

Crack Baby

Devlin

When I was young I knew this kid
And his life was always madness
His mum was up in crack rupts
When he was young his Dad left
Kids would call him 'have-not'
And worse a baby can guess
Scum, tramp, jackpot. His mum still at the crackspot
He's hungry and he's hacked off
There's blood all down his tracktop
Them bullies caught him slippin'
He curls up when they're kicking
Punching, biting, spitting
Now there's phones out with the cams on
He dies some more inside
Then he cries when he gets stamped on
It's damn wrong
Any part of him that was man has gone
He's finally knocked him out
Saw a light and thought he's van gone
Only then to wake
Right inside this town lost
Home he don't care much
His only friend was Jack Frost
His skinny little frame mates
There's cuts upon his grazed face
Trying to find a safeway

He looks above and screams, "Why'd you bring this hell on me?"
At night I try and sleep but can't; I hear this song

I ain't seen no man
There's no life to live here this town is a graveyard
Well every day the problem seems to multiply
And everybody's keeping busy getting by
Well if you listen closely you can hear them cry
It's just my city's lullaby

Years pass and he was chillin'
On his park bench just spittin'
Freestyling to himself about his life that was hell
When this crazy local villain sat down and told him listen
"I've seen how hard your life has been I think it's time I helped"
If you like, you work for me
The boys will welcome you as well
If you got beef then we've got beef
We'll ride on them with shells
You never deserved the cuts you got
Here's your chance to passed them off
Take a gamble, cast the rod
It's time you showed this world
Says yeah man fuck it
I might as well be thuggin'
This life has gave me nothin'
Can feel inside himself
The accumulated hatred
Was soon replacing basic
Human moves a face with

But it's all about his future now
Olders got him moving round
Running guns, moving grams
Flip-knife on his belt
He's dying to use his blade though
For years you made him scapegoat now take note
You try him now you're getting straight poked

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He's the man now, stand down he's shotting up this mad town
Taxing other shotters with yoggers and his mad pals
I called him Sonic, wherever he went there was always tales
Of terror [?]
I think he's trying to even the scale
He feels euphoric
A hoodrat that was beaten down
Ironically giving the beatings now
It's all evened out
A child that was screaming out
Is a man with an evil scowl
Oh shit! What's this?
Someone that he's seen in town
Used to punch him around
Now he's reaching around yo'
And his heater is out so
Now he's blastin' rounds
And his target's down
Like Warren in Barking town
And he's laughing proud
His heart is drowned
Nobody can save him now
He's a monster made by man
Mary Shelly ain't around
So this ain't no act of fiction
When I find these words and fix em
To the page to make you see
Where this child went off the rails
I'm done

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