

Hear Me Cry

Young Dro

Ay, boi, wat's up, wat's hannenin'?
It's ya boy, Young Dro, fuckin' around with me, man
I'ma teach ya niggas how to cry, ya keep fuckin' with me
I been doing hard shit, right, shit get fucked up
A lot of shit get fucked up, do about it, nigga
Could you do? Could you do? Yeah
Hear me cry, it's like mmm, mmm, mmm
Hear the shots they like boom, boom, boom
Heads high at the moon, moon, moon
And when we die, it's like soon, soon, soon
Hear me cry, it's like mmm, mmm, mmm
Hear the shots they like boom, boom, boom
Heads high at the moon, moon, moon
And when we die, it's like soon, soon, soon
I miss grand momma Maggie, I miss Josh
Ponto, I neva fogot cha, plus they killed Tasha
On top of that, I got shot up and guess who did it, my patna
Askin' God is it probably okay if he could just wash it away?
See the expression that I got on my face
See the weapon that I got on my waist
I'm still trippin', my mom still slippin'
Pray for me and wait for me as soon you and my daughter get rich
These days for me T.I. made a way for me
And Jason had a place for me
Doug on the case with me plus Hannah they makin' me straight
They knew I'm ghetto but I got what it takes
See the PSC without me, they fake, my niggas
God is my witness and I'm cryin' the time I'm living
But I will never give up walkin' to my rhythm, like wat?
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I never talked about this but now is the time
I tried to let it go but this shit destroyed my mind

My homie, his momma dying and his baby daughter, she blind
She got no one to play with nuttin' but a daughter that's mine
I'm takin' more than time, Lord, hurry, they killed Brian
And plus they killing kids, hurry up, 'fore they kill mine
Killing time, lately there's a funeral, I'm soon to go
Young Dro, bless me in peace and look at the moon blow
Thinking about wen my daddy got high and I had my room closed
Broke, I can't survive winter wearing these June clothes
Blooms slow up with flower, I'll die in hours
The water gone off but I'm cool, my tears shower me
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I'm finna cry man, call Quntay
This shit hurt for real tip, call Donsay
Tell him that I meant for one day
For us to make shit, shawty that nig shot me up
I couldn't take it
Plus I had to wear a shit bag but I forgave him
He shot me but God helped me fly off like a raven
Don't hate him, pray for him
Zayzay made a way for him, my homeboy died, yeah [Incomprehensible]
All I got is faith, pimp and money from the seventies
All kind of felonies, a playa like Bill Bellame
I'ma go to heaven, nigga, fuck, wat y'all tellin' me
Fuck it, I'ma stop rappin', shawty, sang this hear
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