

# Battlefield

Kerser

Love is a battlefield

This is the final straw, yeah, he's high for sure  
He's gone to buy some more, stay up from night to dawn  
And they always fight, they at it all the time  
But, this time, something's changing, yeah it's different tonight  
She sick of living her life, she plans to get up and run away  
With her kids and just live in another state  
They struggle now just to feed 'cause they're poor  
Where the kids playing raw, he's leaving needles on floor  
He's raging bad like "don't look at me bitch"  
You go cook for the kids or cop a hook to the chin  
And it wouldn't be the first, he's always smacking her up  
They were deeply in love, but now he's smacking it up  
His vain first priority then the kids probably  
She knows this shit is going to be a hard move but honestly  
She's got to go he needs his drugs and he has to steal  
Escape it all 'cause his love is a battlefield

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First night without a dime in her purse  
They have nowhere to go, she has to find a reserve  
But she feels better with her kids by her side  
And the known fact you'll never injure her right  
Well, she feels freedom but she's hungry at the same time  
Stress is on her mind, her kids are sickened, all night they cry  
It ain't right 'cause back home he wakes up  
Loads his shotty, wants revenge so he scrapes up

Enough dollars to be catching a bus  
To the first place they ever met but he must  
Hold it all together or he ending it forever  
Never see his kid and never find connection any better  
But they're long gone it was the same reserve  
Her sister rang her up and said you're staying with her  
So he's back roaming on the search for his next hit  
He's been through the best shit is mind state is hectic

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She's living life, it's been a week and the kids' laughter  
Happy at last not like a back at the start  
But he's got tracks on his arms still tracking them down  
He don't want to make it right he wants to smack her on down  
Put a gat in her mouth like what look what you've done  
He's sipping on bottles of rum over what has become  
But he needs a hit to escape all his brain's thoughts  
It only been four hours and he's hit like more than eight wrougts  
Cashed up, pays a visit to his dealer  
Pays his tick and gets some more it can't get any realer  
She's long gone he's in love with a ghost  
Might be dead to him so he doubles his dose  
Eyes roll back, can't talk can't move  
See her face move then his kids too  
Out cold heart stops head falls  
Love is a battlefield and that's what he's dead for

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