

A Confession

Madchild

Big C

I'm writing 'bout a story 'bout a fan of mine
Slowly we became good homies after a span of time
Kick it every time I played his city, always looking out
Not realizing that his path had been the crooked route
Thought he had a regular job, and he was a family man
But now I see the whole picture clear like a cameraman
PG, blue-collar workers in a lumber mill
Also full of gangsters that you wouldn't wanna rumble with
Not an easy place to grow up, became a jungle quick
Survival of the fittest, he was different, so they fucked with him
Was into rap, lowrider bikes and his skateboard
Roughnecks into heavy metal so he paid for
Six kids jumped him got his faced kick in
Got his door kicked in, he became victim
Yeah, but then one day he decided he'd had enough
Went and made new friends that were crazy and just as tough
He started selling drugs and gettin' himself a rep
Gettin' bigger to the point where people had to watch their step
You know the deal, bar fights and stripclubs and coke sluts
But the whole time selling, he was always getting coked up

Never know whose demons got the best of them
People hide it, would've never even guessed with 'em
Sometimes you wouldn't even question 'em
Little do you know they had it rough like the rest of us
Stay strong, this won't be the death of us
Be our best, 'stead of lettin' it get the best of us
Watch for signs and the messages
Palms on the board like the Devil's playing chess with us

Look, the longer we do drugs the further we get off track
And his coke habit turned into an addict smoking crack
Had a wife, kids and job but walking around strapped
At night, a secret life, security at the trap
Three hundred and eighty pounds, that's someone to watch your back
But he kept hittin' that pipe, so his life hit him back
Ay, you can only keep those type of secrets for so long
'Til everything goes wrong and people say 'so long'
Was part of a crime circle just for the record
You know his life was like a movie, Gone in 60 Seconds
This the story of his life, this is a confession
Full of pain, full of sorrow and depression
False accusations, put a hit out on his last boss
At his day job, getting visits now from gang squads
See ya, make a choice and a decision
'Cause he was being destroyed by having paranoid visions
Thank god he made the right choice, now he's stayin' strong
Came back, built a foundation he could stand on
Proud of homie and he's proud of me as well
Didn't know it but we both had to struggle back from hell
So if you are going through it, don't be lying to yourself

Man you just, you just never know what someone is going through, dog

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Yo, Big C Man, it's been a real pleasure getting to know you my G. I had no idea you went through all that struggle. Now that I know your whole story bro, it's a trip man, I'm really proud of you. You and I both man, we gotta keep up that good fight. We gotta keep those demons at bay.