

# Boy

Tricky

At twelve I met my dad, his name was Roy  
He forgot my name, and call me boy  
I met a girl, I jumped for joy  
Stealing cars, and play with toys  
No time to grow, 'cause my mother go  
To the other side, she chose suicide  
But I can't complain, though I miss her such  
Got some sisters, but we don't stay in touch

I dream am drowning, asthma, I can breathe  
Slipping to the darkness, am glad I don't leave  
I dream am drowning, asthma, I can breathe  
Slipping to the darkness, but I don't leave

At sixteen left my school, halfway criminal  
Smoke weed and canister flats, until my lungs collapse  
My uncles Ervin's muscle, me and with the hustle  
Keep the dream alive, and try to sound the rustle  
And get a record deal, but with this way too real  
My Nanna lost my mamma, then she lost her son  
Those memories ripe, Kill my uncle Mike  
Heard my Nanna scream, no it's not a dream

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