

Next Of Kin

Ghetts

The mum don't speak
She had a front row seat to her son going sleep for eternity
One don't see what don't concern me
But she opened up to me personally and I show her love 'cause it burns me
Nobody's mum don't deserve this
Over some drugs it's disturbing
He ain't no angel, But I ain't so perfect
And I see my mum in his mum like she birthed me

Memories gold and cursed
Other people around us
Money ain't everything
I call on blessings
Not just for me but
Protecting my next of kin
You know, my bros

She told me I resemble him - eyes, nose and everything
Went the same school, but I don't remember him
He was much younger
And I was probably there before the psycho had settled in
Five-O arrested him
Same book, I know the story too well
20-20, I already saw it too well
These man are checking scoreboard, they wanna war and do well
It's never called for, even when it's afforded you well
So I know what's happening today
Can't turn the cheek when they slap me in my face
Just like the wars you label off of
Everybody's playing the blame game, it's your fault
Generations down the line
We've forgotten how it started
Man are just hopping out of cars with tools and popping out apartments
Mummy don't understand the logic in this carnage
We falls, and possibly our fathers
Must be a robber or an arsonist
Well I have been a robber in the past tense
Festival seasons, soon, come on, coming like Robin when I pass tents
She said I sound like her son did
I said I wish I could've met him 'cause he sounds like the one kid
I probably could've reached before a gun did

Life is like a candle in the wind
Don't protect me and my friends
There's a beauty hidden in the mess
Help me see heaven in the end
Appreciate the ones we have left
Long as everyone's blessed
Only thing that matters in the end

I know you're probably thinking
Who's calling?
'Cause I know it's late, I've run out of places to run to
But this couldn't wait
'Cause I miss my baby
No, you can't replace, no, you couldn't save him
Blame me instead, 'cause [?]

Pick your fights, or pick your flight
We're the only ones who can lose your life
I'm on my way, I'm on my car
We're the only ones who can lose your love

I called out for my mum with my last breath (mama, mama)
Now I'm just another son in a casket
And mummy wants answers
She don't have a clue why I deserve this
She probably think I died a virgin
But I was riding, lurking
Firing, bursting
And now the beef's squashed, I been gone for a decade
No-one comes to the cemetery regularly
For the block I lick shots like Pelé
But now I'm just a distant memory, if anything
Mum's the only one who stopped living when I did
Most my bruddas got sons and they live in the nice bit
They took the drugs and the guns and put it behind 'em
But nobody reps for the hood like I did

Memories gold and cursed
Other people around us
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"I really don't understand why they are not treating this as the emergency that it is. It's a public disaster happening in slow motion in front of our eyes. If these young people were white and they were on the streets of Maidenhead in her constituency and in Windsor, there would be an utter uproar. It would not be ignored. This is institutional racism at the heart of Government. - It's a simple as that."

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