

Broken Marriages

Nasty C

We're some savages
Came up from broken marriages
Inherit the damages
My mom and my dad had a hand in this

Now the woman is chopping my bread
And the woman is cutting my sandwiches
A good woman I had that shit
But I had to be seen with the baddest bitch

And it's hard to let go of my baggage
I don't even know what my baggage is
I'm heavy I'm hazardous
I don't care that I'm cancerous

I got changes to make
I let them die
I'm afraid to love
I'm terrified
I got problems I have to identify

We don't even know who we are
Growing marriages
We have miscarriages
Do we even know who we are
A bunch of savages is who we are

When I close my eyes what do I recall
I see endings but no happy ones at all
I see hugs and kisses turning into brawls
I see wedding pictures taken off the wall
I see rings go from fingers into dressers
I see promises turn into confessions
I see 6 plates turning into 5
I look up and see the saddest man alive

So I try
And I try to put this weight that I've inherited behind
So I could fly
Ready or not, I got the door in front of my child
But if I ever fall short, I guess I'll never wonder why
Cause who am I

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I got good traits from my father
But I got a couple of bad ones too
Unconditional love and uncontrollable anger too
It's like I don't have no clue the damage that my hands could do
I raise a hand when I'm mad at me
Imagine if I get mad at you

Let's say you were in my shoes
In between rage and abuse
But a man says he loves you
I bet you wouldn't wanna love too

You wouldn't wanna love either
Meet a good one and leave her
The things you saw can't repeat 'em
Beak them, beat them