

Reflection of Children Coming Up in the Grave

Necro

Charlie]

Reflection of children (echo)...coming up in the grave (echo)

Reflection of children (echo)...coming up in the grave (echo)

My childhood was hood. Shit was real
My father was evil. He was a killer already When he came here from Israel
Leaving us scared with a stare untill it transformed
Into me. Puttin fear into my peers that's when the man formed
In the projects, we used to beef with each other
Cause our fuckin parents were too ignorant to teach us better
I had thoughts on my mind of killing someone at nine;
I actually went to do it lucky for homeboy he backed down at the time
I could've been dolo and still not flip and get live
Alot of cats were truly bitch they needed a clique to survive
Me and Bill had a rep for fucking Deceps up when they stepped
They crept deep like roaches and would catch you if you slipped
Peepin around the project buildingsto see who's on the bench
Might be an enemy you'll have to blood drench on defence
Only thing we thought we were promised was dishonest careers
Beat down and robbed so many people I had bad karma for years

Reflection of children (echo)...coming up in the grave (echo)

Tell 'em charlie!

Reflection of children (echo)...coming up in the grave (echo)

Some '83 shit

Controlled by my own rage, my attitude was like whatever
I never got fucked up by a kid my own age, EVER!
I was bolder screamin' on cats 4 years older
I take a lost and bill will regulate them like a soldier
Forcing friends to stay out late after 8 walking around the PJs
At night as a kid because mom dukes had a date
Playing tackle football on icesome concrete. we did what we could
Older thugs would steal our football like boys in the Hood
When I started thuggin', kids that were rugid became feeble
You could see how they suddenly bitched up when they saw evil
-Growing up on Farragut even when innocent
We wen't havin it somethin' me and my brother had enough some arrogance
Me and my peeps kept it gully we had enough
One year we made a resolutuion to take shit from no one no matter what
The circumstances no matter who they were they get murdered
Alot of people got fucked up over that shit and they all deserved it

Reflection of children (echo)... coming up in the grave (echo)

Some chef boardi shit raviolies

Reflection of children (echo)... coming up in the grave (echo)

Uh!...sick and delicious drama everyday
WHAT!!!!?

Back in the days, moved into the projects at six

Got lost the first day I felt like a rat in a maze
Even in public school I hated kids that were squealin'
The hustle skills I posses now come from the foundation of drug dealing
Used to sit for hours waiting shit on the triple beam
I had cards made up for fiends to beat me plus little schemes
In 5th grade punchin' teachers in the face a derelict
On the bleachers I never clicked with a peaceful face
Rockin blue sway pumas copped from church ave
Unica phaser designs dipped with fly birds kid
Boosted everything I put in shops from polo
To tower record cassettes even when I got caught I wouldn't stop
Havin' cops pull loaded guns to my chest threatening to kill me for no reason
Cause the way we dressed was fresh
-Used to love to get a reaction
When I whipped out a gun or a 24 inch machette ready for action