

Charles Hamilton "Music"

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[Verse 1:]

America got a thing for this gangster shit
Well I ain't got it
So if different shit is wack to you, don't cop it
I can only be honest in the shit that I write
Take a trip through my life
Visit the vivid imagery I'm giving you twice
One with the beat, the other when I'm spitting precise
You can't help but say this nigga is nice
But if I don't make a tec spit
You won't respect it
Or cop the record, so fuck it let me get reckless
If I like that shine on your necklace
I'm a buss shots, go shine on your necklace
Drop top sped off before those hots shots let off
Now your ass can't wear shine cause you're neckless
(haha)
Shit, let's get serious people
Real shit really isn't real to you people
This is my life, fuck what you write
This is my genre, fuck what you like.

[Chorus:]

I got no real family
No real friends
No real escape
No real end
So I'm gonna die with my music by my side and that's
true shit
No good liquor
No good bud
No good pussy
No good drugs
So music is the only love.

[Verse 2:]

You ever had a fuckin conversation with a song you
sampled
Smoking as much weed as the bong could handle
I was high looking for some inspiration
A way that I could talk through the beat itself
Then I put on some Grand Central Station

Track 9 on the album, Release yourself, it said "Music is the only Love"
Hell Motha fuckin' yeah
It's the only love, I'm never lonely cause it disowned me
Trust that if it needs me, I'll be there and vice versa
Can't say the same about these phoney punks
When I was laying in the hospital bed hooked to an IV
No one even cared if I was dead, ain't want to find me
Music was right there, my life was touched
So I love music twice as much.

[Chorus:]

Sometimes I feel like I...
Got no real family
No real friends
No real escape
No real end
So I'm gonna die with my music by my side and that's true shit
No good liquor
No good bud
No good pussy
No good drugs
So music is the only love.

[Verse 3:]

Sleepin on the 2 train, freezin cold
18 years old, wearing pink and gold
No desire to live
No where I need to go
Dead tired but wired from weed and coke
E and dope, speed and anything that could help me
leave this hopeless state of mind
God saw me, he would note,
Forgive me god for saying leave me alone
He forgave me and he gave me
The best thing that has ever happen to me
That's the treble and the bass clef
Turns out that I had it since a baby
Because of pain, I lost sight of it lately
This whole world makes me crazy
But not music, music just makes me
I don't make music. Music makes me
So you can hate me
Music appreciates me

[Chorus:]

So I'm gonna die with my music by my side and that's true shit
No good liquor
No good bud

No good pussy
No good drugs
So music is the only love.

[Talking:]

This is dedicated to anyone that puts music first
If you would rather sing than breathe
If all you had left in your body was the ability to play
your instrument, would you?
If so this is for you
If you would write a song with your own blood as ink
This is for you
Music is not just an expression
It is an Art Form
It is a tourniquet to the bleeding heart
Music is the helicopter that saves your soul from the
hurricane of life
Music is all you got
This is for you.

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