

## Young Dro "Hear Me Cry"

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Ay, boi, wat's up, wat's hannenin'?  
It's ya boy, Young Dro, fuckin' around with me, man  
I'ma teach ya niggas how to cry, ya keep fuckin' with  
me  
I been doing hard shit, right, shit get fucked up  
A lot of shit get fucked up, do about it, nigga  
Could you do? Could you do? Yeah

Hear me cry, it's like mmm, mmm, mmm  
Hear the shots they like boom, boom, boom  
Heads high at the moon, moon, moon  
And when we die, it's like soon, soon, soon

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I miss grand mamma Maggie, I miss Josh  
Ponto, I neva fogot cha, plus they killed Tasha  
On top of that, I got shot up and guess who did it, my  
patna  
Askin' God is it probably okay if he could just wash it  
away?

See the expression that I got on my face  
See the weapon that I got on my waist  
I'm still trippin', my mom still slippin'  
Pray for me and wait for me as soon you and my  
daughter get rich

These days for me T.I. made a way for me  
And Jason had a place for me  
Doug on the case with me plus Hannah they makin' me  
straight  
They knew I'm ghetto but I got what it takes

See the PSC without me, they fake, my niggas  
God is my witness and I'm cryin' the time I'm living  
But I will never give up walkin' to my rhythm, like wat?

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I never talked about this but now is the time  
I tried to let it go but this shit destroyed my mind  
My homie, his momma dying and his baby daughter,  
she blind  
She got no one to play with nuttin' but a daughter that's  
mine

I'm takin' more than time, Lord, hurry, they killed Brian  
And plus they killing kids, hurry up, 'fore they kill mine  
Killing time, lately there's a funeral, I'm soon to go  
Young Dro, bless me in peace and look at the moon  
blow

Thinking about wen my daddy got high and I had my  
room closed  
Broke, I can't survive winter wearing these June clothes  
Blooms slow up with flower, I'll die in hours  
The water gone off but I'm cool, my tears shower me

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I'm finna cry man, call Quntay  
This shit hurt for real tip, call Donsay  
Tell him that I meant for one day  
For us to make shit, shawty that nig shot me up  
I couldn't take it

Plus I had to wear a shit bag but I forgave him  
He shot me but God helped me fly off like a raven  
Don't hate him, pray for him  
Zayzay made a way for him, my homeboy died, yeah  
[Incomprehensible]

All I got is faith, pimp and money from the seventies

All kind of felonies, a playa like Bill Bellame  
I'ma go to heaven, nigga, fuck, wat y'all tellin' me  
Fuck it, I'ma stop rappin', shawty, sang this hear

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