

## **Inspectah Deck "Cradle To The Grave"**

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To anyone whoever lost one  
Survival it may cost one

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Yo, what up kid it's been a few years  
So many blood, sweat and tears shed  
Ya name still appears in my head  
It seems like yesterday we floated to Queens  
Holdin' cream, only 16, 'bout to load up the triple beam  
Paper chasin', gettin' thrown in the pens over and over  
again  
Comin' home sittin' low in ya bed  
If ya stairin' down on me right now show me the path  
So I know that havin' my people can close the gaps  
Me, daily I spar as I tour this world bizarre  
I've been hit pretty hard, suprised I made it this far  
Seen your daughter yesterday, she's such a beautiful  
girl  
Besides today, ain't nothin' really new in my world  
So I wish you was here, we had a vision and the picture  
was clear  
We'd both get rich off this and disappear  
Your life is over but your legacy's just begun  
And that is said, only the good die young  
I guess it's all good

Cradle to the Grave (from the Cradle to the Grave)  
Don't throw your life away  
Such a price to pay  
I still feel the pain  
I remember when  
Things were so different then  
But I'll remain ya friend  
'Til we meet again

Is Heaven any different from Hell? Is it worth the  
battle?  
In search of Heaven I can get trapped too  
Sometimes I wanna join you, take my place upstairs  
But I'm not ready to leave my family in despair

I know if you was here you'd be rockin' the latest Nike  
Airs  
All the fires gear burnin' one, totin' hardwear  
Or we hit Lennox, check precise set of Lexus  
Check the message on the pagerit's two bucks the next  
chicks  
I had to do this, for Earnie Sayon and Aaron Lewis  
And all my families that have been through this  
And I know my days are numbered too because of you  
Aiyo you got it locked, hold me a spot for when I come  
through  
'Til then I gotta be strong, a time bomb  
One step from doin' life, my rap sees miles long  
But like simply when I keep holdin' on  
But I can only hold on for so long

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It's a Cold World kid, you ain't really missed much  
It's hard just to get up, it's hard not to give up  
I struggled tryna move up, I might lose touch  
Been fightin' all my life for my right to do such  
To all my single mothers strugglin'  
Life bitters to the thugs out hustlin', here me  
To all who walked the long road and met the end of the  
route  
I miss you all so I send this out

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