

Gza "Short Race"

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He's runnin' in a short race, shoelace untied
Head down, facial expression he can't hide
Kid with no direction, seems confused
A victim who spent years being abused

His mom's a drug addict, she has a bug habit
Was a seven day event, since she celebrated the
Sabbath
But she back slid, or that's what the crack did
She used to shoot up under her sleeves, the track hid

A long time ago, the father left the picture
And as time went on, he was erased from the scripture
The son, he don't have much to treasure
And these kids that be gettin' on him, they do it for
pleasure

Demons are gradually growin' inside him
Way before he ever knew the courts would divide him
A wall around himself had become a shell
Was a whole new person by the time the bricks fell

It's a short race, duck the court dates
The pork gave chase, we had to walk straight
You know the forte, nigga, it's a portrait
Or should I say a poor trait?

You want to store very short cake
Estate, behind the gate, NY State, why wait?
You tryin' to get paid by the lake
In each state and do the shit at high pace

Under the dirt, there was nothin' left but bones
A lot of tall grass around his tombstone
His mother left alone, her heart felt sorrow
No time to play with the precious time we borrow

They live next door, but he was worlds away
In reality, but such a high price to pay
He was easy to recognize from his dress code
Nothin' but a firework about to explode

A short fuse who was bound to lose in the struggle
His grandparents went through a great deal of trouble
To keep him out of jail, they even put they house on
sale
To post bail, but the kid still failed

I remember when he called collect from behind bars
Sufferin' from two injuries and nine scars
He said he'd give anythin' to be out the pen
But it would be his permanent home until the end

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Wait, I got to get mines
With a side of French fries, not kid sized
Sixes fives, I give off a pimp's vibe
Is it the vines? Watch like a sitcom

Throwin' rocks with my pitchin' arm
More bricks than when the Knicks is on, I'm sittin' on
Shittin' on your boss, been written off
Shots I'm lickin' off the top like a different source

Rippin' this raw like a kitchen chore
That's a block not chicken broth
Hold the pot with your mittens on
Dicks kickin' in the door
And went to pick me off like a lint ball

Jumped out the fifth floor, it's a pit fall
When I hit the lawn, shit, it fell like a jigsaw
Rather get hit at the board, then to get tossed
Went to court, got shipped off like a brick of soft

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