

Cry

Cozz

Yea, yea
Look
I'm tired of drive bus
And niggas with no drive
That's down to ride and riot
And bringing down my environment
Can't walk to the store to buy vitamins without my iron
And a fresh shirt that's ironed
Cause if I'm dyin' then I'm flyin' into heaven impressive
If it my time, then
I at least want to look good in my hood
The same colors as the signs is
The ones that leave your sister cryin' with
Your mother
Unc, pops, and brother
See when I leave the house I make sure I tell them I love ya
Remember I was 9 or 10 I wouldn't even say that I liked em
Cause my parents would say they love each other then fight again
Confused
8 year old me with a knife in hand
Her throat in his
She ain't innocent neither
Life will teach you
You should never try to fight a man
Where do I begin to tell you why I'm gettin high again
Why I'm fuckin' crying again
Young thinking about killing them both to stop the violence
Man

I look good but I'm not okay
When you living in the hood
Where them shots gone spray
When your house not a home
Know you lose your soul
As a boy they tell you it's not okay to cry
To cry

Cops, guns drawn front lawn
Pointed at my pops and moms
Whats going on
Not no gang shit
Vile and domestic cars
Neighbors done heard it all
Late night in my room sad
Wiping tears on my durag
Cops asking "Which out of the two had hands on who first?"
Officer I had no idea
This flu hurt
I been sleep this whole time, that's why I'm crying
They know that I'm lying
They already don't care and feel like I been wasting their time
So they leave my bedroom
Convict my moms for the crime
I know she felt betrayed
It was all in her eyes
My father had scars, but she thought I chose no sides
But matter fact I chose both sides

Cause I chose none
But trust me I done seen everything that y'all both done
But out of all that I seen
Whether nightmare or dream
The one that hurt most of all
Was your son

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