

Gangstas Cry (feat. K. Young)

Crooked I

So many memories I don't understand
They got me weak in the knees like I don't wanna stand
I try to snap back like a rubberband
But flashbacks got another plan
To bury this rap cat under land
My closest aunt fell victim to a mad man
He rapped her he stabbed her he through her in the trash can
In Tulsa Oklahoma da home of the GAP ban
they buried Charlene boomie
My biggest rap fan
I cant express how much I miss the time I spent with you
God why they have to kill my mamas twin sister
Niqqa you lucky cops sent you to jail
Cuz I was comin to send you to hell
After my choppers wings split you
I was jus a shorty when my cousin Bobby died
A star runnin back from Long Beaches probably high
His friend and his wife set off the drama right
He caught them in bed which let to his homicide
Right on his death bed prepared to die
He wrote a song for his wife
The title That's Not A Far Goodbye
Cuz goddamn is not a fair goodbye
Young or not
Guns I woulda popped for you
Where was i?
I cant forget my Aunt Zeb
Since you left I been missin you
And I will til my last breath
Why do so many loved ones have to meet a fast death
They wanted me to succeed how can I half step?
Look up in the sky, tears in my eyes
Its hard to say goodbye even gangstas cry
Im in a dark room talkin to pictures
Too many loved ones lost and I miss ya god knows that I miss ya
And even though im strong, now that your gone
Its hard to carry on even Gangstas cry
Late at night I get lost in the Scriptures
Wish I could dig off in your coffin and get ya I miss ya

I put my pain on paper
Theres nothing else I can do to remove it
My music is therapeutic if I don't use it I lose it
Its so easy to pick up liquor and abuse it
When life is confusing you on a way that you need to view shit
I look at my gun and think of my buddies Leak and Bloody
Cuz this is the same demon that took my people from me
A lot of my homies was killed over illegal money
I lost so many to bangin dat it aint even funny
Its Cookie, its Ramon, its Charles, too many to name
Its solemn and shane, its pain in memories lane
It's a shame when obituaries stack thicker than dictionaries
I question is my mind mentally sane
My uncle LeRoy is gone, god let em in, he was more of a father
figure than His brother ever been
Look at my brain its like the head of a veteran
I fight more pain than Excedrin medicine ever did
I cant sleep my nightmares are comin unannounced
I dream about people I love cuz im runnin elf
Is rap lyrics my therapy they don't wanna bounce
Its trapped spirits im thinkin my minds a haunted house
Sometimes I pray to my creator til my knees hurt
I need work, my granny use to say I need church
This is for my people beneath dirt
We makin songs gettin tattoos and rockin
Rest In peace t-shirts
Look up in the sky, tears in my eyes
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