

Nate Dogg F/ Butch, Pamela Hale % DJ EZ Dick "War at 120/80"

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[VERSE I]

A poet of the streets who struggles with his own
derangement
The meek are skeletal remains under the pavement
Made my peace with god we've made an arrangement
He won't interfere in my affairs provided I make
truthful statements
That translates into people's feelings dead by the
wayside
Bruised egos remain when I slay pride
No faith in the masses y'all won't see me stage dive
This type of solitude plagued Van Gogh to hear in
mono
Multiple personalities second guess themselves and
squabble
A heart encased in cold metal
A stubborn demeanor that makes the bold settle
Bare feet scented with the fragrance of rose petals
Russian roulette with five shots
Soon I'll be at peace with the stress I've got
This revolver's mine
This revolver shines
Irrational logic of the faltered kind
This bum right here's the prince and the pauper
combined
This peasant rich spirited
This prince inconsiderate
Divine disenchanted genius illiterate
This so-called life must get rid of it
STOP BOTHERING ME!

[VERSE II]

While the sun's in a coma the moon envies
Happy ball of fire never sees the bowels of hell empty
into the streets/ The glowing orb jealous of the warmth
and the heat
The witness from above never feels peace he sees
In the dead of night alter boys molested by priests
Pious men behind closed doors cuddle close with the
beast
Battered wives raped on bloody sheets

Innocent men of color slaughtered by police
Neglected children starving and thirsty drink tears as
they weep
Corrupt lawyers on the edge overdose in they sleep
Addicts so far gone rehab clinic gave 'em release
Neighbors gossip 'bout each other when the fake
smiles cease
Grave robbers seek wealth when they steal from
deceased
Possessive pimp creeps/ smack their prostitute freaks
Evil industry dispose of toxic waste with leaks
Betray public trust politician lies through his teeth when
he speaks
The sanity of citizens fully decreased/ Superstition
dictates the mind of the weak
And they all/ got the gaul/ to blame it all/ on the full
moon
Darkness consumes
But the sun awakens soon

[VERSE III]

I find myself drowning in shallow cup is half empty
symbolism
Yoko Ono stank puss growth stunted by simple jism
Shame held them captive
Lack of love
full of lust
kept them active
Fleetwood Mac(k)-ing
these phrases
Goin' my own way emotional laxative
Releases rages
Relations go through phases
Nothing new to pseudo bible banger Jezebel
Magdalene
Her shoulders pinned up against stone wall outside the
club handlin'
Strange private parts she just met over a couple of
drinks babblin'
Then she got the balls to show up to her Sunday cult
church gatherin'
Hypocrites to the highest power
Slice of lime in her drink to remind her about her
bitter life going sour
Where's the redeeming quality
Living life in the fast lane losing control of velocity
A bratty little girl sees you as role model-what an
atrocious
Two women with bad self images do what they know
best to raise a child
One lives the life of a lifeless doll while

The other roams comatose in a carcass used as a
mobile/ Sperm bank
For any Tom, Dick and Hank
The little girl ain't got a chance

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