

My Kids

King Iso

I was just talking to the homie X-Raided and Tech N9ne last night talkin' 'bout my, talkin' 'bout my babies like... They keep me going homie, like no matter what, when I think about them homie, I just keep going nigga

Never really sleeping, wake up checking and I'm seeing every hour if you both straight

Stressin' like no other, it's a blessing when a mother or a father get to go gray

Everybody thinkin' that fame and fortune's equivalent to happiness with gold chains

Feel like my oldest son wasn't fuckin' with me, Mama must have told him something but it's OK

Wake up in the morning 'fore I blaze another bowl, I'm making babies milk and oatmeal with the OJ (Yeah yeah)

Take 'em both to school and I be racing with the toolie

So you haters better boole it with the road rage

'Bout to hit the gym and turn my anger to a positive

'Cause I don't want to go back to my old ways (No sir)

Late night, head down, staring at my lap

While my lady steady looking from the doorway (Yeah Yeah)

Seem like they love me better on my broke days

Life was way more simple back in '08

Mama said "Don't live up under 'em, get your own place"

Life a trip, speaking of, I gotta pack for show dates

Came a long way from all them local shows with no pay

Now they say the vision clear and verses go for 4K (Facts!)

I was down, now I'm up, blood, don't hate

Rookie of the year got deposits at a prorate (Facts!)

Now I'm sitting in a Star Coach

Back then, coach had me benchwarming most games

Feels like a million miles away when I be thinkin' 'bout my babies

I be crying while the bros hang (Real shit!)

I was just in New Zealand at the merch booth

Young Isoldier, what is your name?

He said Cage and it fucked me up bad

'Cause I'm missin' you, Dre, Osiris, and Soleil

Every day the mission make it home all alone, get it forward to my kids

They know that they can't hurt me so these devils steady lurking tryna do it through my kids

But I will never let up, every day I gotta get up and I do it for my kids

Everybody thinkin' 'bout the future, but you gotta see it's truthfully the kids

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From sleeping on the playground slide to taking all them Greyhound rides

And tryna get my PayPal right, now I got a big house watching 'em play outside

You ever been homeless and your kids hungry and you turn away your pride?

Asking for help when you go to people's house but they never let you in and make you wait outside

Make you wanna pull up with a K outside

'Cause your baby need Pullups pushing weight outside
Raised up north but the gang's outside
Ghost town, think I ain't catch a fade outside
They playing with my kids 'til I pull up on a drive through
Window down, reaching, 'bout to take out guys
Now when bitches see me, they mouth wide
When you starting at the bottom, blood, you can't downsize
They be thinking it's a game when it come to these babies, I don't play 'bout mine (No!)
Especially when headlines saying they be shooting kids and they stay outlined (Woah!)
We gotta beat prison, not just buy presents and take our time (You know!)
My family was always dysfunctional, it seems, but I came out fine (Iso)
Damn, another black man dead on the news
That can't come home and raise our kind
They tryin' to make it our culture to not be here, nigga, say I'm lying (For real)
Much love to the queens holding down everything, when we can't y'all try (Much love)
And to my kings stay sharp get healthy
And think about the kids 'fore they take our lives

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No matter how hard life get, whenever I feel like I can keep going, homie, I just think about my babies. And that's all the motherfucking motivation I need. Na'mean? Yeah