

Twenty One Years

Choclair

21 years of my lifetime (4x)

21 years

Choclair's in the house (21 years in my lifetime)

Ill B

Uh (like that)

You need to recognize

21 years of pure bullshit

It makes me wanna bang my head on the walls

And do some shit like all straight swarms in the malls

Mentality, it's not where it should be

When you see red and white lights break the night skies

Reflection of a mad man in the tear

Not another brother dies, another in handcuffs

Mothers knees start to buckle up

And fall when they see their child outlined in chalk

Silence broken by shots or screams from knives cuttin through your flesh

Cold steal interrupting blood streams

The ponds are grim, but they froze if do it right or bring your luxury

Man for real, it makes me wanna run the drug deal

I'm sick of all this loose change, pennies, nickels, and dimes

My pocket wants the bills, every day flat meals

Fuck this lifetime, struggling needs, stretch a dollar like a pack of Ramsey
s

It's all that you can see, that you can be something when you had nothing

Frontin just to be down, but only gettin clowned by your peers

That swat fights happened at Nathan's Square every year

Understand I

Never seen my dad since grade 9

Maybe years before or after I don't know

But I know that time flies

So I just rely on my family

My mother and brothers, and my boys is the first before these others

And try to be strong through the hard times

And tough times, my heart dies every time my mom cries

All my life I kept my eyes on the prize

But every time I reached for the prize it demised

I wonder what's going on, but I gotta move

I gotta keep my head and I gotta stay strong

I look up in the air to see blue skies but grey clouds

They all the same, it always rain

Leavin on my face tear stains

I try to cover the worry and sad

Sittin there reminiscing on my dad

And shit we never had

And g's for some lead

I repeat to my boys cause I love you all truly

But people nowadays be acting unruly

So I live for now without forgettin the past

Cause I never know what time's left in my life glass

I surpassed through Oz

Not coming home in bullet wounds or in some squad cars

But what shit is this the repetoir

We all went to war, 45 non-stressed

Screwdriver's in the car
Situation's deep, juvenile influenced by veterans up in the street
Biz, now these street kids
Addicted to the game, unmarked cars and plain clothes roaming the terrain
(In front of club blood stains)
A mark of an assassin
Livin up and no wage
But all the latest fashion
Custom made links and shit
This is my pysche
Now could this be, out of poverty
Is this where fate wanted me to be
My thoughts out of control
Leavin stress on my mind (oh)
The point of no return
All my Richmond niggas know the steelo

I walk into the future on a narrow path
But every step I take it gives me flashbacks upon the past
Like the part I got stabbed
And guns to my brain, man this life is insane
Sometimes I wish I was addicted to Novacane
Cause leave the pain away, fade away, take my soul away
See another day
Dwellin upstairs with my grandma and grandpa
Cross my heart, racin like I would be testin stamina
And everywhere I look I'm seein white picket fences
But reality I'll only see my boys gettin sentenced
That's what I'm seein all around
So fuck the picket fences
All I see is elevators goin down
But discouraged, nah
I know where I wanna be
Just smilin, strong like the island
Cruisin on the ave in the black cad
And with the sound press on the prodigy
Minus DJs and the H-I-double L-T
O-to the P
Understand me
Parents leave a child stranded
So they grew up and to be bandits
I can't manifest Richmond Crew
All paranormal, to my peoples God bless

21 years of my lifetime