

Boy

Tricky

At twelve I met my dad, his name was Roy
He forget 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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