

## **Mr. Children**

### **"Only The Strong Survive"**

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Damn, another year gone by. Homies still locked up,  
couple homies resting  
in peace, you know what I mean?

Born and raised through out the Southern California  
side  
Raised in the streets by Gs, always had a sense of  
pride  
Used to being a hand knock, breaking into pad locks  
Smoking a drinking a little bit to wash away my bathed  
eyes  
This was the life for me, bought to a society  
The homies I came up with had a common orderiety  
Breaking them laws, a problem with them my society  
My father didn't want me, understand why momma lied  
to me  
They say that God blesses a child that holds his own  
I didn't know it, but I felt it when I held my chrome  
Feeling alone, feeling I got the world to roam  
And it's hard to stay clean, when thieves surround your  
home  
Growing up hard dammit, bruised, tatted, an scarred  
My home away from home was concrete and bars  
Living the fast life, need to stop before I crash  
Easy come easy go, living life chasing cash

I take a look up in the sky, heavy hearted feelin  
stressed out  
Take a hit of the chronic, blow my breath out  
These are the trials and tribulations that a criminal was  
facin  
So I guess I gotta face it

I take a look up in the sky, heavy hearted feelin  
stressed out  
Take a hit of the chronic, blow my breath out  
These are the life and times, ducking felonies, crooked  
cops  
And crimes, cause only the strong survive

Beat another case fresh out in 98

Did a year of some change, but I ain't changed I ain't  
straight  
Got an attitude that's worst, still connect with my turf  
Pack a little .25, or 2 clips under my shirt  
Put some weed in different sacs, hit the streets and go to  
work  
Haha, that's the way we put in work  
That was right before the homie, Shy, got shot in the  
face  
Around the same time, my homie started takin trips out  
state  
Like Huey, tried and convicted as an adult  
Homies striking out for slanging dope, and pistols  
assault  
That was the rap shit, way before the rap shit started  
Homies out on the mission, blastin hittin they targets  
It was us against them, fuck the world if we had to  
I remember when the homie Skills gave my first tattoo  
Rest in peace dawg, God bless your family and all  
I guess someones gotta answer whenever Heaven calls

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Now years later in the rap game, shit ain't changed  
Besides a little bit of fame, shit I still live the same  
Got a lot to lose, so now I stay in my lane  
But still I stay connected to the homies that bang  
Ask about me from the rap game, streets, and the  
system  
Haters wanted some drama, then this heat's what I  
give them  
One of the homies grew a rat, there's no way to forgive  
him  
No excuse, you know the rules to this life that we livin  
And it's sad but I got the paper work to prove it  
Mention my name in shit I ain't had shit to do with  
Gettin other homies caught up, dragging good names  
down  
I wish I could see you now, you fuckin bitch ass clown

Smile on the day they catch you, let those lips run now  
Cooperating with huras, so look what you got now  
You never know who to trust...  
Turn your back on them snakes, look wat they do to us

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A moment for the homies who are resting in peace,  
Too the homies in the prison cells,  
Hope to see you soon homies...

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