

R.I.P. (feat. Suhn)

Kero One

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Verse 1)

I was 16, when the bell on the phone rings
It's my homie from church, an ex dope fiend
A little older, wore his heart on his shoulder
A hiphop head so we connected on the totem
Back then I'd kick verses and he'd be on the scrotum
I wish he were around to hear these verses that I wrote him
Just to clear the air, confusion and misquotings
A good kid with black clouds following his motions
Like "hear ye hear ye" but they don't hear me
The headline I've read for the tenth time, its eerie
"three dead, including Sunday school teacher
An ex dope fiend, turned extroverted church leader"
Is this real? my hairs raised suddenly
I'm drowning in emotion while shivers swim subtly
I read on "an affair that ends tragic
Teachers pleads for life down the barrel of a magnum
Then point blank shot dead together with his lover
Before the lovers husband took his own life from him"
My eyes turned red, welled up a watered gaze
From hurt, fear, and let down in lots of ways
God! Why would you allow this if you save?
When evil lurked within, why did my homie disobey?
We got one life, is it ok to be afraid?
At least we got that option stomping through this maze
Its ok to be afraid, many don't have that option, that's
So we mourn today(Chorus)
Here one day, then gone away, things will never be the same(Verse 2)
I remember her soft skin and her caress
The mistakes that I made and her grace when I confessed
Like politics me and her it was complex
But all the stains would wash away, each time our minds connect

We had history, old school like a cassette
Together we opened doors, explored, she knew me best
I imagined us forever, ever, ever
But now I wish I never met her
Why won't this feeling letup
I can't forget her staring at our empty bed
The silence is screaming at me, so I stay awake instead
And in the sheets, there's rooms for extra legs
On my phone no SMS, missed calls, or messages
From tying the knot , to farewell goodbyes and
My stomach twisted up in knots like Bear Grylls tied them
The start and end, it comes full sphere
From the cradle to the grave, I wish you were here..(Chorus)(Outro)
It's been a little while since I seen your face, getting kinda hard to move on
But the pain is motivation, though its frustrating you don't know what you have until it's gone...

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