

# 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)

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Keep mine deep in the ground  
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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 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)

Always on my mind (Hanging Pictures on my wall)  
I can't figure it out (Hanging Pictures on my wall)  
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