

## **JamWayne - 32 Bars**

**If you're high and you're dyin'  
Tryna climb up and out the abyss  
No scientific equation or explanation could save you  
Fuck Scientology really  
This battle of the fittest and realest  
No gimmicks, rippin' flesh and scatterin' pigment  
Where that you piggies is finished, stopped, pissed the river  
Your pistol grip will bash into your noggin  
And spill out all of your barbecue  
Feed the Oak queuein! avenue  
Kids at the bridge in that Mountain View  
I ain't mad at you youngers, know this believe me I'm proud of you  
Takes a soldier to step up and say I need you lil' holla dude  
God, feel crazy and shady, so either heal me or slay me  
The doc prescribin' these pills, and I feel numb and sedated  
And half the time I can't tell if I'm fuckin' sleep or awake  
I need no wakenin', hate the man I see in the mirror  
It's like a never endin' nightmare, so like I don't go near 'em  
'til last night when I caught a glimpse of his mug, he was eyein! me  
Said can't beat him so I joined him and I jumped inside hollerin'  
Everywhere it felt like nothin' you did was ever worth that you're hurtin'  
And just what's purpose on Earth to come to the surface and murk it  
So sick of shovelin! dirt, my hands are blistered and busted  
Seems like the harder I hustle the darker water emerges  
Fightin' urges just to give us spurge on liquor and Percocet  
But it's worthless just to give up, gotta rise up I ain't finished yet  
Even though the odds are stacked against to cross the enemy lines  
We gon' make it one day at a time  
And know the riches of this world seem out of your reach  
Enjoy the peace cuz in Heaven He preparin' a feast  
So be at ease, rest easy, freely, wrapped in His love**

**And praise God that is under the blood**