

# Any Day

## Kim McLean

Rain shine, was fate denied by state time  
Ya caged ryhmes contain rage behind gang signs  
Remember chickens spittin' game at you  
I'm prayin' wit a flow, when you get home I'm fixin' gang tatoos  
Forget stress, yes I'll accept the charges  
Armed wit curse words and verses to get the guards pissed  
I dropped out since we last spoke (what!?)  
Commissary, so it sucks son, we all grown up  
Fa sho, growin' up was tough more drugs then luck  
Fuck a thuggie gettin' bucked you can roll wit us  
No more holdin' in stolen trucks  
Roll to dunkin' donoughts, where po po n' folks can both hold nuts  
Flame up say ya name n' now the whole gangs smoked  
N' swear to moms, I'll quit spittin' to get ya chains broken  
Ya name is spoken openly  
Remember holdin' dreams of bein' dope, yo son they quotin' me  
Still the same witty poetry, grown n' smokin' weed  
How can we be broke when the city owes us sleep  
Or at least a peace of mind, crime was stealin' youth from you  
Or who could allude you would'a grew inside a human shoe  
There's truth and this troop both sent me to get you  
The issue's how windows ain't mirrors when we miss you  
More Tatoos, then nights at home  
Rockin' this one for you this is your microphone  
  
Life (ah) too fruit to see, to leave root for you to see

Unique, never enuch, cause stress ain't new to me  
Life(ah) too fruit to see, to leave root for you to see  
I'm unique, never eunch, cause stress ain't new to me

See I believe in the beloved below the skin, so forgive me if I sin  
Skimming the surface before I burrow in  
I've been out of this to rub wit the red hands of my fear  
So it's just you and belaa, risin' into the clear  
Blue, who knew eyes could see so far from up here  
Tote, skimmin' the green heads of tree tops under god knows where

Ya sweet do't leave now, or drop like an autumn  
Stay wrapped in my hand like a thorn esacped blossoms  
    Of, red in my palms, now they match my father  
Skippin' then stains outta rich mans pants and lipsticollas  
Hollerin' to moms about the babble-o-bills and loans again  
    They gather on the kitchen table, cat shatters  
They figured they whisper the other day, about the son who was away to date  
The whole store was spreadin', you wishin' the laundry would just wash away  
    Moms fingers full of stiches, mouth full of pins  
Mubbles yes, enter quick request to god with pursed lips  
    My sons, I lost'em under the rush of adolesence  
To impatience pussy pens, funny cigarettes for a lessons  
But if she saw me now, with the blade of a smile, nestled in my fluttery wrist  
    Never repeddle way' my metal  
    And knew that gods admissions are both open and free  
And that he slowed the medics down, the rivers too fast for me  
    N' edits and re-writes we askith pleasith the human thesis  
Any day I'll be embedded in a perfect sentnce please believith  
  
Life(ah) to the fruit to the sea, then lead the root for you to see  
  
    I'm unique, never eunch, cause stress ain't new to me  
Life(ah) to the fruit to the sea, then lead the root for you to see  
    I'm unique, never eunch, cause stress ain't new to me

Yo, when I reminisce, I don't remember timbalnds, nothing but pearl wings  
Rockin'em wit wit the tongues hangin' outta the front wit no strings  
    Wit no whites on, yo we frontin' wit fake gold rings  
    No gold chains, just house keys on shoe strings  
    So how does anybody sleep on a featherless pillow  
With the worlds weight across the shoulder blade tryna smother hope  
    It's foolish pride, these devils they'll surely try to split you  
    And force you to sign over ya soul scribin' in physical  
    Well in a constant conflict, cofidence against incompitence  
        Tryna grasp the context of lifes concepts  
    That little bitter peice that I need indeed I'll search for it  
        I try to ignore time, but I can't afford it  
Smokin' weed, thinkin' I surely need employment to feed my spoiled kid  
    Never been characterized as the type to avoid his choices  
        Sow now I sacrafice life, the mic's in good faith  
        But not a penny saved, hopin' to blow like any day

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