

Childhood Memories

Bugzy Malone

Smiles, laughter, good times
Family, friends, no ties
Wild, Young
And I'm about to take you back deeper than I can remember
Let me start with the smiles, the laughter, the good times
With the family, the friends and the no ties
She was wild, young but that was all about to change
Because she had responsibility now
She had a life in her tummy, I'm talkin' bout my mummy
Daddy seen us as a meal ticket din' he
Well she replaced him like a real women should've done
And everything for her child like a real women could
And I was born on the 20th of the 12th 1990
She told me that shed never seen anything like me
I bet she didn't know I'd hold her back tight
Given birth to a soldier that will always fight for her
Now let me take you to my childhood
And I remember it being real good
I didn't know that the ninetys were full of gangsters
And the ghetto was established and were talking
Bout the real hood
I just remember sitting in that living room
And for as long as I could hold a pen I was drawing
For as long as I could see I dream I had visions of a city that was sparklin
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We were falling from the stars
Bleeding from the heart
And I believed in you from day oh
Now I'm reaching for the stars
Holding on to Mars
Because of you today oh

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Yeah drama, stress, no dough
Tears, pain, so broke, lost, child
And I'm about to take you back to the place that I'm just tryna forget
With the drama, the stress and the no dough
And the tears, the pain, so broke, lost, child
But that was all about to change cos I was growing up
Defended for myself look
I had a step daddy right
But yin and yan hasn't always been black and white
Cos I could remember occasions where we would have a fight
And I would run away, sit down and look up at the sky
Questioning my worth, am I a mistake?
Cos I'm black and my sisters white
Does it mean it's fate? That I end up on the street
Bottle at my feet questioning, where I'm gonna sleep
And how I'm gonna eat?
Hell no

Lemme tell you how it's gonna be
I'm the priest of my own religion
I can only preach what I know
And what I've seen I can tell the streets
Every story from my journal I'm just still tryna compete
With the lows, the peak when your tryna find your feet
And your future looks so bleak you turn to the streets and the roads
My mummy tried her best and Ignored the side effects
Cos the struggle taught me all that I know

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