

Nevada

"Crutch"

Visit "[Crutch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus)

You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing
with you
You don't have to cry no more
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it
real with you
You don't have to cry no more

(Boondox) I remember bein broke with no record deal

(Kalage) Broke with no job

(B) Too broke to smoke dope

(K) Man, times so hard

I wanna take my own life

(B) That's what pain do to you

(K) But I'm too broke to even die

(B) I couldn't afford a funeral

(K) I'm too broke to spend time

(B) Y'all don't know how it feel

I could've been a metal welder

(K) 'Cause I know how to steel (steal)

(B) Naw, I ain't braggin, I'm just keepin it real

I was so broke my wet dream was 'bout eatin a meal

(K) Man I been homeless

(B) You ever spent the night in the grass?

(K) With ants and mesquitos

(B) While they bitin ya ass

(K) My best friend got shot nine times for nothin

He was all I had, we used to lie and say we was cousins

(B) Even mamma turned her back on me, wouldn't look
me in my face

I'm a disgrace to my folks...

(K) 'Cause I ain't graduate?

(B) I ain't have nobody

(K) Man, I wish I was dead

(B) I was alone so I turned to God and he said

(Chorus)

(Boondox)

As far as I remember, I been in high school ever since
elementary

Since the fifth I been twistin spliffs and hittin the weed
My eyes went through menestration every day in the
summer

At age six, my piss could crank up a Hummer
Had a hooker mom, like Alfred she Hitchcock
Bumped dad, 'cause when he visit it was like a pit stop
I lived knock hard, like Jay-Z, boy ya won

Things got harder, at age eighteen, I bought a gun
A three-eighty caliber, for street crazy scavengers
Tryna take my ???, I'll turn your hat lavender
Sacks of herb in my pocket I smoke eventually
Supposed to be sellin 'em, but it's hard to give 'em
away

Livin the day for tomorrow, so on the down-low
I used beats and rhymes, why not, look at me now
From flippin dimes, playin get like me to get a dollar
To ridin on my own twenties in my Impala, I ain't cryin

(Chorus)

(Kalage)

Well, I been hearin a lotta people say that blood's
thicker than water

Well answer this then, which would you swallow?

I said that to say, it don't matter, friend or kin

Shawn ain't my cousin but he here through thick and
thin

(B) OK, I came up but all the faith folks came down

(K) The script flip flopped

(B) Now the game changed round

Everybody wanna chill now, in my grill now

Now my smile ice cold, white gold like whooooooaaaaa!

(Chorus) 4x

Visit [Nevada](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.