

Kero One "My Story"

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(Verse 1)

It's way past my curfew in an emcee circle
rhyme dispersal, the ones without rehearsal
and if Pops found me, I'd get smacked hard
by that tree branch from my own backyard
cause it was all about textbooks and grades with A's
something hard to juggle as a hiphop slave
skating on pave, or lounging after school with my crew
writing tags on the bus, or finding ways to rock a shoe
paying dues no return no concern back then
like fat kids in lunch lines at shows packed in
for rhyme battles with ill punch lines at crunch time
by unknown emcees thinking why aren't they signed?
then I'd pick up a pen and express
rhymes were nonsense but nonetheless were off my
chest
while some thought I should stop wasting my breath
dent on confidence I put my pen to rest
so what's left but getting high every day
rolling blunts with vegas, smoking profit away
Cypress Hill on play singing stoned is the way
singing stoned is the way

(chorus)

And its like that I'm telling ya
That's the way it went down, down down
And it's like that I'm telling ya yo the truth is out my
story is found
And its like that I'm telling ya
That's the way it went down, down down
And its like that I'm telling ya, yo the truth is out
My story is found..

(Verse 2)

And with mad smoke came the need for entertainment
But Hiphop radio was now playing some strange hits
clubs gettin closed, cause money was tight
folks would rather find some ass.. than that hiphop
trash
and can I blame em? I'm sayin, things were rock
bottom
With exceptions of few, my head was rarely nodding

So I got in a zone and blew the dust off my notepad
Arm wrestled with words, struggled with vocab
then wrote, slowly steadily something something
if lyrics were harsh the beats had to be bumping
no frontin, right off the bat some turned their backs
but many felt the same which put my name on the map
and brought me down my coast , Japan and back
mad support from locals cats, like homies at Stacks
with blunts burnt out at the end of its road
blazing trails on a spiritual path, with new goals
and that's how it went how the plot unfolds
they asked about the story so let it be told

(chorus)

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(Verse 3)

Singing one for free cans and two for mean streaks
That's the very track that put my past in the streets
Deejays copped doubles to juggle the beats
using language that managed to let their hands speak
To peeps that showed love but not all felt this rhyme
sayer
Non believers, killing vibes like Cal Tjader
Cause of my race or the way I appeared
But still I ran the race when placed to the rear
imagine a gook, a youth jumped by truth
kicked out spots at age five cause eyes looked glued
mentally struck, forget peaches and cream and such
but it built my biceps and today I lift up
jotting down facts and pouring out my soul in these
raps
fingers crossed, till herds are left with words that last
and beats that make dancers put soul in their
movements
Wreckin' shop from the bay, La back to Brooklyn
Kids scratch temples, scientists bite fists
Kero's on the scene shining light through mist
Cause if I'm not fueling the flame I'm like a puppet
My mouth might move but I ain't sayin nothing
So stay tuned to see how this ends
Sayin peace, sincerely yours, till we meet again
Sayin peace..till we meet again
Sayin peace

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