

Mic Like A Memory

CunninLynguists

I sign his space's with time existant blare
I hold the mic like a memory

There was a time when I could'ntfind energy
The only person that was filln' me was Mrs. Hennesey
Ahh, It's like life was pinnin' me down
I used to go out on the town and get instantly clowend
You ain't gonna be a rapper, you not a factor
You just a kentucky boy, get yourself a tractor
Chasing out the bogus dreams that you never acheive
That's when the liquer and weed became a need
Self-esteem was about as low as?
Asperations were about as big as Mertyl Ercle's titties
Then as soon as I started getting some pride
My sister hydroplained and died on ile 65
In a family full of pride, house full of tears
Spent many years with a blood stream of beers
Heart full of fears all jeers, no cheers
Till the rhythm in my ears make my mind clear

Aiiyo, I hold the microphone enclosed in my palm
And go beyond the flows exposed in my songs
Can't grow fond of past memories
Cause negativity leads the way to live with vast energy
Offended by the mental imagery
And suggest livin' in poverty was really meant for me
Paternal tendencies towards chemical dependencies had me thinking that all
My enemies work into me
And I can't begin to see how to control the flash backs
And progress past, all my style of dress got me laughed at
Thought I was passed at
But it attempts to reoccur when I don't proceive wat I feel I deserve
Being slurred by those not livin' in my position,
My thoughts tend to glisten, Just like I'm kinda pissn'
And when I thought id risin', life freeze's the frame
So I hold the mic like a memory to ease th pain.

I sit back on the flip, on the wild paths in my life
Only pain and heartache can feel my paths on the right
You know wat blasphemy's like, cursing at God
Cause you ain't got shit it hurts and it's hard
Hell at times I staped it up to only stumble
Was forced to play Tarzan in this concrete jungle
Most of my life's a daze got me forever lighting haze
Trying to forget the times, where I barely ate twice a day
Feeling alone and helpless, so when I only felt the shame
Sharing a twin bed in a homeless shelter
Few friends even then, most hommies is fake
Feel like a prisoner in my home, pencil my only escape
I went from the block with my fam, to collage exams
But the pressures still there
Dog, I'm still scared
But I know it will all be right in the end
As long as I can focus my fears and channel my life through my pen