1985

K. Sparks

[Verse 1: K. Sparks]
It's in the midnight it's nothing but problems all I see in my life
I grew up in the ghetto taking cover from drive byes time flies see my older brother
Tryna maintain do the same thing, need to gang bang leave or slang caine
And naturally see success hard to penetrate
Me and Calvin tired of swatting roaches from our dinner plate
Momma was a winner wait board of education
Lost souls at the cross roads of our generation
Fast forward see my brother went to college
But things worsened he came back a different person
Seeing pills around the house and they ain't prescription
No rhyme or reason dealing with addiction
It's kinda hard tryna keep the faith in God
When somebody that you love is just a shell of their former self[Verse 2: K. Sparks]
Jamaica Hospital see my brother in the clinic
And we got the diagnosis that he bi polar schizophrenic
I'm feeling cynic won't admit to enhance ya
Few months later momma diagnosed with cancer
Strangest feeling see its hard to get
Angers building up inside me he's a architect
Feeling cursed so I curse when it hurt
Cuz at first see I thirst for a burst from the worse
Sicker with the thirst made sick new dedication
Liquor was my first aid kit self medication
Drowning all my sorrows while I'm downing all these bottles
But the truth it tends to follows they'll be back again tomorrow
Tomorrow true love will never falter
Early morning momma at the church at the alter
For both her sons mentally that we can get away
Live for inspiration and we'll live to see a brighter day so we all pray[Verse 3: K. Sparks]
I live for better days just to help a better nation
Live for clever ways of even better conversation
Live for all my family understand keep it true
See I found my peace in God I help you find your peace too
Live to help my family and I live to help others
Live to help my sisters and I live to help my brothers
Living full of purpose with a life that's on the surface
Stay achieving while we breathing gotta die to things that's worthless
Die to jealousy and everything to hinder visions

Die to all the false images up on your television
Die to liquor stores fast whores that apply pressure
And fast food ask dude with high blood pressure
Die to reality television
Did I mention that the irony the fakest thing on television
It don't console me and not too many know me
I'm dying to the old me that's what the Lord told me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/