

# If You Cry

Kno

[Natti - V1]

Tear ducts seem such a useless tool  
To a man's feelings forged in the arts of cool  
Solidarity's king and the heart's the fool  
The jester only in jest can be left to rule  
Men of steel ain't allowed to feel  
Hardened exteriors aren't allowed to peel  
Emotional blows taken aren't allowed to heal  
Head tells the chest it's too proud to kneel  
Before any sign or symbol of sentimental  
Deep pains displayed 'bout the depth of a thimble  
Emotions are a potion meant to poison the temples  
Streaks down the cheeks are for the weak and the simple  
Society's asylum for the evil that men do  
Inside you cry, outside you Hindu  
When my nigga died, wet eyes no tissues  
Ex-cons and killers finding shoulders to cling to

[Verse 2: Kno]

Tear ducts seem such a waste of flesh  
On a body that's eventually defaced by death  
Solidarity reigns and curse your breath  
Inhale your emotions 'til it hurts your chest  
No heart on your sleeve tough guy in-vest  
Bank on the sins that you earned in flesh  
Eyes are inflamed you get burned for less  
Your vanity's a wound that your tears infect  
A fool is the food that our fears ingest  
So the cool is the fuel that our peers inject  
Emotions are a token of the heart's intent  
But the streaks on your cheek makes your heart resent  
A man made of stone has nothing to say  
When he can't keep The Nothing at bay  
When my Grandfather died, dry eyes no tissues  
But damn I miss you

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