

The Cycle

Pharoahe Monch

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Dude before that sent her through a whirlwind
Hurt her so bad, made her so sick
She was willing to give up on...

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The love story she knew so well
It was a tale her mom used to tell
Never saw her mom love a man
Thought it wasn't part of her plan
But the cycle can't continue (don't give up on love)
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She wants to love, but she doesn't know how
That is what she said
That just blew my head
She told me I should go
Like I did before
But deep in her eyes
I could not ignore
That she saw in me
The king that I could be
And that she was a queen
Just her crown was scratched and dinged

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She's hard to hold
But I'm holding her long
Love her like a song
That my heart beat's drumming on
She's just waiting on
Something to go wrong
But everyday I can say we'll be fine
We will have our ups and downs (yes we will)
I'll still stick around (yes I will)
Right here to work it out (what's the deal?)
That's what love's about, girl

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Thinkin' I'm psycho, for thinkin her cycle can't continue
And perhaps she, from a female's perspective
Can relate more intricately with what you been through
Empathize with your menstrual cycle
But the cycle can't continue
Like a bike chain pops and a train stops
The brain opts out the cycle to evolve
When the rain stops we watch the pain dissolve
Never letting it continue to the next
Generation of women that's confusing love with sex
Generation of men courting women with a text
Social network and sexual pics
She was willing to give up on...
But if I am him, and he is me then
Yes it's true I deal with fear
I can't compete, a hemisphere
I'm incomplete unless you're near
You're like 180 degrees
Of sunshine, oxygen, and trees
And the world is yours
The universe is mine
In 360 degrees recombine
With your last boyfriend