

Marvin

Raekwon

April 2nd 1939, the stars is in line
Divine intervention at it's own intention
Birthed a gift
In this DC kid
He sung heavenly
Good values and all
And his father was in the ministry
God fearing man with a mother that's so beautiful
The angels would serve her
What's her name?
It's Alberta
This little boy quickly became a man
From blowing in his father's church
To making his own band
Called the Moonglows
Sensational with his vocals
That drove the ladies crazy
Panties got thrown at his shows
But he was far from happy
He wore a smile just to hide it behind them doors
Him and his father constantly colliding

Marvin, the sound of your voice
Sets fire my soul
What a glory to be hold
Marvin, my heart, my heart still wonders how
I just hope you're happy now

Destined for greatness
Counting his blessings
Young'uns struggling with pressures
That the fact that his pops was a cross dresser
But he still loved him
You know the bond between his son and father
That only pushed him and forced him to sing harder
His main man Harvey Fuqua gassed up his car
Believed his sound
And took him down to Motown y'all
That's where it all happened
Success in the palm of his hand
But unfortunate the fame wasn't enough
He wanted more out of life
Took it further and found himself a wife
Pretty Anna Gordy
She made his time sit still
She was the cousin of Barry G
The founder of Hitsville
Please pay attention because the story it gets ill
Shit's real
Trials and tribulations son's facing
You gotta play the cards you're dealt
Ain't no telling what life deals
Death will cause you to have night chills
Enough to keep a nigga bothered
Especially when the negatives start coming from your father

Marvin, the sound of your voice

Sets fire my soul
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Money, women and drugs came into play
Now wouldn't you know
There goes another happy home down the drain
That night life had him speeding through hell
Scarred by the death of Tammy Terell
Couldn't believe it, he spiraled downhill
Secluding himself
From the music and the press
He was sick and really getting depressed
Time passed so he bounced back on track
New and improved
Even got himself a new wife too
Everything is on the up and up
Got his act together spiritually he claims
You could see the glow up on this fella
Tried to make amends with his father
But the hatred is too strong
Revolver in his palm
The warning that death was close
His mother screaming out "Honey don't do it!"
One shot to the chest made Marvin lose fluids
April 1st he died on the spot
The scene was so horrific
How a father could kill his own son
Defines wicked

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Sets fire my soul
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Marvin
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It's the sound of the music
Marvin
Marvin
Marvin