

On the Other Side (feat. Mark Foster)

K'naan

I spy with my little eye
A murderer, a murderer
So long the ratchet in the streets
You never heard of her, streets you never heard of her
These are the people who are trying hard to slip over, tryin' hard to slip over
We're sailing always sailing in the sea of years go by I know I know I know I came a long way
Oh yeah with from my heart knock all day
I kill a killed with a spitter 9 mm on my hip with the debt
Then sign me a dealer
Had it hard so you been a nigga cry me a river
'Cause I'm from the piss and life's grind me his liver
I mean it's spitter then brooder then fruit her
Then I'm really little
Got a brother and a sister and I'm in the middle
Mother tryin' to figure out how to we me a dinner
Then I had a piece of bread for my little nigga
'Cause he waiting outside
Too shy to ask and too young to die
Too weak to rob and too good to lie
Two years go by, he a killer
Pissed up high the pillar then he go to work
Monkey see monkey do grow the gorilla
So he turn another wife into a widow
Which turned another son into a bidder
Root of all evil it's all lethal
Injection without interjecting for people
Fall back but ain't no kush around here
This is my block call a cock block
'Cause ain't no pussy round here
He's a hard head and a pot head
If he'll keep it up he'll be a chop head
But he heard his voice in the future instead
And he said If even small it seem so high
It's just a wall I made it on the other side
And I won't let you slide
Love won't break I'll catch you on the other side Metsie metsie for all my blessings in the murk seat
'Cause sometimes it could've gotten messy
Like if my shot came and left me
Still acting willin' dumb and thirsty

Still saying come and test me
Still selling crack by young ol Wesley
And low wage cops can still can arrest me
That's just not sexy
I know you feel it who would've thought
I would go four wheelin' in Morocco
With a fine dime I brought from Stockholm
Take it from a war child never enlisted
Life is twisted like
I'm not the only one Lenin said
Chapman is here, but Lenin's dead If even small it seem so high
It's just a wall I made it on the other side
And I won't let you slide
Love won't break I'll catch you on the other side Don't let me go astray
'Cause I am afraid
I need your strength
So I won't be afraid I spy with my little eye
A murderer, a murderer
So long the ratchet in the streets
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These are the people who are trying hard to slip over, tryin' hard to slip over
We're sailing always sailing in the sea of years go by
In the sea of years go by

Songwriters

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