lunch in a minute
Bit into my hot dog with a razor blade in it
And it cut my tongue off
But I know how to multiply so what's up, boss
Finally had to step out
I dropped out of school when they ripped my neck out
Who knows where the road led?
Seen a man with a briefcase and no head
So I'm like fuck that
Show me a quarter and an ounce of crack
And I'm straighter than a fucking lightpost
I sold a lot of crack but I bought the most
Now I'm a basehead down on my luck
Roaming the streets and got hit by a Mack Truck
And thrown about a block
But I'm thinking nothing but gimme a rock
Holding my sign I'll work for crack
With my old-ass E.T. shirt on my back
And I'm sleeping in the gutter
Right next to Jam Town's mother
I'm eating dead rats in the street
I keep on checking for my ownheart beat
Now I'm weighing at a buck-o-five
Twitchy little neck and I'm barely alive
Got my first taste of life in hell
I ate a dead, shh, but don't tell
Excuse me, sir, can you spare some change?
I'll cut your face off and eat your brains
You know all about me
You act like you ain't seen penatentiary

Spitting and cussing and you know I'll piss
With these iron braces on my fucking wrists
And I'm heading for the slammer
Serial killer, all on the camera
First day, they broke my back
Next day, they broke my neck
Third day, they broke my leg
Fourth day, they broke my head
Swallowing kept on trucking
But there'll be no fucking
That's strictly for the soft
Seen a freak in a week and my nuts fell off
So I'm finna escape
How much shit can one clubno take?
"Stop, fool. Stop or I'll fire"
Shot me off and I fell in the razor wire
I'm all tangled up, cut cut cut slit slit cut cut
You don't love me, I really don't care
Tie my ass up in the electric chair
I got no family, I got no friends
I pray to God that my life ends
They thought that they had killed me
They took me to the morgue
I'm just a little stiff that's all, like a board
I lay there in my coffin, just chill and wait and chill
But then I jump out knife swinging all about
And motherfucking-mother-mother-mother-
motherfucking kill
I used to wonder what life's about
Until it chewed me up and spit me out
Your ghetto created a psycho nut
Not just psycho psycho nut
Now I'm living in the walls of your house
And I'll die there and lay and rot like a dead mouse
I'm packing a sickle I'm on your roof and I'm playing
the fiddle
You want me in a straight jacket
Cuz when I see a throat, I'm a hack it
Where I'm at? What's my name?
Somehow, somewhere, I got hit by a train
And it ripped my legs off
Huh, nothing but a minor coft
You can't get me I swing from a tree
Shouting and cussing and shooting at me
Everybody's end make two cents
A branch broke and I fell on a picket fence
I'm stuck and they're coming to get me
Rip myself off and I took my lungs with me
I'm stuffing them back in
Fuck! They won't go back in
Now my life's gettin' dense

Cuz my heart's still beating on a wooden fence
They shoot me up and down
Thinking thinking thinking clown
Wicked wicked wicked clown
You wanna know all about a wicked clown I never had it
made...

Visit [Men Of Vision](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.