On The Boulevard

The Exploding Hearts

(Chorus)
I've been trying so hard
To erase the scars
Of living this life
On the boulevard
(Oh on the boulevard)

(Adonis)
Every morning Kenny wake up 'bout 5 am
And jog about seven miles before class start
Had dreams of being the next superstar
Like that boy who sang Bo'
Kenny's ambition was crazy
In his heart he was determined to get it
So he stuck wit' it
Six days out the week kenny hit the track
With his goals set high, he ain't turning back
Lost one too many of his friends over goods and crack
Kenny put it in his mind there's something better then that
His daddy called him flypaper the way he stuck to the track
His momma said "it's your time baby you can't turn back."
And through all the blood, sweat, and the tears
Kenny promised the fan for 40 years
To come, got to get it
He shall prosper
Jumping hurdles in life 'til the next one pop up

(Chorus)
I've been trying so hard
To erase the scars
Of living this life
On the boulevard
(Oh on the boulevard)

(Royce Da 5'9)
Every morning Kenny wake up at 9 AM
Hit the traphouse and stay there til its 5 AM
I call that trappin' pages

He always holdin his dick, always busting off

But I dont call that masterbation
He all about heart
And you will never hear "Oh my god they killed Kenny"
Bitch this ain't South Park
This the dirty mittens scurvy conditions
Workers is stealin, stealers is workin
You only as real as the nigga you murdered
Bullets fly to your chest leak
Treat you like you a crownless chess piece
Middle finger never up, thats a substituted waste
Why would he do that when can just tell you niggas "Fuck You" to your face?
He could fill up y'all with philly's boulevard bully
To pull your card with no regards for the laws, wearing a hoodie
Police on his trail, he toss the bird
Roll his window down like "Can I help you office-errrrr?"

I've been hustlin' for so long
The streets just won't leave me alone
It's a battle I've got to win
I can't give in

(Chorus)
I've been trying so hard
To erase the scars
Of living this life
On the boulevard
(Oh on the boulevard)

(Outro)
Bound for destiny, for greatness
Yet they both struggled with the 9-7
As evidence they were meant to be more
Yet they can't seem to finally find the score
Cuz the game they played was rigged from the beginning
And in the end I sit on the sidelines and cry
Both cues stuck in a parallel universe will lose their lives
Royce Da 5'9? Ft. Adonis, Nottz ? On The Boulevard Lyrics

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