

W.C. "Creator"

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This one here's for The Creator
'Trying to get over...' like Curtis Mayfield said
I was a problem child, running wild in the night
Livin on a not-so-safe set of life
Caught up in the rapture, quick to blast ya
Neglected as a juvenile, so labelled a 'ghetto bastard'
Forced to live the life of a hoodster on the prowl
Goin through my life with a permanent frown
But still you stood by me and you got me here safely
Never turned away from me when others lost faith in
me
Even when I was a non-believer and doubted your
existence
You still shed mercy on my ignorance
How can I say this, no words can't explain
How much I thank you for helpin me deal with the pain
For sparin my life at times I thought I was through
All praise is due, here's to you
So
[CHORUS]
This is for the lover in you
This is for the things that you do
This time I will take up for you
Cause your love's gon' last forever
Now as I reminisce like Minnie Riperton in a Pendleton
I'm havin flashbacks 'lookin at these photographs'
Glancin at old flicks of me and my dogs
Thinkin how we all played little league football
No set-trippin, we was down for one another
>From pups to mutts, we came up, Westside hustlers
You couldn't stop us, no matter what you told us
Starched Curduroys with the fresh peachy folders
Washington High School, damn, them was the days
The 12th grade came and we went our own ways
Doin what we had to do to make ends meet
Some of us went to college and some kicked the
streets
Some of us passed away, some just faded
Some turned snitch, and some is incarcerated
Me, I been blessed to catch wreck over beats
But without you, this wouldn't be complete
So

[CHORUS]

(Ooh child, things ain't gettin any easier...)

Survivin in the ghetto you gotta stay strong

But realistically no man out here can make it alone

Ain't no sleepin, none of us creepin

I see the men that's in the streets, and

Smokers fiendin, the drama got me thinkin

How I need to play as if I was a Stylistic

And stop and look and listen

Take a second out to count my blessings

Cause you coulda laid me down a long time ago

But you let me live, and God knows I ain't a angel

So I'ma take this opportunity to flip the script

For the lover of you, cause props is due

For sparin my life at times I thought I was through

I gotta give it up, here's to you

So

[CHORUS]

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