

## Dry Cry

Wretch 32

Should I cry, cry, cry  
Till my tears turn dry?  
Still I dry cry  
Still I dry cry  
Said I cry, cry, cry  
Till my tears turn dry  
Still I dry cry  
Still I dry cry  
I cry, cry, cry  
Till my tears turn dry  
Still I  
Still I dry cry  
I cry, cry, cry  
Till my tears turn dry  
Still I dry cry  
Still I dry cry

I was crying when I was born  
I hope they're laughing when I die  
Hope I've got a castle in the sky  
I'll play 2Pac for Biggie while I'm passing in the ride  
In my blue suede shoes, I'm moonwalking with Michael  
Probably on gear so they're fucking up the cycle  
Seen my mum cry so who the fuck I'm gonna cry to?  
Kinda made me cry too  
Probably got a tear for every chapter in the Bible  
Probably got knocked from every label that I signed to  
Probably clipped my wings every time I tried to fly through  
Probably got a scar every time I saw a rival, the game's suicidal  
We were in our teens, moving like children  
Tryna fight the grown-ups, mirroring our elders  
Shame they didn't teach us how to be shopowners  
Shame they didn't teach us how to give the Glock coma/glaucoma  
Sony's supposed to rise anytime the beef woke up  
Instead of tryna send me to the shop to buy cola  
When you're moving coca, can I get an O, bruv?  
Them times there, I was tryna buy Armani  
Man, I had to share a loaf of bread with my auntie  
Why we gonna toast? Walk-in centre's  
Like a hand-me-down zone cuh we're sharing all our clothes  
Shoe don't fit? You better throw that to a cousin  
Deep down, I'm pretending that I don't love 'em  
Can I at least keep the laces? They're my favourite trainers  
I ain't ungrateful, I'm just tryna be the greatest  
Providence knocking and we're dodging all the bailiffs  
Truth is, I was making it before I made it  
I'll never be famous, I don't even know what fame is  
How can any Christmas that I have be merry times?  
When I'm doing 24, my brother's doing 25  
I guess they're both different ways of growing over time

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I cry, cry, cry  
Till my tears turn dry

Still I dry cry  
Still I dry cry  
Till my tears turn dry  
Still I dry cry  
Still I dry cry  
Yeah  
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah  
Mmm

I think I dry cry  
I think my tears give me dry eyes  
I wouldn't mind getting my mind right  
They're tryna make my brothers FaceTime and I don't like Skype  
If this is what life's like, I don't like life anymore  
I don't want my conscience on my mind anymore  
It's hard to stay focused when you're tryna bury flaws  
The writing's on the wall so I don't write anymore, no  
See, I don't like looking back  
But I like it when I'm looking at her looking back  
Good girl gone bad, I found the good in that  
I swear I gave her everything until I took it back  
I'll admit, that's something that I don't ever admit  
I'm from the school of hard knocks so there's no test for the kid  
Where I'm from, you get a bitter rep for repping your bits  
There's no rest for the wicked until you rest in a ditch  
I miss you, I miss you, I'd give you my flesh, I need tissues  
I'd diss you, I'd diss you, we'd never made issues an issue  
I talk to myself with no reply  
Friends I grew up with died, guess I'm growing over life, yeah

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