

# The Reason

Wretch 32

(Have to provide for mine)

Yes, I grind, my lines, the reason why  
I can't even look up in the mirror and feel good about myself, uh  
God bless a man that holds his own  
And I'm a man that holds my own so I'm blessed, I guess  
I've got two kids of my own that love to watch TV, CBeebies and Tiny Pop  
But every time that they go to watch their favourite show  
Televising programme is showed, they need more than what they've got so I he  
ar this  
"Daddy come and look at this, see Dad, I like that"  
"Daddy can you buy me that new Bratz doll, Dora Explorer and Barbie set?"  
Course I can, you're dad's the man  
I don't stress, I just man up, hit my stash, cut my grams up  
Hit the road and get my grands up, I find the cheddar  
But when you grind for cheddar, it's a gift and a curse  
Success and consequence, I done been through a go-through  
I did time for my life, now I'm back on the roads  
Roll gymnast, I practice rap's acrobatics  
Pick up through then disappear, kitty cat's magic  
I don't hear, not care what they're saying  
Money talks and we converse every day, Nero

Look, I don't wanna grind for life  
But I have to provide for mine  
Listen, I don't wanna grind for life  
But I have to provide for mine

By all means, I will treble my dough  
I moved all green and I'm peddling snow  
Served more fiends, turned sheckles to notes  
Turned more keys like skeletons though, for someone special at home  
My dear daughter, Baby Jay  
For her I'll break this eighth  
Planet of apes  
Her young father's no half-heart, he ain't wasting a day  
Of pitching Os or crack  
The taxman's harsh so I overtrap  
And these deductions are reckless  
So I'm left with this minor percentage  
And that's meant to be my gas and my light bill  
Mortgage and my Sky bill  
Comes to a total of nine bills  
Plus insurance and petrol, you could afford an extra five pills  
Am I wrong cuh I move white?  
And if I'm wrong then who's right?  
Society's designed me to struggle  
But not me darg, I'mma stay, I'mma hustle  
So I've gotta be as real as I can be  
Gotta provide for my family  
So I resulted to plan B  
Before the finger of judgement comes for your food like canteens

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Listen, I ain't gonna lie, I didn't like the rain  
Or the slight complaints nor the time of day  
But when my son gets hungry, I can find a place  
And do like Simon says, because Simon says  
That you have to provide for your family  
So I was on the grind like life couldn't stand me  
Tryna buy rice cuh I had Ps  
Life isn't gravy, so I hit the road like I'm bad breed  
If only I can sleep, 4am  
But I still need a few more bills for my canteen  
Living like a prisoner, tryna buy food  
So I'm picking up superglue stuck on the curb  
So if I need something to turn, I'm sticking up  
Nothing to prove but this game ain't something to lose  
You couldn't put your souls in my shoes  
You would die just toking the fumes, if only you knew  
About the house I worked in  
Conversating with a doubtless person  
Cuh he would just pray I had something cuh the drug would hurt him  
I could see through his windows without the curtains

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