Pictures On My Wall

Xv

(Intro)
I can't breath in this space that's filled with your sound
Can't call a spade, a spade in this town
Dug a hole that I can't get out
I can't figure, I can't figure it out, out, out
(Verse 1 ? XV)
It was a pin up, the magazines would print up
That made me pick that pen up, that kept a niggas chin up
That turned losers to winner, in that minute we would give up
Couldn't die down the expectations they thought we'd live up
It was everything, most parents hate it
Niggas with dreams, wearing bling, screaming that they made it
New York rapper said 'son', West Coast niggas said 'cuz',
Mid-West dude said 'fam', Damn no wonder I related
Related to my grandmother that bought me comics
To be honest, it ain't bother her as much as momma
Drama expected, like the nomination of Obama
Kept me in my room, hiding out like Osama, Step father didn't dig it,
They were shoveling dreams to an underage teen whose real father couldn't visit
So I put on those headphones and just listened
As the murals on my wall turned to kingdom from a prison
I hear them singing
(Chorus)
Keep your head up high
Keep mine deep in the ground
Hide away the love that I found,
It's a world that I can't get out
I can't figure it, I can't figure it out
(Hanging Pictures on my wall)
(Hanging Pictures on my wall)
(Hanging Pictures on my wall)
Always on my mind (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
I can't figure it out (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
Always on mind (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
I can't figure it out (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
(Verse 2 ? XV)
I know it's crazy to think my pictures talked
And we created a rocket, I got in and lifted off
Well maybe the ladder was kind of gone

And the formal was kind of wrong
So all I have is these song and posters up on my wall
Sometimes I took them to school to feel cool
Couldn't bring the CD, the case was a jewel
And I refused to burn money, I'm saving green in my room
You walk in and think it was FernGully
And beef wasn't allowed, Pac was next to Biggie, and Dre was next Eazy

The idea was profound,
I turned the music loud and put on my own recital
In a room full of my idols, made me less suicidal
Traded pencil sharpening for urban marketing
Lawyer, doctor, went from street scholaring,
White collar from Police collarin', mom and pops hollarin'
But I just tune it out, the tune is loud as I begin and says
(Chorus)
Keep your head up high
Keep mine deep in the ground
Hide away the love that I found,
It's a world that I can't get out
I can't figure it, I can't figure it out
(Hanging Pictures on my wall)
(Hanging Pictures on my wall)
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Always on my mind (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
I can't figure it out (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
Always on mind (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
I can't figure it out (Hanging Pictures on my wall)
(Verse 3 ? XV)
Knocks on my door came from the same fist that just knocked me to the floor
Punched me in the chest and then clocked me in the jaw
'Whats wrong with Dad! I haven't done a thing in school that was this bad!'
His ass doesn't care, trying to fight back but it doesn't fair
Why my mom let this nigga come in here
She begins to come to tears, I'm screaming 'it's all your fault!'
He says what's this bullshit up on your wall
As I look up at the ceiling, too weak to respond
With these poses of mere mortals that singing like gods
Trying to stand up to my feet and just even the odds
But he just knocks me back down and screams at my mom
He starts seeing a bond between me and these pictures
He says 'look at these niggas, what are they? Father figures?'
Now it's hard to ignore that all I live for is now balled up on the floor
And its
(Outro)

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