

Same Ol' Story

Wrekonize

My mother birthed me two years before creatin' a daughter
When things will callin' to relations when I'll with my father
Pack it bags left glory to became a new yorker
You wanna hear it God harder, but why should I bother?
Should I tell you that my brother had an eating disorder
Rolled at my mother had to work three jobs to support us
Maybe it's you wanna hear I was fatherless often
And I've seen most of family already locked in that coffin
It's nonsense, negativity can tire me out
And I got problems I don't really feel like rhymin' about
More wife to beat practically, at every guy in a mouth
Could have brought you damn disease, which I wouldn't doubt
So I drank any alcohol that I could find in my house
Until I couldn't whine about it, slight it of out the couch
And decided, I'm a make a right in my route
And try to find harmony wouldn't it's mind that I joust
It's about a music - the celebration of life
Not these fiction fairy tales that's are grading the mic
50 carries nine bullets 'til it's stuck to his pride
And it doesn't seem to remember which really lucky survive

It's the same old story again
The one who constantly doesn't
Speak of the struggle, just doesn't fit in
If they don't hear about you losin'
They don't care if you win
We all got a wrong problems
I don't need to pretend

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Begin, on a Saturday night, at the local hip-hop shop I'm grabbin' a mic
Critics soak around the stage like they group a parasite
Transmittin' messages between each other like satellites
Battle strikes of family life live and he's white
Kinda sounds to me like the Marshall Mathers type
You better re-access that misunderstand me
Mine get 'em comfortable when you disappear from your family's site
I'm just jokin' now, calm down gentlemen, frequently I'm not Em
And I'm not tryna better him, truthfully, I really can't see resemblance
Besides the fact that both of our skin tones like melanin
Our stories different from each other, start with residence
And that's only one frag now from the block of evidence
I wrote my first rhyme before Dre signed Eminem
So how the fuck can I be standin' in the second win

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White kid picks up the mic today
And now he gets compared to Em
And I'm just wonderin'
Where all this strange rumors begin

Cause I really don't see the point
It's just a tone of my skin

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So when will this bullshit stop, when I completely lost my mind
And a full clips drop the school kid star, I'd never make a true hit pop
So I dedicated my life and did if you could not
Became a DJ to make money and move my block
And learned how to rock a mic just to peruse my thoughts
I used to arts, do live shows in the parks
Do anything but somber ass to move hire in those charts
And finally sparked to fire of the divine that starts
The rebirth the hip hop that's kept tire in your hearts
I'm an underground fan I'm sugar line in my thoughts
So you motherfuckers can hear it while you blinded by stocks
And to all friends who hate me cause they thought I forgot
Eat a dick, I ain't even hate you when you went to your job
Rhyming's cut throat, you just swear, it ain't hard
You think it's all stars bitches and ridiculous cause
But you are not at the studio when I was droppin' those bars
You were at keg parties, B, and sick on somebody's floor
If that's your only excuse, you needin' some more
Cause the procrastination's the main reason you ain't bard
The streets ain't war - that's just the vision of life
Any solder can die for them battle tentin' your site
I made just a closing call but I'm thinkin' tonight
It's really not because I'm only now beginnin' to fight

That's same bullshit story again
Kid fights to find a dreams
And attorney loses all of his friends
The same kid who thought that he
Could made reality bang
Now realizes if the spoon
Is just the part of the trend
That's the same sorry-ass story again
Turnin' every girl away
And fear of what the broken I can't mend

I'm tryna find myself in these lines that I send
And tryna see peace now so my story can end
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I'm tryna find myself in these lines that I send
And tryna see peace now