

## Marvin

Raekwon

April 2nd 1939, the stars is in line  
Divine intervention at it's own intention  
Birthed a gift  
In this DC kid  
He sung heavenly  
Good values and all  
And his father was in the ministry  
God fearing man with a mother that's so beautiful  
The angels would serve her  
What's her name?  
It's Alberta  
This little boy quickly became a man  
From blowing in his father's church  
To making his own band  
Called the Moonglows  
Sensational with his vocals  
That drove the ladies crazy  
Panties got thrown at his shows  
But he was far from happy  
He wore a smile just to hide it behind them doors  
Him and his father constantly colliding

Marvin, the sound of your voice  
Sets fire my soul  
What a glory to be hold  
Marvin, my heart, my heart still wonders how  
I just hope you're happy now

Destined for greatness  
Counting his blessings  
Young'uns struggling with pressures  
That the fact that his pops was a cross dresser  
But he still loved him  
You know the bond between his son and father  
That only pushed him and forced him to sing harder  
His main man Harvey Fuqua gassed up his car  
Believed his sound  
And took him down to Motown y'all  
That's where it all happened  
Success in the palm of his hand  
But unfortunate the fame wasn't enough  
He wanted more out of life  
Took it further and found himself a wife  
Pretty Anna Gordy  
She made his time sit still  
She was the cousin of Barry G  
The founder of Hitsville  
Please pay attention because the story it gets ill  
Shit's real  
Trials and tribulations son's facing  
You gotta play the cards you're dealt  
Ain't no telling what life deals  
Death will cause you to have night chills  
Enough to keep a nigga bothered  
Especially when the negatives start coming from your father

Marvin, the sound of your voice

Sets fire my soul  
What a glory to be hold  
Marvin, my heart, my heart still wonders how  
I just hope you're happy now

Money, women and drugs came into play  
Now wouldn't you know  
There goes another happy home down the drain  
That night life had him speeding through hell  
Scarred by the death of Tammy Terrell  
Couldn't believe it, he spiraled downhill  
Secluding himself  
From the music and the press  
He was sick and really getting depressed  
Time passed so he bounced back on track  
New and improved  
Even got himself a new wife too  
Everything is on the up and up  
Got his act together spiritually he claims  
You could see the glow up on this fella  
Tried to make amends with his father  
But the hatred is too strong  
Revolver in his palm  
The warning that death was close  
His mother screaming out "Honey don't do it!"  
One shot to the chest made Marvin lose fluids  
April 1st he died on the spot  
The scene was so horrific  
How a father could kill his own son  
Defines wicked

Marvin, the sound of your voice  
Sets fire my soul  
What a glory to be hold  
Marvin, my heart, my heart still wonders how  
I just hope you're happy now

Marvin  
Marvin  
It's the sound of the music  
Marvin  
Marvin  
Marvin