

Sevin

"Heathinz Tearz"

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[Intro]

Uh, Yeah, Speak for my people
That's the only way i know how

[Verse 1]

I was born through a cold loc that became hot
I shed tears for my dead peers like rain drops
Same spot invested wit caine rock
So many po-po, I used to think they was usin my block
to train cops
Hoppin outta crown victoria's hang glocks
Hounds sniff the dane spot, So many homies became
locked
If you got anything less than 10 friends up in the pen,
Then we ain't from the same block
Dawg, We can't starve so we can't stop
Can't ball, So we can't cop
Ain't large, So we can't drop
We hang hard in the yard wit cats puffin cigars sippin
'ac wit tats and tank tops
Are we the same? I think not
If you got time to sleep, Then our lives, They ain't
linked to the same clock
Cause where I'm from, It's a pain pot
Of slugs'll rip through ya ribs and lungs, Shoot out ya
back
Hit somebody's infant son, Then you collapse from the
same shot
And after that, Niggaz still ain't shot
Death is the rerun my network televised
They said i have the face of an angel but wit hellish
eyes
We seen arms get torn from torsos, Disconnected by
gauge slugs
Still are expected to stay thug, Marks keep snitches on
the phone stay bugged
First time i made love was wit a tray snub
This heinous livin be paintin visions until insane we
driven
To escape to the gate of these mary jane emissions
Now I'm standin over caskets, Dang i miss em

And everytime that I'm rappin, I wonder can he listen?
Cause the fact that I'm dead in my own mind
Got me thinkin of puttin lead in the hands of my own
kind
I know i need to make choice, But what's the options?
All i hear is satan's voice and it says pop em

[Chorus 2x]

They wonder, What's the reason for my tears
We dyin when I'm cryin, I'm just grievin for my peers
They ask me, Why so often i cry here
I can't beat the coffin, I do not wanna die here

[Verse 2]

And i let the tip of my pen bleed, For the children who
can't leave
They beat my little homie to death wit a 10 speed
I was just a freshmen wit prostitute peers
My best friend sold rock and got locked up for years
Dawg, We've lost many, But we still feel immortal
6 feet beneath sea level with no snorkel
I'm sittin on the porch puttin a torch to ports
wit a gauge leanin off my cutoff shorts like it's normal
We torn souls, And we don't mourn foes
1 shot can overred and buck ya cornrows
They keep tellin me there's a way out
Yeah, I'm well aware of that, Look, Over there's a cat
laid out
He should've duck when the hollow once sprayed out
Buck, Buck, Click clack, Buck, Buck, Buck, It never plays
out
It's like somebody looped the gat instrumental
Sometimes it's so bad, I can rap to the tempo
Broken glass, Tear gas through the window
Constantly harassed cause we give out no info
So what you in fo'? Life in the pen, Bro?
Grabbin my pen, Slow writin my kinfolks
Lettin em know that it's hell so don't come
Cause i bail where the killas dwell wit no gun
Cause death's more gruesome here
Get stabbed in the neck wit a toothbrush or through the
ear
And revenge keeps me company, They don't really
want me free
I'm killing anything for everything that was done to me
Even my mom could get stuck in the gut for what she
allowed her baby son to see
Cause i was too young to know that she was ho'ing and
sniffin blow, Dawg
I used to think her hair was snowing
She taught me to beg from no one, So i took it

You're right ma, I'm just like pops was, Looking

[Chorus] {2X}

[Verse 3]

I roll wit true kings, Who disregarded they hoop dreams
They used to do things, Like shoot niggaz over they shoestrings
Kept a p-90 in the linen of blue jeans
And moved cream to more than a few fiends
Daily grind since 89
Out of state plates wit powder cake and a baby .9
It's killafornia, Bangin since wildin have a child long before a diploma
Ya slip, They trip on ya
Outta town, Ya outta bounds, Get found
Drowned or by the hounds, Either way, You in a gown
Wit the coroners and if it's beef they ain't discreet
They on yo street, Lickin rounds to inform ya
There's no safe haven, Place cravin
The graven from the cracks of the earth like cavemen
Behavin, Like apes and gorillas
Kick in the door of yo villa fo scrilla some cold killas
And don't never cross game on a true one, It's hostile
They'll be waitin outside of the hospital
Wit more than a few guns, Buck on ya new son
Let the mack 11 rounds touch on his new lungs
I spit this cause i've witnessed niggaz get lifted
So don't risk it, The game is a shifty mistress
She vicious, Promises riches, Then switches
And puts you on the tip of the hitlist

[Chorus] {2X}

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