These Kids

Joel Turner

These kids trapped in a struggle and
Don't know where they're heading, no
A head full of trouble is all that they're getting
And nobody knows the suffering they go through
And you wouldn't believe 'em if they told youThese kids trapped in a struggle and
Don't know where they're heading, no
A head full of trouble is all they're getting
And nobody knows the suffering they go through
And you wouldn't believe 'em if they told youSo many songs, so many times
The world had to hear so many rhymes
About how life is for strugglers
Minority groups, kids with single mothers
Young homies turn hustlers, stealing for money
It's kinda funny how the crime rate is so high
In suburbs where family ties are low, 'n suicides on the riseOh why, so many die coz in their eyes
The mistake they made, cant be erased the only way out is to take their life
And if they dont do it sudden then they'll do it slowly
Polluting themselves with drugs, because they on this world lonely
So we as a nation just class 'em as a waste of space
And if they don't help the economy then strip 'em naked
Put 'em on the streets 'n make sure the police hate 'em
And feed the public phony information on the evening newsKids may bomb police stations, to get at the boys in blue
This song goes out to the whole justice system
Instead of listening to the kids with the problems
They just tick them off more
Until these kids in prison or dead before they twenty fourThese kids trapped in a struggle and
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And nobody knows the suffering they go through
And you wouldn't believe 'em if they told youYou probably heard the news about the 14 year old kid
Who went to Woodridge to get a stick but got his neck slit
What you'll expect in, the situation that he was facing
With all of these expectations he just wanted to get wasted
But the mistake he made was fatal
What about my mate who put a rope around his neck
But he choked to death instead coz the fall never broke his neck
See both of them, were trapped in a struggle none of us could comprehend
The younger was in need of weed, the other had problems with his head

Now they're both dead, and the same thing happens time 'n time again
Kids dying all the time 'n leave us asking why my friend
And then there is those who run away from home
Live on the streets 'n chrome
Can't deal with tha pain of the world so they get stoned
Sit in a zone, become known as the local drones
With low vocal tones, they communicate with hopeless groans
And nobody knows they came from broken homes
Plus to us they're just emotionless clones
And the pain plagues their brains they can't maintain healthy lives
Change is all but easy, a life of crime is all but nice
Plus life isnt worth living unless ya given the chance to fight
Drugs might not be the answer, but who knows wrong from right
When ya parents drinks 2 whole bottles
Of wine, 'n puts the hose in the coke bottle,
A lot of the time, kids dont know any different
It's like they losing their minds, cant get a hold of their visions
Think they're doing just fine, but they still in the struggle
Yeah the kids of this time, in a whole lotta trouble
If you in trouble, jump over that puddle
Some where out there someone really loves you
Loves you like you never been loved, yeah
Loves you like you've never been lovedThese kids trapped in a struggle and
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