

Was This a Trick  
Produced by: John Keenan

Verse One

Was this a trick  
I slipped  
and missed it barely  
tried to fix it  
quickly carried  
all i get  
and flip it  
scary all ive been ins  
nearly failin

I try and find the meaning  
But im blinded  
by my feelings  
nows a time  
when i decide the fights  
behind us  
never leaving

they want me illiterate just  
to see the end  
ive hardly started  
feel the threat  
im here again  
delirious  
i grit my teeth  
then ink the pen

pretendin didnt decide it  
while ive tried the lines  
we side define us  
rise to find our pride  
divides us  
live and die  
a tie to bind us

if i couldnt survive  
id loose  
my mind  
confused  
a truth to find  
i cried a few  
but soon ill dry my eyes  
the lucid proof was hiding  
violence isnt a message

runnin defiant  
one of the blessed ones  
you can try it next and press me  
x the rest and test the best ones

### Chorus

I try though Im slippin  
and the pain wont hide  
shoulda died but I didn't  
did I waste this time  
can I rise up to win it  
with the stakes this high  
Ill decide in a minute  
what if fate wont fight

### Verse Two

im over-stressing  
times been of the essence  
guessin best with pressin questions  
left a mess the rest is extra  
never left when no one believed me  
we've been leavin bleedin  
people wanna see me  
leak its not appealing

im another one running  
to get away  
im chasin me the reasons change  
if life's complete  
and feelings fade  
ill try and find why we delayed  
I've made it last  
when pain attacked  
we waste away and made it back  
I play the tape  
and see the meaning  
please believe I need rap

im going crazy  
why'd I'd, never make it  
right beside the hatred

I can find the patience  
might decide I'm wrong  
what if life goes on  
can I find my mind  
will the lights stop callin

ill never fit in  
whats the difference  
if they'd listen it'd be finished  
tried to switch but this is in us  
just a gift in this position  
try and quit but then dismiss it  
what if I wont go  
I can rise to the fight  
when the mind wont show

Chorus -

Verse Three

if I quit the mission  
all is blemished  
pausin not at all to finish  
God'll listen  
heart is in it  
fallins not a cause to quit it  
often wrong  
and hard to get it  
gone so long  
I hardly miss em  
song belongs in heart and spirit  
sick of this ill start to kill em

we see it as easy  
nothin'll beat me  
better believe it  
(what if I won)  
from under the bleachers  
wantin to be it  
now I achieve it  
(who woulda thunk)

I wanna be free  
and see it complteed  
why would I hide if I worked for it?  
I'm needin it more  
when nothin was free I believe we deleted the source  
im forced to leave what I hoarded

the worst is  
bein distorted  
more concerned  
with what I can learn  
from keepin it brief  
the feeling of glory

my kind defined it first  
designin rhymes  
when climbin hurts  
decide the time  
is right  
I rise and shine  
their silence  
rivals words

now the work is a chore  
and the words aren't important  
we've been here before  
what if sin was the origin  
I cringe when ignored  
will I find what I deserve  
I dry my eyes  
a life of grind  
to find what I was worth