

# 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