

Broken

Slaine

This for my dudes
Who have broken dreams
The talents and skills to be whatever they wanted
But somewhere along the line
Their dreams got lost man
It's Knuckles, Slaine what's good man?
Trump, let's get it in

I remember Jay Rich we grew up together
Spittin game at little dames trying to fuck whatever
10 years old, already with a lust for cheddar
He was smart though, for real the young buck was clever
A few years went by, we still stuck together
Plottin armed robberies to get bucks for leathers
Played with guns, it was fun to clutch Berettas
But up in school my dude still had his stuff together
On the court he would score, I would scream on the refs (that ain't no foul)
He used to study on the low, I would cheat on the test
When he started sellin crack said it was easy to chef
Then I heard he caught a body stabbed a fiend in the steps
I needed a breath, his dream was to grow up to be rich
To be a astronaut with a house and the V6
But he switched, the streets turned to man to a goon
I always thought he'd be the first black man on the moon, damn

I, just don't know why, my eyes won't cry
Guess that they're broken
These lies, mask and disguise, my past I can't hide
I guess that I'm broken

Yeah... the sidewalks are lined with trap doors
The city maze is impossible to escape
All the shitty days that remind us of environments so mindless
And violence is followed by foot chases and sirens
Leap frog with police dogs, dirty piece tossed
Palms greased cause these pigs gotta eat more
Phil had the I'll took connect down in B-more
Every other week it's up and down like a seesaw
Cold blooded beast, dude even fed his niece raw
Used to be a good girl, turned to a cheap whore
Nowadays everybody's caught up in that street law
They found that bitch's body blue, down by the seashore
I ain't write shit to glorify it or exaggerate
I ain't write these lyrics to be shockin or to agitate
Every other week it seems I see another tragic wake
Inside this broken world full of kids who never had a break

This life is real, got friends doin life in jail
And we all tryin to eat so we fight for meals
Never been the type to squeal, I stand on my own two
Funny how when you broke your people disown you
The actuality of this life, is stabbin me with a knife
You see the flames when the heaters ignite
Fiends with a pipe, hustlers movin greed in the night
The demon's in sight, the devil still schemin is trife

And all I see, is this beast that keeps eating it's young

Deceit and lies from the serpent that's the media's tongue
On the surface it would seem easy for me to become
Drunk on hard liquor, chewin pills, I need to be numb
Not to sound stupid really, I don't mean to be dumb
But all it takes where I'm from is a scheme and a gun
And a whip and a bitch and some coke and a drink
And some balls and a crew, shit I'm broke and I think
Yeah I'm broken