

# Antwi

## 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 and 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 check  
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  
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 Berys, 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 cuz 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 niece carrying my name  
Pray for me, yeah  
Pray for me, yeah  
Pray for me, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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