

Browne Jackson

"A Charmed Life"

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Africa Port-Au-Prince Knoxville Anvan
Manhattan South Bend Albany Brooklyn - where you
coming from?
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(fading in)
Brooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
I live a charmed life
We going back in the years
Imagining if my whole world what
Where you coming from
Brooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
I live a charmed life
We going back in the years
Imagine if my whole world

I been around the sun twenty-five times
And I still find new ways to recognize shine
Its like light gets better with age
The way a song sounds better on stage
And rhyme books get better with each page
What before the first bar was written
A first verse was spittin
Before label execs was bullshittin
Way back when Aunty Leann Aunt Mimi and Aunt Jackie

was babysitting
Before food was bitten, consumed through a nipple
I'm talking about when times were simple
To make a long story short it goes
Port-au-Prince Knoxville Anvan love and the city that
never sleeps
From thought to finish I was born just a couple of weeks
late
Stayed home longer just to make sure everything was
on straight
All systems go cut the umbilical cord
From old earth to new earth Manhattan to turf
For what its worth my mum held me down one deep
Pops was absentee but minds you don't sleep
It took her feelings to raise me lean taught me how to
read
By the time I went to school I was in high speed
Ready willing and able jackie taught me how to add
with
Dried up black eyed peas on the kitchen table
And coming home to a mothers love and good care
Never wanted it was always enough
But when it came to education its like she had one rule
Theres no such thing as too much school
Not to mention lean taught me how to play the piano
and then
Every summer I was out in south ben
Grandpops a bartender at a country club
Me and my cousins from grand rapid was living it up
Me and granny watching ??? football golden blue
She said you cant beat the team and them b's too
Some say I got my sense of humour from her
And I learned patience from making models in the
basement
Brooklyn, new york to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
With no time for refrains I barely got enough time to
explain
How hip hop captivated my brain
My mama raised me on soul and beethoven
Sports clubs from private school put me up on soft rock
That was cool but I left Z100 and WGLJ
To find bliss with real s and kiss
Video music rocks showed my what time it is
Wrote my first rhymes as corey but j-live was sparked
Making pause mix demos with my main man mark
Playing ball in the park, there was other heads too
I was the herb of the crew, then I learned what to do
Got my way from school started battling fools
G nice my friendly rival at the lunch table
He started spark at a dark with damian and I date

I was down for a bit but that was just a DJ
Starting spinning in the PJs with satcho and them
Back and forth from the tables to the pad and the pen
Then I had to do a bit upstate but wait
I wasn't incarcerated but college educated
As soon the albany I was a full time student part time
emcee
At the time raw shack was the place to be
Living on judge clark
Started building with gods
16 man squad
by the time knowledge was 120 we was just 5 deep
I went from mekka to albany a student and landed in
medina as a teacher
I had this rhyme reacher
We recognised what whats happening
I'm making records and I'm winning
But that's another story and it's only the beginning

Brooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
Not my whole entire life but just a slice of the pie
A few pieces of the who what when wheres and whys

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