

Read All About It (Cahill Short Edit)

Professor Green

I wanna sing, I wanna shout.
I wanna scream till the words dry out.
So put it in all of the papers, I'm not afraid.
They can read all about it, read all about it, oh. Nothing to hide
Stife and I smother
Suffered and cried
Strife made me tougher
Never mumbled or shy
The trouble I rise above all
Expectations to get rep
Ain't never begged yet
When I wanted to get pence, hustle,
To be, I'm exactly what my neck says.
That sket said I tried to cash in on my Dad's death,
I wanted to vent 'stead I said nothing at all.
After all you were never kin to me,
Family is something that you never been to me,
In fact making it harder for me to see my father was the only thing that
You ever did for me. I wanna sing, I wanna shout.
I wanna scream till the words dry out.
So put it in all of the papers, I'm not afraid.
They can read all about it, read all about it, oh. Dear dad,
As a kid I looked up to you,
Only thing was I never saw enough of you.
The last thing I said to you was I hated you,
I loved you and now it's too late to say to you.
Just didn't know what to do or how to deal with it,
Even now deep down I'm still livid.
To think, I used to blame me,
I wonder what I did to you to make you hate me.
I wasn't even bad, life's a journey and mine wasn't an easy ride.
You never even got to see me rap,
I just wish you woulda reached out,
I wish you woulda been round when I been down.
I wish that you could see me now,
Wherever you are I really hope you found peace.
But know that if I ever have kids,
Unlike you I'll never let them be without me. I wanna sing, I wanna shout.
I wanna scream till the words dry out.

So put it in all of the papers, I'm not afraid.
They can read all about it, read all about it, oh. I write songs I can't listen to
Everything I have I give to you
In every one of these lines I sing to you.
My job's more like public service
My life just became yours to read and interpret.
If you heard it will come across a lot different at times
I throw fits when I read how they word things.
You see me smile
Now you're gonna have to see me hurt
Coz pretending everything is alright when it ain't, really isn't working. I wanna sing, I wanna shout.
I wanna scream till the words dry out.
So put it in all of the papers, I'm not afraid.
They can read all about it, read all about it, oh. I ain't censoring myself for nobody
I'm the only thing I can be,
All that is good, all that is bad, all that is, me. I wanna sing, I wanna shout.
I wanna scream till the words dry out.
So put it in all of the papers, I'm not afraid.
They can read all about it, read all about it, oh.

Songwriters

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