

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 fumblyin' 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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