

## Fall Thru

Maino

I had my back against the wall  
Been on my knuckles, had a lot and lost it all  
Friends I used to know no longer speakin' anymore  
They don't know me anymore  
They're sayin' pray but don't we all  
Unanswered prayers make you feel like God is not accepting calls  
And I just wanna ball (I just wanna ball)  
Wishin' somethin'd fall through

Shots ringin', got the children duckin' under covers  
The oldest one preparin' supper for the youngest of them  
Oatmeal, hot dog weenies, and sugar bread  
Father turned himself in, sorta feel like he should've fled  
Mother fumblin' with a hand full of tricks  
Asking God for a hand with the rent  
Being fondled in the club when she strip  
Tears got mascara runnin' down her lips  
Save up enough, take the kids to the hills, but customers wanna see her do a split  
How bad can it get?  
Subjected to desperate measures just to get ahead  
If all else fails, prevail, get the bread

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Wishin' somethin'd fall though  
Bills due  
Kids playin', momma prayin' and she's crying in her room  
Need some help, send it soon  
Oldest boy, cutting school  
As she sniff another bag, it'll help escape her doom  
Father gone, he been on  
Same route that he's been smokin'  
That's a knockin' at the door, don't let him in. he ain't focused  
Streets calling, getting critical  
Her son got a pistol too  
On the kitchen table finding evidence of residue  
Crack, man, them kids sellin'  
Turnin' them to young felons  
Mommy yellin', cryin' up to God, help me, dear heaven  
Wishing she could do it over, asking for another chance  
See her babies growing colder, life is getting out of hand

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Life's what you make it  
You want it? Take it  
Can't be a gangster then you sign statements  
Rather take care of my kids than be famous  
Momma left with choices, a lot of invoices  
Either feed the kids, or you feed your habit  
Damn shame, she always go and feed her habit  
Wanna smoke 'till she eat, let me preach  
Don't go home for weeks, don't let me preach  
Man there's realness in the ghetto  
My people get gas as soon as they hit the pedal  
Meek ain't never lied, a life is really levels  
See why L.A. niggas take, pebbles

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