

memorial

MIKE

Ayy
Uh, uh

I couldn't write about much 'cause it hurt mind
Why does trying seem to bug me at the worst times?
Ever since my mom was flying out of touch now
Why you always see me high, it's hard to come down
What's the run down?
For my lost ones, we pour some out
Some had bossed up and got gunned down
Throw away the shame, I could dump out
Through the range where you get to see the sun smile
You gotta love loud
See how we grew up, it was dumb foul
Running got my shoes cuffed and my lungs wide
Say my noggin too tough, but you was proud
I got a lot to lose, trust ain't enough
While the obstacles coming, had to duck doubt
You got a lot to prove, I'm not in tune
Living life chopped and screwed, not to fuck 'round
Not one pound trouble, but I got the truth
Copped another crown, uh

Somebody is still at night
Cool your beef, man
Pick up the boxes in the corner
Yo, Bob Marley special there
Yo, so the songs are somebody outlook
Oh, come, come, man, come here, man
Come man, look at all this, young man, yeah