

We Want Some Answers

Pastor Troy

You know what's funny
When the shit that makes you laugh, makes you cry
Hell I'm 'bout ready to cry now
Thinking 'bout my cousin Brandon
And how we used to clown
And then I hear them two shots
And seen him hit the ground
I think about Chuck a rapper soon to be a legend
And then I see him lying there bleeding and begging
Now every second is divided up
At point five I think of Brandon point five of Chuck
And it's fucked up 'cause, chuck died on my birthday
I'm celebrating nineteen in the worse way
All I can say is that it's been about a year now
Three hundred and sixty-
five days of asking how, and still no answers

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I done had to cry so much that it's funny now
Dropping tears think its water balloons asking how
Could this be me, I couldn't see that better way
I'm just another black product of where I stay
Living hell, everybody I know sells or at least tried
To buy the plastic for black mail, see how they lied
I'm denied for everything, I quite applying
I can't even hear the birds sing, my partner's crying
I often see my brother lying, up in his bunk
Writing letters from jail telling me to keep it crunk
Label a drunk to my thirst quencher, a case of Bud
Got me looking at the bottle backward, letter switcher
No matter I'ma continue my journey, where was I headed
A challenge boy every second, damn I regret it
More regular than unleaded
Irregular mother, the baby and the child's father
Must be that each other, another child like most
Ain't no love, 'cause from the east to the West Coast
Baby thugs, they selling drugs fuck a pacifier
So why the fuck should I be scared of eternal fire
I want some motherfucking answers