

# Trenches

Morray

We all experience pain  
And we have our own struggles  
It's all about how you come out of it  
What don't kill you make you stronger  
And what don't break your pockets, make your money longer

I got love for the ghetto, love for the hood  
Love for the people that turn the bad into good  
Love for the people that think that it could be worse  
Love for the people that's putting their family first  
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Breakfast in the morning, yeah it's finger lickin' good  
Bunch of laughs outside the window, kids playing in the hood  
Get dressed, step outside, and know today is gonna be good  
But I'm still on the high alert 'cause niggas still from the hood  
Everybody see the ghetto as being a bad place  
Where people run a muck, niggas stuck in a sad state  
They don't see the good times that outweigh the bad days  
In the hood we still smile to lighten up them dark caves  
Have a cookout, make the kids dance, then we share a couple laughs  
Pop a bottle, share it with my homies, nigga fuck a glass  
Bouta roll up, tell em hold up, pass the blunt before I spazz  
'Cause its five niggas smoking on a dime bag of gas

You don't need the type of things on TV  
Everything ain't always what it seems  
Everything is easier if you believe, if you believe

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Know plenty fathers at the bottom making shit work everyday  
Know plenty mothers heart would suffer 'cause their son just joined a gang  
Know plenty brothers want to kill a nigga that his sister dates  
Sister taking care of the kids 'cause momma high and out her brain  
Yeah it's sad and it sucks but we still find ways to make it  
Or replace it if we gotta fucking do it then we'll take it  
It's the basics that we lack, that why seem so damn impatient  
People fear it, won't go near it, but we forced to just embrace it  
In the hood you gotta find out what works  
And if you get it to work, you can still end up hurt  
And what hurts, can make you feel even worse  
And what's worse, is that's not even the worst

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