

# Invetro

## Organized Konfusion

Verse One  
Two weeks before my old man busted up in her  
My moms never walked slow

Now she smoke crack, sit back, and listen to talk shows

I hope she don't eat pork fried rice tonight

See, the cholesterol already got my arteries tight

I might select even before she injects her lethal chemicals

to wrap the umbilical cords around my neck

Shit, I'm pissin' in the abdomen

Two and a half weeks old, already thoughts of stabbin' men

Unravelin' plots and plans for thievin' and shit

Immune to the gospel, not believin' in shit

Where the fuck do I go from here?

Cuz when the afterbirth disperse it's hard to persevere

I swear I can't fuck with it

She hits about two packs of cigarettes a day and I'm stuck with it

The asthmatic, internally scarred from crack addicts

Who share needles outside in the rain on Kraftmatics

and laugh at it

I guess for them it seems funny but soon

I be the nigga who kills for petty money presume

Inside this Temple of Doom we throw the womb

I bloom to be emitted in June, considered a coon

Livin' my life incomplete though

On the edge of destruction, invetro

Chorus (x2) I'd rather not be born

than to be scorned in this world of hate

Where life escape me and stick me like thorn

Wild like child porn

-ography, the autobi of the unborn  
Verse Two  
Overshadowed in darkness where curiosity is my  
light

Fear it but very coherent that there's a fifty percent chance that I might

Not make it in spite of the fact, it's my life

And can't take it, knowin' that I'm losin' this fight

to contradiction

The love with the hatred inviting friction

Umbilically inflicted, watchin' my life go down like Christion

Understand mommy dearest is confused right now

but my faith brings us through someway, somehow

From now I vow to invest the livin', bow only to God

The coke's tokes and tell-lie-vision violence already got me scarred

Disregard what the devil allowed on my set

This city's number one threat, huh

Bet I could probably run for mayor on some shit like that one day  
Or get my hustle on, just like my dad, quiet as kept for the long stay  
Flow as a positive form to first step  
I want some friends and a ill-ass fuckin' neighbourhood rep  
600 Benz gooseneck with a Nakamichi system in it  
Graduated from a rookie, rolled-up windows tinted  
Desire presented for ice cream, Big Wheels, local rented movies  
From Power Rangers, Lion King, Toy Story and Goonies  
But the bomb, at least that's what I heard  
Beyond my 9 to 5's I write a dope rap song  
but with your insides gone the vision is frail  
Dreams can't set sail  
From all that unprotected sex and cold Ballantyne ales  
Oh well, I still prevail, God always has something in store for me  
outside this hell, move on  
Torn in the eyes of Allah, scorned when the dawn distortion upon  
My abortion clinic visit in the morn  
Chorus (x2)I'd rather be born, shine as the true and livin'  
Spawned to live this gift to the fullest, shit is on  
Still rethinkin' my position until I'm gone  
Mission is to elevate mind  
Glisten, destined forever, weather the storm

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>