

# Marvin Gaye

## Felt

now my heart is as pure as sanyika shakur  
homegrown in the crips and gangbangers galore  
set self a many shores still a product of war  
shell shocked from the block rocked hard to the core  
though I try to give you more on this mic when I spit  
it  
list some nines, some techs and some abject? living  
I'ma have that ribbon in the sky  
wrapped around my finger as a reminder of times kinder  
when love lingered  
singer songwriter smooth talker street fighter  
hauling heavy words to make the beat seem lighter  
I'm a writer of riches rippin rebelling the system  
repellin reppin cuz I reject your resentment  
persecution of your peers is the violence of venom  
so them in crowds functions I would never attend them  
by myself backpack dreadlocks and some denim  
I was never deemed down cause I gave to be different  
I used to go out to the partys get weeded and stand  
around  
Cause I was too nervous to be myself to get down

now its no more standing my back up against the wall

I got myself together now I'm ready to ball

I wake up every morning

My mission: fulfill the dream

I wake myself upon the decision:

To kill the scream

to kill the screen

I wake up every morning

My mission: fulfill the dream

I wake myself upon the decision:

To kill the scream

I still hear it banging in my ears when the lights on  
tighten the hold and light the bowl of this pipe bomb

see the dawn self worth turn to earth

its my song but I'm still trying to learn the words

Passion excessive passive aggressive

the first one to strike, the last one to exit

castles unprotected, capture the princess

fasten the seatbelt, drive and count the inches

not so sure mom would be proud

if she knew how many times I've had to hide from these

clouds

dont really know if jacob would understand

her daddy uses women to make him feel like a man

open apology for anyone who follows me

didn't realize I was a self-made power freak

when I get home I put it back together

filled up the void, sewn up the sever

and her tears keep raining on the pillows that I

pillage

but it's still entertaining alcoholics in my village

and when I'm finished I'm sitting in silence

just me in the corner in the room whistling my shit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>