

Ghosts

Slaine

Ohh~!

This is my life...

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Yo...

I always knew I was different even back at six
They tied me to a pole with a rope and wrapped my wrists
They punched me and kicked me and slapped me with sticks
In the ribs and the kids called my daddy a bitch
Said my father's a faggot, it aggravated my dealings
I didn't know no better but knew I hated the feelin
From laughin at me whenever they would crack jokes
On my way to the store to get a pack of smokes
For my nana, Benson and Hedges 100 with a note from my grandmother
It's somethin she suffers from arthritis
Hands stuck together, drop down elbows
It looked like baseball, she called marshmallows
I could see the silho-uettes of the past, hello
The days back when I had those rain tap windows
To peer through and just look at the world
I was just a boy, I never knew what would occur
Blur ahead to myself as a half-dead fiend
Fucked up in my head from what happened between
With my body on the floor I'm asleep from beans
My life flashed before me, I peeped the scenes

Yeah, the ghosts talk to me in my head
They said I'm already dead
And I had so much blood to be shed
But I can't spill it no more
And I have died a thousand deaths
On the ground so out of breath
Yeah I've been down that flight of steps
But you can't kill me no more

Yeah...

It's a chain, we all grew up with the same dreams
But hit the potholes in the street and became fiends
Got in fist fights every night with the same team
Right around the time that Jay the Wood came clean
I was hurt from my broken home and goin crazy
Rollin up coke in bones and so I maybe
One these troubled youth in this modern day America
Thank God I'm still alive, I gotta say it's Erykah
Who was always by my side, that's why I love her forever
She knows my whole pain and all the stormy weather
That I been through, what I overcame and what it meant too
Other people looked at me like a freak with a pencil
I got enough rage for every page in my books
What I done - I should be in a cage with the crooks
But I'm not, barely by the skin of my teeth
Maybe there's a reason, time for me to finish this beef

It's the dawn of a new day and I've been given a platform
All the moments in my life, I got a rap for 'em
I gotta tell my story, bring it back for 'em
Either that or I could slip away in the cracks gone
You think I'd let it happen? Well that's wrong

Who would've ever thought I would be saved by a rap song?
I gotta capitalize, cause I'm rappin with guys
That I idolized as a kid, I'm revitalized
Always looked at life through a writer's eyes
I learned this shit is hard, really man you either fight or die
So I'm a stand up and fight that fight
I'm goin home broken bone and bloody tonight
You motherfuckers ever look and study your life
And see how fade and greyed they've made whatever you like?
Cause I can feel it in my fuckin gut when I write
This pain is sweet, I needed to be cut with this knife