

What Happend

Ghetts

Picture the stubborn child
Running wild, rebellious
With nothing to rebel against
Smart but his grades show no evidence of intelligence
In class, all he ever passed was a pencil for friends
His mother sent him to a church school
There was no [?]
But he was running from the reverend
Year eight and still no sign of any development
No, just the regular fights with [?]
But this is where it all changed
The last bell, for the [?]
Walking to the bus stop with the school mates
Slowly as always
Even though we couldn't wait to leave
Sometimes, they'll just be roaming on railways

Dean, Daniel and [?]
Just to name a few
So you know he weren't a loner
Anyway, he accidentally spat on someone's trainers
The boy told him wipe it off
I never knew he chose the wrong youngen to play with
Because even though he's older
This youngen was courageous and outrageous
So, he had him on his arse like a sofa
But he was brainless, thinking it was over
Because he rose from the pavement
And stabbed him in his shoulder
The kid lived but any innocent he had
Left inside and came out with the blood from the wound

I know it's like the end of the year
I'm reminiscing
And my memory's just gone as far back as secondary school
Get me?
Ah

Picture a teenager off the rails
Numerous court dates
Regular mug shots, police reviewing his portraits
It won't be long before he becomes a prisoner
And most of his friends are in a situation similar
From when you've been arrested
Bunch of DNA signature is stored in a database
You might think you got away
With something that you did until it pops up at a later date
Don't act like it's a minor when it's a biggie, Christopher
He was a street robber slash car thief
White and b shotter, living with his auntie
Police dodger
140 BPM for an heartbeat
Just ran around forever
Warrants out for his arrest
Going home is not an option with this amount of feds
Often watching his house, just in case he returned
But he never came around since he left

His mother told him hand himself in and get it over with
Wishing less and he finally was caught
Because every time he was in court
The prosecution spoke of it
He won't return if you give him bail
Put him on remand, his type deserves to live in jail
And send him to a place where they give him hell
Four months later, the game him three years
And twelve months consecutive
One judge, two sentences

Wait it out
G's like on some elephant shit right now
Gotta remember, you get me?
I started all of that
Where we going?

Now picture the same teenager coming out as an adult
Tight around his ankle, early release
"Welcome home", said his niggas when he returned to the streets
He told them that he's found another path
He's shown him a couple of paths
And after what they heard, they agreed
If a man has got the talent
There ain't a reason on this planet
From stopping to make it happen
Many haven't
Which made them take it further in deep
When pirate radio was at its peak
Twenty MCs on the SweatBox
Fighting for the mic, but guess what?
He became the Lennox of the scene
In a short space of time
And his debut was like someone else's best of
You can see the transition in this man's mission
And all he had was a plan and some ambition
Pen, pad, backpack and a damn vision