

Laid Back

"Carry On"

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[Crooked Eye]

9 months, 10 days, 60 minutes of pain
moma opened up, screamed my name
pictured her son in the game
many nights, I didn't know if I'd see another meal
but you did what you had to do, always keeping it real
pops was locked up for hustlin, but he gave he can
so I respect the fact, he raised a boy to a man
now you gone, god sent death to ya tonite
i hope the angels lead the way, guide you straight to
the light
fuck me up in the brain, seein more thugs in them
tubes
life's got your boy hatin and all but there's nothin I can
do
momma I miss ya, this baby boy, gotta move on
so a dedication of my love, is why I wrote ya this song
if I could, I'd gladly trade my life in for yours
takin it like a soulja, and I'm going to war
you haven't made a return since you left, i've been so
all alone
tell me mamma, how ya baby boy supposed to move on

[O'Dell/Peaches]

my life's been different since my moma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...
my life's been different since my moma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...
my life's been different since my moma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...
my life's been different since my moma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...

[Mr. Serv-On]

even though I had a brother and a sister
you met my pops and made him your mister
he was with ya two years after ya died
and gave me life and took advantage
now I'm all alone, two kids foster grown
me, young and scared, of your presence in the world
fuck you in stress you brought less

and smiled on us, 3 sins without forgiveness
our witness, a few men coming and going,
now I know they didn't leave for free
so even if I give my fucking life up,
this shit didn't amount to what you gave me
a child couldn't breath right, for the first 60 nights in
his life
you stand by my side like we was riders and we goin to
ride
that's why I get high, this love affair between you and i
and I couldn't believe when my homey said,
him and his momma wasn't family
and I hope god takes the breath out of me,
if that even crosses my mind,
and in time, I know you gonna leave me,
that's why until then, your in my psalm 27 dash one,
and I'm your son, momma I love you

[O'Dell/Peaches]

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[Billy Bavage]

dear momma, forgive me I'm a ghetto child
i'm tryin to slow down, I'm living foul and wild
i know you looking at me from the sky
you say I got my poppy eyes, I gotta long ass story to
write
i think about you everytime I'm high,
they say a nigga tell the truth when he high
where I'm a go when I die? god forgive me,
for my stress, my momma left,
me when I was six
i needed a momma as a kid,
my poppa wasn't there for me
so I kicked it with my homies,
but you still in my heart since the day one
cuz I'm still your son, and I know where I came from
fool, like your moms, I'm crying now
kick it back, smoke a blunt, with fifty wide out

[O'Dell/Peaches]

my life's been different since my moma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...
my life's been different since my moma's gone

tell me how will I carry on...
my life's been different since my momma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...
my life's been different since my momma's gone
tell me how will I carry on...

[Peaches]

how will I carry on, now that my momma's gone
dear lord help me be strong, so I can carry on
i'd like to change since you've been gone
how will i, how will I carry on

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