

The Reason

Wretch 32

(Have to provide for mine)

Yes, I grind, my lines, the reason why
I can't even look up in the mirror and feel good about myself, uh
God bless a man that holds his own
And I'm a man that holds my own so I'm blessed, I guess
I've got two kids of my own that love to watch TV, CBeebies and Tiny Pop
But every time that they go to watch their favourite show
Televising programme is showed, they need more than what they've got so I hear this
"Daddy come and look at this, see Dad, I like that"
"Daddy can you buy me that new Bratz doll, Dora Explorer and Barbie set?"
Course I can, you're dad's the man
I don't stress, I just man up, hit my stash, cut my grams up
Hit the road and get my grands up, I find the cheddar
But when you grind for cheddar, it's a gift and a curse
Success and consequence, I done been through a go-through
I did time for my life, now I'm back on the roads
Roll gymnast, I practice rap's acrobatics
Pick up through then disappear, kitty cat's magic
I don't hear, not care what they're saying
Money talks and we converse every day, Nero

Look, I don't wanna grind for life
But I have to provide for mine
Listen, I don't wanna grind for life
But I have to provide for mine

By all means, I will treble my dough
I moved all green and I'm peddling snow
Served more fiends, turned shekles to notes
Turned more keys like skeletons though, for someone special at home
My dear daughter, Baby Jay
For her I'll break this eighth
Planet of apes
Her young father's no half-heart, he ain't wasting a day
Of pitching Os or crack
The taxman's harsh so I overtrap
And these deductions are reckless
So I'm left with this minor percentage
And that's meant to be my gas and my light bill
Mortgage and my Sky bill
Comes to a total of nine bills
Plus insurance and petrol, you could afford an extra five pills
Am I wrong cuh I move white?
And if I'm wrong then who's right?
Society's designed me to struggle
But not me darg, I'mma stay, I'mma hustle
So I've gotta be as real as I can be
Gotta provide for my family
So I resulted to plan B
Before the finger of judgement comes for your food like canteens

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Listen, I ain't gonna lie, I didn't like the rain
Or the slight complaints nor the time of day
But when my son gets hungry, I can find a place
And do like Simon says, because Simon says
That you have to provide for your family
So I was on the grind like life couldn't stand me
Tryna buy rice cuh I had Ps
Life isn't gravy, so I hit the road like I'm bad breed
If only I can sleep, 4am
But I still need a few more bills for my canteen
Living like a prisoner, tryna buy food
So I'm picking up superglue stuck on the curb
So if I need something to turn, I'm sticking up
Nothing to prove but this game ain't something to lose
You couldn't put your souls in my shoes
You would die just toking the fumes, if only you knew
About the house I worked in
Conversating with a doubtless person
Cuh he would just pray I had something cuh the drug would hurt him
I could see through his windows without the curtains

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