

## Montgomery Gentry

### "Taken For Granted"

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[Syke talking]

Yeah, this goes out,  
To all my little shorties, my nephews,  
My lil homeboy's kids  
My big homeboy's kids,  
And uh, my neutral son Chris man  
Little Corey Mack I had to put you in this one man  
cause you know I love you

Verse 1:

Now take little Corey Mack just livin' on the edge  
Not a care in the world just a walkin' dead, people said,  
He wouldn't live past the age ah sixteen  
Juvenile delinquent constantly sykin' up to dope fiends,  
Mean mugging over thuggin' on everybody he knew  
Had a down crew tripped out on them to,  
But the booze started kickin' in he couldn't win  
Now eighteen on his way to the state pen  
Don't turn ya back on ya friends was in the letters he  
wrote  
His mom going broke on packages and Newports,  
Time's short and now his terror's on the streets  
Big Corey Mack's back trippin' only been a week  
At his peak wid his devilish game  
His family's tryna keep him tamed  
He's tryna build his street fame  
He said he can't change or rearrange for the right,  
Then he didn't come home one night,  
You tell me what happened...

[Syke talks]

Now this one, goes out, to my little homegirls  
Nelly's daughters and all my lil homegirls daughters

Verse 2:

Now take lil pretty fine Priscilla,  
Got turned out, chasin' cash and drug dealers  
Big willies only leave ya lonely and dissed,  
Back in the day Priscilla wasn't even like this

She had to insist on being conceited, and flauntin' her  
looks  
Instead ah reachin' her mind in the text book  
Many got shook for havin' low budgets and regular  
cars  
No action wid a buck she wants a movie star by far,  
She's gorgeous and the center of attraction  
She wants a football player wid a mansion, the latest  
fashion  
She needs is that the greed is wrong  
Her parents gave her morals that were strong, hear me  
on  
How she canived on one girlfriend,  
Slept wid one's man cause he had a Benz  
When will it end and will she ever give up,  
Now she got five kids livin' life stuck  
You tell me what happened...

Verse 3:

Now in life you gotta use what you got  
Don't try to plot cause you only get one shot,  
To get what you can sequence the plan of a realist  
Some don't never ever take nuthin' serious  
Keep this in mind ya runnin' outta time make a  
decision,  
Set goals, have dreams, no matter what position that  
you in  
Play to win, the game is cold  
Some givin' up game that ain't need to be told  
Suckas fold like money it's funny how bad loves  
company  
Stay true to something,  
And you will see sunny days,  
betta ways are the routes to get out  
Can't find a way pray if you ever in doubt  
Let you out of the ghetto, hello fool this is real life  
Adversity and distress is on the way to paradise  
Enticed by expensive things you can't have patience,  
It'll be there waitin',  
Take nothing for granted

[Syke talking]

Yeah, and that's for sure  
Take nothing for granted in life  
Everything that you get, betta cherish it,  
Like it ain't never coming back,  
Cause it might not come back,  
So, all the little ones,  
Just think before ya do something,  
Cause life's to short, wid no support

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