

## Kaywhy "Can You"

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[Verse 1: Kaywhy]

Never really liked writin' growin' up, in fact I hated it  
Used to draw pictures in class of some crazy shit,  
Now I make pictures with words of some crazy shit  
Painting possibilities of present—'I'm creative kid  
A second grader kid; simply set on makin' it  
New kids, new clique, went to hope, I "Our Lady'd it"  
I was almost famous kid  
Kyle young the greatest kid  
Best thing from '86  
Next thing my name is big  
Bigger than smalls, invincible to all  
Crayons, markers, penciling bars  
Digits from broads  
Interest in cars  
Miss the Acclaim  
I miss the Galant  
Forget the Chevette, I'm livin' for fame  
Need to make it now while shits still insane  
So pickin' my brain to figure which lane  
Wishin' I could cheat  
Cause this shit is a game

[Chorus: x2]

Can you  
Run to where you ran to  
Handle what life hands you  
Look to the sky, don't say good bye to where you were  
Tell me

[Verse 2: Chad]

Back in the day growin' up a little kid  
Obeyin' all the rules of what my parents said  
Now he's a big boy goin' to school  
They were happy that I made it, they were happy I was  
cool  
Cool like a waterfall, oh what a sight  
My momma taught me how to sing,  
My daddy taught me how to fight  
Don't be a follower of all the fellas  
Forget the kids who laugh at you—they're only jealous  
Well the words they said paid off,

I moved out to California with my head fulla deep  
thoughts  
And I wanna get ahead in the game  
Gotta do what I can and fight for what I came for.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Kaywhy]  
Now I breathe ganja,  
Now I drink beers  
No I eat problems  
Now I see fears  
Innocence is gone, I'm a big boy now  
If I wanna mess it up, I got a choice now  
Take a look to the sky, see the clouds  
Don't turn around  
Learn from it now  
And can you—make it thru the hurricane  
Can you—yearn to see the sun again  
And I dunno if I'll make it past 21  
But please believe you won't mistake me for no other  
one  
Waitin' till the summer comes  
Yea I'm turnin' 21  
A whole new year of blowin' through money—fun!  
To be a kid again, wishin' I could live again  
Back when I could chill never had to be a gentleman  
I need to win, But it depends,  
On how much I want it and the time that I spend

[Chorus]

[Musical piano solo]

[Chorus: with choir]

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