

Change Of The Seasons

Akir

[Chorus: Akir + Hasan]

This is beginning and end, the answer and the reason
This the life and the death, the changin of the seasons
It's the joy and the pain, the angels and the demons
It's a wonderous thing, the changin of the seasons
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This the life and the death, the changin of the seasons
It's the joy and the pain, the angels and the demons
It's a wonderous thing

[Hasan Salaam:]

In the winter of his discontent
He was birthed like a verse from the gospel
Pops was ghost, moms played host to the Johns in the brothel
Never heard any words to encourage out his mom's mouth
How to cook up all the hook-ups, was learned from the men
that she let in the house, turned out by the business
Missed a lot more than Christmas, giftless, childhood was a juvenile hell
Knew his number better than himself as he peered down his cell

[Akir:]

Out of the darkness, in a cold labyrinth
that haunts us, his man parks up
Pullin heat out compartments like, spring into action
Cash is satisfaction, I'm sunk askin him livin life hype
He observes but back to the curb to sound the white birds
and NexTel chirps, he can tell he's accustomed by his 2-way alert
New opportunties blossomed, from niggaz he met locked in
and old niggaz that he knew that acted like they just forgot him (uhh)

[Chorus]

[Hasan Salaam:]

Life seemed like mid summer night's dream
Got a crib and a queen - first seed on the way
due November 17th, shorty settin the scene
Beggin him to get his act clean to the right side of the law
But his audience was the money machine's constant applause
Never concerned with the effects, just out for the cause
To get back what he lost, he hustled at all cost
Started to floss foolish, pigs watchin the movements
Every clue got his Judas

[Akir:]

Uhh, he holds onto the wall
hopin that he won't fall, feelin his life slip away
Watchin the leaves float away, in the yard
The closest that he gets to guard the only bars he thought he'd be in
would be filled with pretty women and TV's playin ESPN
And now he can't control his peein
The family that he never had but used to seein
in his daydreamin turn they back and started leavin
Come to demons and that instant turns to a infant, the change of seasons

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

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