

## **Phatty-Gurl**

### **"Desensitized"**

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Yo, remember when our biggest fear was Y2K?  
'Cause we were ignorant, blind, and we liked it that way  
Overseas conflicts share air time on 60 Minutes  
With corporate sponsorships and celebrity who-did-it?  
Y'all better flip on the BBC  
If you wanna see some reality on TV  
Real survivors make hip-hop music with no money  
And there's nothing really real about The Real World,  
trust me  
See, our government subsidizes corn and cattle  
Makes corn syrup cheap so you know what cows eat  
That's why fruits and vegetables cost big bucks and  
candy's cheap  
That's why our teeth rot and kids are obese  
Smoke pot and go to jail but feel free to die of heart  
disease  
Bad for you but it's good for the economy  
My name is Off Top, producer slash emcee  
I'm not anti-government, just anti-lobotomy

I see too much man, I'm desensitized  
These eyes roll back in my head 'cause blank stares  
are the norm  
(All I wanna do is write, record, and perform)

Baby's girl's breakdown  
She's only nineteen  
She's a sophomore in college with a freshman's  
perspective of what it all means  
She makes mountains out of molehills  
And the moles are living high on the hog like kings  
She knows her daddy wanted a boy  
But he'd settle for a beauty queen  
She fits neither category  
Accepts presents and jewelry as payment for  
negligence  
Invests her emotion in the junk bonds of bling  
I want a girl with no gag reflex  
Who's allergic to latex and addicted to sex  
Nah, I'm kiddin' man  
I really need sweet angel

Who's strong enough to pick me up when I fail  
But I doubt I'm gonna find one, walking through Hell  
Where everybody that you meet wears a mask or a veil  
And now she sees it for herself in high-def 3D  
Y'all get the picture crystal-clear but you still can't see  
She's crying, bleeding, dying, and pleading  
With God for an answer she already got from him  
All these possessions and clothing don't mean so much  
all of the sudden  
And she can't cope with it  
Drowning in the madness pointed out by her therapist  
She didn't know she had until she skipped her first  
appointment  
And double-dosed her medicine  
Which led to triple vision of a foreshadowing  
Of a tragic early ending

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I had my memory erased on purpose  
See I no longer remember my birthday  
So I only get older one day at a time  
And when people ask me "What's your sign?"  
I say "Stop"  
And end the conversation and answer the question  
simultaneously  
Gone are the day when my horoscope tells me how to  
behave  
Hence my name  
Which is amazingly unimportant  
Unless you miss the number that's been assigned to it  
And that's some Matthew 24:43 shit for you Bible  
heads  
Who like prophecy but fail to see the signs that you're  
supposed to see  
I see phone polls and off ramps with heart-shaped  
wreaths  
I see the human population growing exponentially  
I see the highest point in Gloucester County is a trash  
heap  
I see the same motherfuckers who never learn trying to  
teach  
It's been said by too many emcees that there's too  
many emcees  
I've seen the scene man, and I disagree  
When you try to crush dreams you put the game in a  
drought  
Plus the larger the crowd is, the more I stand out

Uncle Tom, Major Tom  
Tomahawk missile bombs  
Dying fast, lasting long  
It's another Vietnam  
Lock and load those machine guns, we're gonna need  
'em all  
I'll admit, I'm confused  
Never should have watched the news  
Now my views are skewed towards the rubber bias of  
the crew  
And every song I write for you is subject to review  
By a paid-off puppet on a string of a label that I'm not  
on  
How you gonna sign me then re-write my songs?

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