

With Love

Phora

Sometimes I think back to the times I never had shit
Joey had a 9 under his mattress and
He cocked it back and said "I'll take that risk
Being broke dawg I hate that shit
See, I've been plotting on this bank plus I got the plug to get
me inside
But I can't do this shit alone so is you ready to ride?"
Yeah, my pocket's hurting, hate to see moma working
Wasn't only ready to ride, I was ready to die
He said "tomorrow meet me here, 9AM and don't be late my nigga,
50/50 down the middle that's the rate my nigga"
I shook his hand as I pestered to walk, my homie pulled up and said
we needed to talk
He said "a couple days ago, man I was bumping your tape
And I don't touch the radio just cause I can't relate
You got that real shit, the type of songs people really feel
it" told me he was proud and took a blunt to the face and I said
"I feel like this rap shit ain't working, no money coming in
homie and mom still hurtin', the job ain't certain, shit I might
as well be in a coffin, I feel like my only option is to put that
work in, that's on the real, I wanna roll up in a Benz like
you
Wanna break bread with my friends and get the mans like you
Put my mothafuckin' city on the map, but first I need me a strap
cause there ain't no telling what these kids might do
That's when he told me, "listen little homie you the chosen one,
don't ever try to be like these niggas cause they're the broken
ones, your music heals me to cope with the loss of my oldest
son and it's crazy cause you're younger than me but I see your
soul's become. Why is it that any man that I've ever met before,
when I listen to your music, P, I think of heaven more and that's
call we're all in hell and I met the devil's doll
And just cause we take a shot don't mean we get to score"
And I said "damn I never thought of it like that, but sometimes
praying ain't enough, we gotta' fight back"
He told me "I'd do anything to have a normal life back, my homie
doing life and I'm the only one that writes back"
He said "time is all we got, it ain't enough to go around but if
you wanna make this work you got to slow it down but little did
he know he saved my life that day cause Joey always lived by
the gun but he died that way

This dude who listens to my music, his nephew's in the hospital
Fighting a kidney and doing everything possible
Just to stay alive, I seen his picture, wanted to cry
And that shit got me chocked up, and sometimes I feel so responsible

I'm worried about my album and what it sells in a week
While he's worried about the count of his blood cells every week

And he's fighting for his life, he can't be feeling weak
But that's ironic cause little homie's stronger than me
I feel so ashamed homie, like how can I be ungrateful?
How can I wake up every morning and not say thank you
How can I question god in my music knowing damn well that every
thing I have he blessed me with is so disgraceful
3 years old, little homie is 3 years old, fighting in this world so cold

See, I'll never know his pain or what it's like in his shoes
Little homie know we fighting for you

I wish, I wish there was something that I could do
If my wings weren't broken I'd take him, give him to you
Cause he an angel in my eyes but the devil is trynna' grasp him
I haven't prayed in months but I called for god and I asked him
"why does the strongest ones got it the hardest? why do the successful guys gotta' be heartless? why kids losing their life before they know what life is?

I just ask you to watch over this kids

Yourstruly