My Story

Kero One

(Verse 1)
Its way past my curfew in an emcee circle
rhyme dispersal, the ones without rehearsal
and if Pops found me, Id get smacked hard
by that tree branch from my own backyard
cause it was all about textbooks and grades with As
something hard to juggle as a hiphop slave
skating on pave, or lounging after school with my crew
writing tags on the bus, or finding ways to rock a shoe
paying dues no return no concern back then
like fat kids in lunch lines at shows packed in
for rhyme battles with ill punch lines at crunch time
by unknown emcees thinking why arent they signed?
then Id pick up a pen and express
rhymes were nonsense but nonetheless were off my chest
while some thought I should stop wasting my breath
dent on confidence I put my pen to rest
so whats left but getting high every day
rolling blunts with vegas, smoking profit away
Cypress Hill on play singing stoned is the way
singing stoned is the way(chorus)
And its like that Im telling ya
Thats the way it went down, down down
And its like that Im telling ya yo the truth is out my story is found
And its like that Im telling ya
Thats the way it went down, down down
And its like that Im telling ya, yo the truth is out
My story is found..(Verse 2)
And with mad smoke came the need for entertainment
But Hiphop radio was now playing some strange hits
clubs gettin closed, cause money was tight
folks would rather find some ass.. than that hiphop trash
and can I blame em? Im sayin, things were rock bottom
With exceptions of few, my head was rarely nodding
So I got in a zone and blew the dust off my notepad
Arm wrestled with words, struggled with vocab
then wrote, slowly steadily something something
if lyrics were harsh the beats had to be bumping
no frontin, right off the bat some turned their backs

but many felt the same which put my name on the map
and brought me down my coast , Japan and back
mad support from locals cats, like homies at Stacks
with blunts burnt out at the end of its road
blazing trails on a spiritual path, with new goals
and thats how it went how the plot unfolds
they asked about the story so let it be told(chorus)
And its like that Im telling ya
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And its like that Im telling ya yo the truth is out my story is found
And its like that Im telling ya
Thats the way it went down, down down
And its like that Im telling ya, yo the truth is out
My story is found..(Verse 3)
Singing one for free cans and two for mean streaks
Thats the very track that put my past in the streets
Deejays copped doubles to juggle the beats
using language that managed to let their hands speak
To peeps that showed love but not all felt this rhyme sayer
Non believers, killing vibes like Cal Tjader
Cause of my race or the way I appeared
But still I ran the race when placed to the rear
imagine a gook, a youth jumped by truth
kicked out spots at age five cause eyes looked glued
mentally struck, forget peaches and cream and such
but it built my biceps and today I lift up
jotting down facts and pouring out my soul in these raps
fingers crossed, till herds are left with words that last
and beats that make dancers put soul in their movements
Wreckin shop from the bay, La back to Brooklyn
Kids scratch temples, scientists bite fists
Keros on the scene shining light through mist
Cause if Im not fueling the flame Im like a puppet
My mouth might move but I aint sayin nothing
So stay tuned to see how this ends
Sayin peace, sincerely yours, till we meet again
Sayin peace..till we meet again
Sayin peace

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