

## Nursery Rhyme

### "Truth Decay"

Visit "[Truth Decay](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You know how some cats want you to think they're holy  
but they're hellish  
They relish every opportunity they have to embellish  
The facts, say one thing in your face another behind  
your back  
But I ain't goin out like that  
I'm leavin no stone unturned as I burn down your  
village and maraud  
In vain you invoked the name of God but your theory  
was flawed  
I don't wanna hear it Jezebel spirit you tried enticin me  
But the Christ in me rises up with wrath righteously  
You tried to turn the Page and felt the rage  
Warfare is waged as we engaged, feel the fury  
uncaged  
You can't lobotomize me or sodomize me  
Get me drunk off your hundred and eighty-proof  
ninety-percent truth  
Ten percent lie you were sent by  
Lord of the flies, but angel of light is the alias he went  
by  
It's plain and simple I'm drivin the money changers  
from the temple  
And all the sheisty moves that I've seen them pull  
God is comin back wroth with the slack sloth  
Imagine your crew geared up in ashes and sackcloth  
You're straight from hell, you dispel your own truth  
Changing up like Clark Kent in a phone booth  
But where's my real ones that do not love their lives  
unto death  
I got a blade to your gut and I'm gonna make you say  
"Shibboleth"  
The surface is an immaculate manicured plot  
While the truth lies forgot under the dirt to rot

(Othello, Page One, Braille, Ohmega Watts)  
Decayed truth spoken, every tooth broken  
From out of the mouth of madness  
Destroying your blasphemous tactics shattering your  
tablets  
This is an act of correcting

(repeat)

(Braille)

Activate my mic with electric shockwaves  
Wake you up from your sweet dreams  
Many speaking filthy lies  
Sounding intelligent but I'm not impressed or confused  
My short fuse is lit who is this  
Braille spittin truth to influence you to quit  
Your day job stay off the microphone  
If God ain't pleased with your words then leave it alone

(Othello)

Let me start off by stating while the world's fading yo  
I'm creating  
Promptly grab the mic to execute my mission statement  
Basic but basically capable of changing and  
rearranging the art  
Of making music from the heart I spark  
With Christ-inspired thoughts and pray never to be a  
has been  
So intricate that in sifting it you come up with mad  
gems  
The sin of men and women who pretend to have it all  
Together lie in your face and together they will fall  
Emcees with truth decay the worst display of halitosis  
Wacktose intolerant I'm bothered by the most if  
Not all the pseudo synthetic attempts to creativity this  
industry endorses  
Ignorant lyricists spitting nonsense  
Lost in space time relevance elements  
Raped, battered and bruised, shoved to the bottom of  
the sea like sediment  
Twenty thousand leagues beneath  
Underground preserved from insulated heat  
designated beat  
Downs with unique sounds on crews that represent  
weak so to speak  
With leaps and bounds around the middle my pedestal  
Splits in two unfortunate but true  
While you lay claim to diamond-studded items during  
open mic abuse

Visit [Nursery Rhyme](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.