

Antwi

Wretch 32

[Verse: Wretch 32]

I'm going through a break-up again
I see a dozen women and I break up with ten
I put 'em back together then I break 'em again
That's a match made in heaven or the thin line between
Love and hate that we cross 'till it makes us repent
I'm tryna let you know that this plays on my head
So you don't have to wait till I'm dead
'Cause patience ain't one of your strengths
I waited a lifetime just to end up in the limelight
I write rhymes so they won't consider me an Einstein
While they was nominated for a Grammy for the ninth time
I was shedding tears with my family in the nite nite
Night time's over, I see man acting like Scarface
But they won't survive like Sosa
The night I woke up was when that black car rolled up
I was like nine years old, blud
Shopping for my mother, went to buy a tin of corned beef
Car lights flashing, is this when me and the Lord meet?
Tints rolled down, he shook his head when he saw me
I guess it wasn't for me
I've skipped death more than you've skipped breath
In your gym sesh, cardio won't make the kid wretch
I've seen the prince cry when the king left
Is the Queen gonna check mates or keep him in check?
Now I've seen a gunner ball rolling like him with Cech
Screaming "suck your mudda", incest
It makes you wonder where the kid went
When gunshot lick all our in friend
But fear won't allow you to be yourself
I'm Cool J in a Kangol, yeah, I did it well
Don't wanna see us bond, guess they'd rather I Stringer Bell
So that's why I punch above my weight till I beat Adele
I am Shakespeare with great hair
I'll probably be the next Wayne Hector in eight years
Tinchy had to break a few records to break here
Drake really had to take the pressure to Take Care
Take care of you, take care of me, take care of us
Take care of Mum, take care of everyone (take care of everyone)
You see how fast the hate turns to love

When everybody has to rate what you've done
Man will throw shade on the slums
But I rate what it made me become
See, I could have been wasted and dumped
Stuck with about an eighth in my lungs
Yeah, I pray the fuckboys keep their distance
I'm listening to Beres, putting up a resistance
You can keep your merits, man, I come for distinctions
I'm from the type of home where my brother's my sister
But that don't make a difference cuh I love her to bits and
We're just some have-nots tryna master the system
I had a Mega Drive when I was running the infants
Young Fire, Old Flame, you'll get bun in the distance
Wait for me
Mummy, won't you pray for me?
Heavy like I'm carrying a slave on me
But I'm just carrying the game on me
It's just a game
They say it's just a game, they say it's just a game
Well, if this is just a game
Why we dying just to play?
It's just a game
They said it's just a game, they say it's just a game
Well, if this is just a game
Why we dying just to play?
And for you, this might be another eight
But for me, this is just another day
Just another race, in a race with the racists
Tryna make it off the slave ship
Can I get a break? 'Cause I don't want another chase
'Cause I'm tired and there's no one to relate
Nor can nobody relate
My grandmother was a great
I had to put her in a grave, now my shoulder still aches
I had to carry her away
I'm still carrying the pain
Fuck marrying the fame
This is for my family to gain
And the young me's carrying my name

[Outro: Bobii Lewis]

Pray for me, yeah
Pray for me, yeah
Pray for me, yeah

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