

Dear Luv

Honey Cocaine

Acting like if you walk by on a street
And youre walking on concrete
And you saw a rose growing out of concrete
Even if it had messed up petals
And it was a little to the side
You would marvel at just seeing a rose growing through concrete
As a youngin all I had was a dream
Raving to myself as my mama used to scream
Papa getting violent and he beating her again
They just feeling stressed cause they tryina pay the rent
Papa you a g though you did wrong
Mama you an angel cause you stay strong
Papa its alright we have weak moments
Mama you a soldier cause you keep holding
But some days we aint have shit
And some nights I was asking
Why we so poor all my friend not?
Just jealous of what my friends got
I was hungry any fam you love
Damn, you gave me yours and it wasnt enough
Yet, I took it all and went out a craze
You made it feel like home and without a place
Working like slaves and Im so sorry
Im grateful for the things you done did for me
Coming home from school disrespecting
Acting like I aint have lessons
Damn mama, that council wont get you
They be tryina to go wont let you
A callisized kid but Im tryina change it
I just need to tell you I appreciate it
Acting like if you walk by on a street
And youre walking on concrete
And you saw a rose growing out of concrete
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You would marvel at just seeing a rose growing through concrete
As a youngin all I had was a dream
You was my brother, my hero, my team
I was down for you, all you did was sell
I was growing up, while you was in and out of jail
Waiting at the court room all of us silent
You was never home, you was always so violent
How you think I fell when I visited to prison
You were my brother out while my partner gone missing
I was gone distant, but that was just hurt
From all those nights, those fights, those words
Shit we used to argue all the time, I hated you
And when its in your drug dealing, I hated too
It was my birthday and theres some next shit
All those times you got your ass arrested
Family stressing, Im surprised you aint dead
From a life of crime and on war with the feds
How you thought bout what you put me through? Huh
And all the things I had to do for you
Like deal with the people who spoke your name
Like this bitch who disrespected you, I broke her frame
But its okay, Im your baby sits

And some day I just may be rich
And I got you, I aint gotta say it
I just want for you to tell me you appreciate it
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