

## I Miss Mikey

Murs

Days going by, I'm losing friends  
You never know when it's gon' end  
Some in the pen, some underground  
Souls that are lost, hope they are found  
If heaven's a place, I hope that they're there  
Wherever they are, they know that I care  
It's coming for me, so I get prepared  
Look in my eyes, the fear isn't there  
'Cause I been aware, I live in the shadows  
The valley of death, where I do my battle  
One day I'm a lose and then I'll be gone  
I'm making these songs, so that I live on

Death is like, it's a crazy thing and I'm gonna talk about it  
And my mom, she...  
She feared for me and my brothers because we seen more death that she  
's seen in her sixty-something years...

I miss Mikey cause, that's the way it is  
You start to lose your friends and you don't wanna live  
You gotta give it time, and the pain will pass  
I miss Walker and Camu and the homie Poo  
In the days past and days to come  
You got to live your life and make each day your favorite one  
In the days past and days to come  
You got to live your life

You're put on this Earth for however long  
It favors the weak and never the strong  
They say it's a game, so I play along  
Some say I'm king, some say I'm pawn  
Live from the soul to the break of dawn  
You never know the day you'll be gone  
No matter the odds, I'm taking 'em all  
Some say I'm right, some say I'm wrong  
Wanna escape the path that you're on?  
Erasing the pain by waving a wand  
Some roll a J, some hit the bong  
I let the beat play, then I make a song

You know, niggas is smoking and drinking and all feeling the same pain  
And we come from a culture where it's not, it's not all the way legit  
to share your feelings, so some of us don't even know how to connect  
on that level, you know?

And I feel like sometimes that's the even, like the main, the reason  
that I got, I got married, is because I wanted to have the homies in,  
in dress-up for something that wasn't a funeral for once, 'cause the  
only time we wear these fucking clothes and these fucking shoes and  
these shirts and these ties is, shit, is when when motherfuckers get  
put in the ground. Or for a court day, where a motherfucker get hit w

ith numbers. Like, what the fuck man? You know? And then through all this shit, that's all, you know, death is a normal point, like everybody goes through that shit. Like on top of the fucking police fucking with you, on top of bitches ass niggas fucking with you, on top of, you know what I'm sayin', your pops not being there or someplaces your mom and your father not being there and they throw it all on you. Uh, you go: ''You know, have a nice life''

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