

Big Syke "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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