

# Kid Named Michael

Anilyst

Imma need your undivided attention  
Your full undivided attention  
Alright?  
Yeah

He was just a kid named Michael  
Who one night was lifted off a high dose  
Drifted off the side road  
Car spinning, started screaming with his eyes closed  
Slammed in a benz by a light pole  
Found with his skin feeling ice cold  
Took a big risk downing all that Nyquil  
Last words were "I think I'm missing my pulse"  
That's what the ambulance man said  
After that the kid was tragically pronounced dead  
Feds said that he took a fat amount of meds  
Must of passed out once he bled  
With no chance to recover  
Imagine all the pain that his family had suffered  
His mother, fainted when she actually discovered  
That her son has become another casualty among us  
Like a clip to her chest  
She'd rather be dead than to live with this stress  
Cause now every minute in her head will be filled with regrets  
Cause she knew that her kid had been livin' depressed  
Ain't spoke in a month  
She admits she wasn't vocal enough  
Now her soul feels like it's fuckin' road kill, crushed  
And it won't heal much  
Every morning she's mourning till dusk  
People try to help but she won't seem to budge  
Hopeless no feeling is lonely as such  
Still don't believe that she won't feel his touch  
But it wasn't all her fault though  
His pops stayed buzzed watching car shows  
And cared more for a box full of Marlboro's  
Than his son livin' with his heart broke  
At nine years old only  
Times at home made him feel like life was so phony  
So one day riding bicycles he told me  
"These psychos don't know me"  
See Michael was my homie  
Like a younger brodie  
By the way he had an idol named Tony  
An uncle who would like to stay zoning  
Off of anything that could get his fuckin' mind straight floating  
One night he forgot the Nyquil bottle by the microwave  
So Michael took it right away homie  
So he, could try it like it's codeine  
Instead he took a vital drank and OD'd  
Right before he went and stole the keys  
Pulled out the driveway high going full speed  
Wants to hit the highway but there's no need  
Slammed sideways right beside a pole and an oak tree  
So I'm asking you to listen  
To what can happen from a lack of supervision  
If his parents did better with their mission

I bet it would have led into preventing the collision  
Instead it went different  
Now regrets leave them mentally imprisoned  
Not a set free condition  
As long as all the memories are with them  
They gon' keep, reminiscing, cause they hella miss him  
Gave him money but they should have paid him some attention  
To maybe help aid him with depression  
I bet he could have made some progression  
Mental illness is a real thing  
And though it's not physical you will still feel pain  
Like a still flame sitting on your lil' brain  
Burning through you till your days start to feel drained  
I mean it this is serious  
Believe me if you're curious  
I speak from experience  
I guess that's the reason I seem so mysterious  
I had to tell the story  
In hopes to prevent an accident like my boy's  
Preaching it with passion in my voice  
Think about your actions we all have a choice  
Whether you are young or you're grown  
When times get tougher than stone  
Just know you'll survive cause your strong  
But never leave your loved ones alone