

# 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