

Full Moon

Killarmy

When I came to you there on that cold
telephone pole horror of the night
and you came out to meet me
and then tell me things and sit down on the porch swings

Congratulations you coming home next month
Humble as a monk
We celebrate with Crystal and skunk
The family's large
It's hard being God
Still take charge come home to a massage
A line of credit cards with a Land Cruiser parked in the garage
And trying to make up for the times when you was gone
Being locked up while my heart was torn
You wrote me letters
Telling me when you come home things will be much better
I mailed you a pair of Tims for a Wu-Wear sweater
Up in the penal dipped (?) for the weather
In difficult times it's hard to maintain
I strive to live in the shelter that blocks out the rain
And that rain is pain
For stress on the brain will have a nigga insane
Forced to stay awake
Late nights it's hard to sleep
When I peek
Cause the kitchen's chopped up (?) they be trying to creep on me
Mental explosion when I meditate over by Taca Lake
Thoughts remain calm like the ocean
Puff a little war potion
Everything relates to emotion
When I stare at the stars surrounded by trees
Sometimes I feel like a fallen leaf
Blown away by wind realities
Strong breeze, but you're free
I took the block off the horn
So let knowledge be born
Blood brothers forever
Killa be 's on the swarm

Dom P's (?) past, guns blast
I recollect on the past
On how we ran wild together
Chasing cash and ass
Small time thing
Managing stings for nugget rings
Went back far like acorn fights on modern swings
Kingpin style, juveniles raised with major flav
Tenth grade came went on our own and severed ways
Never realized Poppy would die or leave my side
Homicide never
I visualize better
You live forever in my heart son
Mentally dunn we roll together
No years past I still hear blasts as guns flashed
My nigga run fast he stumble to a lifeless crash
On the concrete my leg felt weak

I couldn't eat let alone sleep
This shit is way beyond bone deep
Now I sip beers
Shed a few tears with our peers
Play the rears
Do the knowledge through glares and cold stares
Yo it's hard kid
I swear to my unborn this war's going on
Veterans taking falls to young pawns
But I stay strong and try to move on
And live life to the fullest
Rest in peace to the God who took a bullet