

## Game

# "My Love For You"

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My love for you  
is like a angel flyin' thru the sky  
like a bird in the winter, and  
your love for me  
is so deep, and sorta like a black rose cracking the  
cement  
My love for you  
lives on like the memory of Aaliyah singin' a last song  
and your love for me  
will never die like a black child struggling the ghetto to  
survive

My heart goes out to the beautiful woman that raised  
me  
20 years after the Watts Riot, early 80's  
pops on drugs, moms couldn't take me in  
had a daughter already, said she was to young to feed  
another baby  
and shit got crazy, then 2 years came went  
baby's just growing away, we can't even pay the rent  
no hot water, i reminisce, tears runnin' down my face  
as i hold my daughter  
you spent years by the fire place, i was in the garden  
every Sunday at the church  
bible study at the carters, i was hard head  
back then i was selling crack  
when your hard earned money paid for basketball  
practice  
always at the game on time, yelling at the coaches  
wondering why your baby boy's sitting on the pon'  
even thou life gets hard sometimes, i keep my head up  
and i can make the sun shine in just one rhyme  
walk with me.

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And now the lanes at the 57 Lincoln Continental, peddle  
to the floor  
looking for the highway to heaven, remember when  
your baby boy was 7  
we had good times like i was Jay Jay and you was  
Florida Evans  
I should have listen to the reverend, now i drain my  
pain in this 40 ounce  
and these born ass records, disrespecting your house  
living reckless, look at me, inside your jewelry box  
about to pawn your necklace, every night you were in  
the window, lookin'  
but what you do when your grandson's crooked, and he  
to old for whoopin'

used to tell me i was smarter than that, took me down  
to the Compton, swap meet,  
bought my first starter hat, pulled over raider jacket to  
match  
a pair of Levis, a number 8 Jordan's with the all black  
straps  
when you died my soul cracked, can i get a soul clap  
I'm walking without a heart, can somebody hold that

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I got a lot of things i wanna ask the Lord  
like why i can't see my grandmother face no more  
and why i can't seem to live without her  
and if i pray could he send her back to me one day  
cause heaven to crowded, every time i think about it  
i'm missin' your smile, can barely cough  
my angel is gone, i'm heartbroke, drowning in my own  
tears  
somebody throw me a robe or spread my wings so i  
can fly  
i'm ready to die

might cry but i'm still a man, might be a man but i still  
cry  
big mama my angel in the sky  
if you wanna feel my pain, then close your eyes, hold  
your breath  
now that's to close to death, open your eyes  
see the light now, and if you love your grandmother  
like i love mine  
go tell her right now, i know how this might sound  
but my plan is to show you that i understand, you are  
appreciated

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