

# Short Race

## GZA feat. Rock Marcy

He's runnin' in a short race, shoelace untied  
Head down, facial expression he can't hide  
Kid with no direction, seems confused  
A victim who spent years being abused  
His mom's a drug addict, she has a bug habit  
Was a seven day event, since she celebrated the Sabbath  
But she back slid, or that's what the crack did  
She used to shoot up under her sleeves, the track hid  
A long time ago, the father left the picture  
And as time went on, he was erased from the scripture  
The son, he don't have much to treasure  
And these kids that be gettin' on him, they do it for pleasure  
Demons are gradually growin' inside him  
Way before he ever knew the courts would divide him  
A wall around himself had became a shell  
Was a whole new person by the time the bricks fell  
It's a short race, duck the court dates  
The pork gave chase, we had to walk straight  
You know the forte, nigga, it's a portrait  
Or should I say a poor trait?  
You want to store very short cake  
Estate, behind the gate, NY State, why wait?  
You tryin' to get paid by the lake  
In each state and do the shit at high pace  
Under the dirt, there was nothin' left but bones  
A lot of tall grass around his tombstone  
His mother left alone, her heart felt sorrow  
No time to play with the precious time we borrow  
They live next door, but he was worlds away  
In reality, but such a high price to pay  
He was easy to recognize from his dress code  
Nothin' but a firework about to explode  
A short fuse who was bound to lose in the struggle  
His grandparents went through a great deal of trouble  
To keep him out of jail, they even put they house on sale  
To post bail, but the kid still failed  
I remember when he called collect from behind bars  
Sufferin' from two injuries and nine scars

He said he'd give anythin' to be out the pen  
But it would be his permanent home until the end  
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Wait, I got to get mines  
With a side of French fries, not kid sized  
Sixes fives, I give off a pimp's vibe  
Is it the vines? Watch like a sitcom  
Throwin' rocks with my pitchin' arm  
More bricks than when the Knicks is on, I'm sittin' on  
Shittin' on your boss, been written off  
Shots I'm lickin' off the top like a different source  
Rippin' this raw like a kitchen chore  
That's a block not chicken broth  
Hold the pot with your mittens on  
Dicks kickin' in the door  
And went to pick me off like a lint ball  
Jumped out the fifth floor, it's a pit fall  
When I hit the lawn, shit, it fell like a jigsaw  
Rather get hit at the board, then to get tossed  
Went to court, got shipped off like a brick of soft  
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