

# 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  
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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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