

## Crooked I

### "Auphelia Payne"

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This one's dedicated to my home girl, Auphelia Payne

She was a ghetto little girl who became a young woman  
Didn't have no kids, didn't plan on one coming  
And niggaz who wasn't bout shit, she'd run from em  
From a welfare family, look how the slums done em  
Daddy was an alcoholic so her mama dissed him  
Her gang banging brother was a homicide victim  
One of her other younger brothers locked by the  
system  
She sent him letters, couldn't describe how she missed  
him  
Told him jobs in the hood ain't plenty  
So I'm part-timing it at Denny's  
But she didn't tell him at night she's strip club waitress  
serving Henny  
Rocking lace stockings and a mini  
Customers ask if they could buy sexual favors  
Even the women want bisexual favors  
But she don't get down like that and so they label her a  
hater  
Go on, baby, tell them what you're made of

You don't know what to do, you gotta make it through  
I feel your pain  
You gotta keep on fighting and you will get to the better  
days  
I feel your pain  
Keep pushing, you'll be fine, don't give in, you'll be  
alright  
I feel your pain

Now she wanna go to school so she enrolled in night  
classes  
Told her friends about it but they acted like asses  
They don't know we can't let this life pass us  
Jet black hair, shaded eye glasses  
Standing on the bus stop like a poster of dignity  
Even though niggaz push crack in that vicinity  
You keep your identity  
Rest in peace, big bro tatted on your left arm in

beautiful calligraphy  
It'll be a cold day in hell when you give up  
You got a game plan to pull that european whip up  
Get a interior decorator to fix your crib up  
For being sick of the bullshit, I give you big ups  
A lot of your homegirls, they ain't built the same  
You tell them to get off they ass but they still remain  
Lead by example though, kill the game  
And one day they can build and change  
I feel your pain

You don't know what to do, you gotta make it through  
I feel your pain  
You gotta keep on fighting and you will get to the better  
days  
I feel your pain  
Keep pushing, you'll be fine, don't give in, you'll be  
alright  
I feel your pain

She was a ghetto little girl who became a young woman  
And three years from now, she got a son coming  
Today she in a 600, look at her stunting  
While naysayers was fronting, she went and done  
something  
Made it out of school, got two coupes to twirl  
On the weekends she speaks at a youth group for girls  
Teach them how to properly move through the world  
Droppin jewels of wisdom if you choose the pearls  
Got her own business and she's barely even 30  
She said I prayed for strength and, baby, god heard  
me  
Got accountants now, employees, and attorneys  
Found a real nigga who appreciates her journey  
Ain't gotta do it alone, got a loan  
Moved mamma right out of the criminal zone  
Got a front and back bone when little bro come home  
Now she even got her own song  
I feel your pain

You don't know what to do, you gotta make it through  
I feel your pain  
You gotta keep on fighting and you will get to the better  
days  
I feel your pain  
Keep pushing, you'll be fine, don't give in, you'll be  
alright  
I feel your pain

Yeah, you know what I'm saying? This one goes out to  
my homegirl, Auphelia

Payne. You know sometimes we as men always focus  
on our own problems and we  
ignore the problems that our women are going  
through. You know what I'm  
saying? But if nobody else care about your everyday  
stuggle, you gotta know  
that I do. Smile, baby girl, it's gonna be alright. We  
gonna make it through  
the storm and watch the sunshine. I feel your pain

I feel your pain  
I know your going through a thang  
Everything will be okay  
The sun shines after rain

Hey, I feel your pain  
I know your going through a thang  
Everything will be okay  
The sun shines after rain

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