

# Change Of The Seasons

Akir

[Chorus: Akir + Hasan]

This is beginning and end, the answer and the reason  
This the life and the death, the changin of the seasons  
It's the joy and the pain, the angels and the demons  
It's a wonderous thing, the changin of the seasons  
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This the life and the death, the changin of the seasons  
It's the joy and the pain, the angels and the demons  
It's a wonderous thing

[Hasan Salaam:]

In the winter of his discontent  
He was birthed like a verse from the gospel  
Pops was ghost, moms played host to the Johns in the brothel  
Never heard any words to encourage out his mom's mouth  
How to cook up all the hook-ups, was learned from the men  
that she let in the house, turned out by the business  
Missed a lot more than Christmas, giftless, childhood was a juvenile hell  
Knew his number better than himself as he peered down his cell

[Akir:]

Out of the darkness, in a cold labyrinth  
that haunts us, his man parks up  
Pullin heat out compartments like, spring into action  
Cash is satisfaction, I'm sunk askin him livin life hype  
He observes but back to the curb to sound the white birds  
and NexTel chirps, he can tell he's accustomed by his 2-way alert  
New opportunties blossomed, from niggaz he met locked in  
and old niggaz that he knew that acted like they just forgot him (uhh)

[Chorus]

[Hasan Salaam:]

Life seemed like mid summer night's dream  
Got a crib and a queen - first seed on the way  
due November 17th, shorty settin the scene  
Beggin him to get his act clean to the right side of the law  
But his audience was the money machine's constant applause  
Never concerned with the effects, just out for the cause  
To get back what he lost, he hustled at all cost  
Started to floss foolish, pigs watchin the movements  
Every clue got his Judas

[Akir:]

Uhh, he holds onto the wall  
hopin that he won't fall, feelin his life slip away  
Watchin the leaves float away, in the yard  
The closest that he gets to guard the only bars he thought he'd be in  
would be filled with pretty women and TV's playin ESPN  
And now he can't control his peein  
The family that he never had but used to seein  
in his daydreamin turn they back and started leavin  
Come to demons and that instant turns to a infant, the change of seasons

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

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