

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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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 everyting 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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