

# UNRING A BELL

THE CLOCK GOES "TICK TOCK, AND TOCK TICK,"  
21 YEARS WORTH OF PAIN, DROPPED LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.

HIT ME ALL AT ONCE, I FELT THE PAIN THAT WAS VICIOUS,  
NOW THEY LABEL ME A CRIMINAL, SAYING I LOOK MALICIOUS.

I DID A LOT THAT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS, AND I PAID MY DEBT,  
GAVE BACK TO THE STATE, RINGING OUT A PILLOW THAT'S WET.

I GAVE ALL I HAD TO GIVE, TOO MANY BIRTHDAYS ON THE INSIDE,  
NOTHING BUT MISERY AND MY FRUSTRATIONS, COUNTING THE TIMES I'VE CRIED.

THE LOST YEARS OF MY LIFE, FEELS LIKE I'M FULL OF LIQUOR,  
PUTTING UP WITH GUYS WHO LAUGH AROUND ME, BUT ARE THE BOOT LICKERS.

AS TIME FLIES BY, IT'S BEEN 13 YEARS I'VE WASTED,  
AWAY FROM MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS, NOTHING BUT THE TEARS I'VE TASTED.

NEGATIVE EMOTIONS, TRYING TO DODGE AND DUCK THE HATERS,  
THEY RUN IN AND OUT OF MY LIFE, LIKE THEY PLAYED FOR THE LAKERS.

THAT'S WHAT I GET, I MUST ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCE,  
21 YEARS WORTH OF PAIN, AND NOT USING COMMON SENSE.

MY SON GROWING UP WITHOUT ME, CAUSE I HAD NO DEFENSE,  
WITH A LAWYER WHO WAS BLACK, AND SAID I WAS GUILTY OF THE OFFENSE.

AS I GET OLDER, THE PICTURE IS BECOMING MORE CLEAR,  
THE PEOPLE I'M AROUND SNEER, CREATING TENSION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

SMELLING THE FEAR OF A HUMAN, LIKE BLOOD BRINGS ABOUT SHARKS,  
GETTING READY FOR WAR, HEARING SCRAPING NOISES IN THE DARK.

ITS PART OF MY LIFESTYLE, NOW IT CONSTANTLY AFFECTS,  
MY ENTIRE WELL-BEING, VISIONS OF SEEING A HOLE IN A MAN'S NECK.

I CAN'T TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME, IF I COULD I WOULDN'T BE IN JAIL,  
I CAN'T TIVO MY LIFE, NOR CAN I UNRING A BELL.