

Taken Away

Kerser

Say all the things that you wanna say
And you can't take back, what have you taken away
Cause I feel you, I feel you

This shit right here is for the kid on the street
Headphone, zone alone as he spits to the beat
And his mum is in the next room, crying out tears
In a battle with poverty, been fighting for years
But he raps at the lifeline
Feeling like the right time
Labels keep ignoring and he can't afford a mic why?
His big brothers out hustling packs
Makes it red dot on the house but he's got trust in the rap
But he's going to the shows
No-one's listening to his flows
But he knows that his dope
Copping kisses on the throat
Off a girl that he loves, but she don't love him back
Guaranteed she'd have his back, if he made it in rap
And it's fucked up
Cause everyday is getting harder
Surrounded by the street, it's kinda hard to play it smarter
What the plan when his man got a gun pulled?
In his face, on the street there's only one rule
Payback, revenge at fucking all cost
Let's shots fly through his house without a door knock
Running out of time and the crime getting red hot
He needs face in a maze gonna get lost
Why rap? Feeling like he getting no-where
So much shit to say, but he just feeling like they don't care
He keeps writing, smoking up in his bedroom
A few cunts out and they looking for his head too
He gets new he gotta to move; he ignores that
His house got sprayed, he sees his mum on the floor - flat
Fuck no, he breaks down 'No more please'
Puts his ear to her mouth, bet she won't breath
No it won't be all good in the end
And fuck rap now he won't even look at a pen
And years later he's a mess, drug fucked, berserk
Still the only thing he visions everyday is her - his mum

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Young chick, 18 with a bus pass
Heaps smart, hides the fact that she puffs glass
Hot as, tight jeans with some air max
Over life and she staring at the train tracks
Hates catching busses and the trains but she broke as
Lives at home with her mum, she don't know Dad
Cause he split, but she never thinks of that shit
Gotta couple guys on the side, it's getting bad quick
She hates life and despise all the sleaze bags
She only talk to 'em so she can get a weed bag
What's love? Nah she never got none
She had one real friend, but she dead from a gun

So the story begun
She started slanging the drugs
That means the same time, she was hanging with thugs
But know she flirts little bit
But it never legit
Enough to make a fucker think that she keen for the dick
Till one night she be out in the shortest dress
So she can get a bigger size when she scored, I guess
It wasn't in the plan but she rocking to the party
Stashed spot bud, they left tick for the money
Bourbon catching up so she off to the restroom
She gets followed by a dude to the next room
I ain't in the mood but she got some shit to do
But he ain't even listen, tell me what's it leading to?
And he push her to the bed, she bump her head
And it leaks out red, she nearly dead
But the piece is he fucked her, comes in and up her
But she wakes up in the hospital and hides it with the laughter
She pregnant, and she ain't even know the father
But she getting real confused cause she wants to have it after
Everything that happened is the way that she lived
Her daughter got no daddy now she grew like she did - on the street

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