

Tell You A Story

Træ tha Truth

Somebody help him that boy ain't tripping, he really misunderstood
Addicted to doing bad, but he trying to get out the hood
Life as an adolescent, got him stressing back in the day
Now he paranoid, ducking and dodging to get away
You would think a hard life, is what he prayed to have
Everytime he reached out for love, there was nobody he could grab
That's why he was cold inside, he took his pain as strive
With a 4-5, minus one to stay alive
A ghetto baby is what he was, his uncle was doing drugs
And left him to be a thug, on the corner with nigga slugs
His brother was locked up, and mama was stressed out
He was a good kid, until reality turned him out
20 years old, on the way to becoming a man
Live in another world, people would never understand
Loving to be alone, feeling like he would meet the end
The good life, was never part of the plan
Let me tell you a story, bout a dude I know
With so much pain in his heart, it wouldn't show
And he never knew when his life, was gon go
Everytime he'd step out, he grabbed the fo'-fo'
Let me tell you a story, bout a dude I know
With so much pain in his heart, it wouldn't show
Everybody he knew, was living so shife
But he kept on moving, trying to live life
Now he running the block
With a pocket full of rocks, missing FED time
And watching hating niggaz, so he don't wind up with dead time
Cause everything he got, that nigga rightfully earned
Get in his way behind his paper, he was subject to leave you burned
Plus he running with a click of guerillas, that's living shife
And hated life, the only way out was to pay the price
He was ready for whatever, decisions he made his own
And since they pissed him off, he would prolly be moving alone
Doing his own thang, to hell with the consequences
Real ran through his blood, and them niggaz payed attention
He wanted to get it together, but it was prolly too late
He took the wrong turn, and that's what decided his fate
It wasn't his fault, but that's how the game done got him
Swallowed him up and left him, to be on the rock bottom
Without no say-so, a victim of circumstance
Put in a situation, begging for a hand
Nowhere to turn nowhere to go, so he contemplate suicide
Mentally out of line, needing help but he got pride
He got a child on the way, but his baby mama don't want him
Cause he broke without a job, and probation be leaning on him
Three strikes, and he heated to live in the penitentiary
Believe me it get lonely, to niggaz without a family
He might get lost to the system, or might get shanked in a bed
The thought of calling it quits, gotta be running through his head
He don't know what to do, he praying he in a dream
Waking up in a cold sweat, to be shaking it like a fiend
But he can't get away, so he be running out his mind
People looking for him, so he know he running out of time
One of three things can happen, he can run or wind up dead
Or go out on his own, with a 44 to the head
No one ever really knew, cause ain't nobody seen him since
He disappeared in the night, with no evidence