

# Forgotten

Sy Ari Da Kid

Hey

You can forgive but you can't forget  
But you can't forget  
Every joy you bring

It seems like she forgotten  
Them dark days no Gotham  
I'm from where the plot thickens  
In the big host plotting  
Looking for info to gossip  
The stones niggas that's this close to profit  
Pimps hoes and scholars that lift clothes for dollars  
Nit foes decided  
They misguided  
While other chicks go to college  
They strive for money  
Cuz nigga time is money  
All disguised as lovely  
But inside is suddenly  
The pride come before the fall  
But then we all stand tall  
So what's wrong  
Before you walk you crawl  
First you gain everything then you lost it all  
Now the cards involved  
And you car getting auctioned off  
Excuses like you had an abusive life  
But if you ain't the abusive type  
Shorty tell me how that proves you right  
Only one life to live and you could lose tonight  
It seems like you've forgotten yeah  
It seems like you've forgotten

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It seems like he's forgotten  
In the streets like possums  
I'm from where the young die  
And the police watch the wire  
Pops is missing all locked in prison  
You posted on the block with niggas with rocks and pistols  
Then put it all on a gram  
Cropped the images  
Stop the insolence  
Wondering why the cops is killing us  
Damn that's no excuse for a hate crime  
It takes time to hear the truth through the grapevine  
And great minds think alike  
Lot of idiots clash  
Where the broke niggas rob in the city of cash  
For them unmade dollars  
You'd rather be in the grave before you slave for days to pay homage  
Stunting on your page for days to raise comments  
Raved at the minimum wage at late hours

Ashamed of your friends who engage like big cowards  
The world we made ours  
But it seems you've forgotten  
But it seems you've forgotten

Hey  
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But you can't forget  
Every joy you bring

It seems I've forgotten  
No amnesia  
So damn eager even  
Both hands bleeding  
No man can grow land thinking no man needs them  
One hand wash the other  
Both hands clean  
Gotta hustle to shine  
No complaints  
Fuck it I'm fine the sales made the customers smile  
I lost track of all my hip hop shit  
But in my heart is where hip hop lives  
They say I'm no longer a hip hop kid  
But who are they to say what hip hop is  
I was dead broke waiting for a break to come  
I can't become that one nigga that ain't become who he should have been  
Fuck all the wouldas and could have beens  
Them hard times when niggas fold I wouldn't bend  
Spoiled rotten  
Tried to put the pat down had to pick it back up again  
It seems I've forgotten  
You can forgive but you can't forget  
But you can't forget