

Hip Hop Heavy Metal

Bugzy Malone

It's just another lonely morning
Another day of sorrow
Another day gets started waiting for tomorrow
(tomorrow...tomorrow never comes)
Now I'm just sitting in my bedroom the gaps in the curtains
A little light gets through but now I know for certain
(tomorrow...tomorrow never comes)
I'm like an nocturnal creature staring at the ceiling
They say that I'm a preacher when really I'm revealing
The way you should of lived life hustling, stealing (what kind of a fool)
Would let the stresses of his childhood make him turn sick
Just let bygones be bygones let the past live
But now I gotta ask the question what type of a prick (do they take me for)

And this is just the life I know
Just another lonely morning
You don't know bout the struggle I was born in
I didn't wanna do wrong
And this is just the way I roll
Messing up the life god gave me
I just pray that I never go crazy
I didn't wanna do wrong

I am just another ghetto child
Freedom of thought freedom of speech
Who reconcile he who believes
But these days man wear crosses and rosary beads
But still show no remorse when they roll on the streets
Now I'm just another nigga that sounds cold on a beat
Tryna make it in this hard world of hopes and deceit
I'm gritting my teeth same time touching this heat (coz its the life I know)
I was born to be deep
Now I'm stuck between the devil and the deep blue sea
I live in rebel I was destine to see HMP
But I came, I saw, I conquered
And now look no wonder MC'S are hatin on me
Coz I'm to ghetto for the good to good for the ghetto
To clever for the hood so hood I'll never settle
Now I'm sitting in my bedroom drinking amaretto
And I think I'm gonna call this track hip hop heavy metal

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Now I'm the man behind the myth
And I'm a critic in my own wreck
I criticize the bits
I say the ghetto never had a chance
Neither did the kids
Look at me would god forgive me for the things I did
Just a ghetto child in the mix with niggas and chicks

Money and hoes cars, clothes, heaters and bricks
You wouldn't believe some of the things
Man are reporting on streets
They get eaten in the ghetto like a portion of chips
This is ghetto living I swear I would never regret
Times when it came on top and I slept with a sket
And by sket I mean a dirty strap I kept in my bed
I can remember it like yesterday I'll never forget
How I was born in a struggle I didn't ask to be poor
Now they wondering why I'm telling them to get on the floor
And empty the safe don't look at me just open the door
Jump in the car outside like put your foot to the floor

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