

Strong

Kevin Gates

I send this out to my shoulders up the road again
still breathing probably never coming home again
looking up to heaven asking where did we go wrong
and tell me why forever got to be so long
And be so strong but we all break down
staring through the bars down a long hallway and there's no way
out
Out of sight out of mind got me looking at the world like they
forgot about us

I got some niggas down the road and they ain't coming home
I think about them everyday I'm getting my hustle on
but talk to him every day they have cellphones
Realness behind while getting they jug on
Put yourself in my shoes he probably won't survive
I thank God everyday I open up my eyes
another thanks to my lawyer I escaped a dime
Any charge I ever had I took that shit to trial
Don't get caught with that cocaine
gotta be smart in the dope game
the world is full of snitches
I hope I never go to prison

Got a lot of brothers probably dead or doing life
Public pretender the first offense he caught a flight
had an old lady but she got tired of taking hype
mother getting older she starting to lose her sight
Mail call never hear his name nobody writes him
got a couple pictures of old memories they hurt to look at
reminiscing about the what ifs hurt to look back
in the cell hearing screams in the night
used to like the fight night fight for his life det's the feeli
ng
Stomach to the ceiling in a room full of killers
Living room resentment don't wanna hear about religion
Dis another story det ain't gotta have a ending