

Young Son "Broken Realities"

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(feat. Courtney Williams)

(Verse 1)

It seems like
We look for hope
All our life
But when you grow up in certain parts
It's hard to keep your mind right
Everybody cry for world peace
But those insights look blurry
When they find the world
Is cold like snow flurries
Like the ones who were born
To a family of 8
Welfare checks come in
Every 1st of the month
And that week
Somehow that months worth
Of money
Disappears
The same money
That's suppose to get them
Through the months of the year
Cuz somebody said you could make
A quick hustle, flip it
And multiply
Yeah, that pie in the sky
Or they smoke it all up
Getting high as the sky
While the children starve
And no matter how hard you try
You can't shake the look in their eyes
As they cry out for help
Yet they keep it on the inside
Alone
Poverty roams
How can we worry bout overseas
Until we fix this problem right here at home

(Chorus-Courtney Williams)

So till that day we reach the sky
I pray for the strength
Just to carry on, on, on
Broken realities
Got me torn
Wondering why I gotta
Face this world alone, alone

(Verse 2)

But its like
Mankind is only human
When they continue
To put these things
In front of us
Every which way you turn
There's a liquor store
With whinos in the front
Begging for a nickel
Just to get a sip or more
Nickel bags
They blow trees like sycamore
Get the young block hooked
The same thing that was sick before
Is sick again
In the time we live in
Different year, same stuff
Same strife that will trickle in
So most turn to families of the street
Who carry the heat
With rags dangling
Feeling the pride
With the hearts of a thousand men
Become souljahs in a street war
They shouldn't even be fighting in
Cuz the reality of it
After these battles
There's no victor
Man the devil
He's some trickster
To make us think
We need this
But to our surprise
We find its cultural genocide
Everybody dies, I cry

(Chorus-Courtney Williams)

So till that day we reach the sky
I pray for the strength
Just to carry on, on, on

Broken realities
Got me torn
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(Verse 3)

But it's a blessing in disguise
If strife was brought to you
And you simply didn't let it
Become your demise
It made you humble
Made you learn to get your own
Work hard just make it
And continue to press on
Those who move forward
Means they passed the test
From God
Found that the grass was greener
Beneath the sod
Beneath the titled brim
And beyond fa'ades
Above the drug dealers
And the cats on the block
Making the free throw shots
In your game of life
And never fouling out
Cuz your game is aimed right
That's the type that got they brain right
Able to get a high school diploma
Finish school and get them things right
Them things you say we need in life
A good job, good money
People who love you
and I mean right
In the blink of an eye
Your broken reality could
Be made whole again
And be blessed from the sky

(Chorus-Courtney Williams)

So till that day we reach the sky
I pray for the strength
Just to carry on, on, on
Broken realities
Got me torn
Wondering why I gotta
Face this world alone, alone

