

Kero One "This Life Ain't Mine"

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Verse 1

Once upon a time there was a kid named Michael
he'd write about his life, but with so many typos
like when he wrote live, it should have said love
and when he wrote hit, he really meant hug
but he couldn't dig a hole
that's already been dug
like you couldn't smoke a bowl, and not
call it a drug
his story so imperfect but that's what
made it beautiful
at times like a circus but that's what
made it suitable
at a school, where kids used words like
"dudacle",
awesome, and radical with care-free attitudes
but as life went on, he put trust in songs
like when he heard BAD, he put gloves on his palms
when Biv sang Poison, he new jack swung
and when he heard BDP, yo his brain went num
that's when he got struck by that
hiphop bug
and those that had it, were the only ones that new
what's up
the beginning of a story he'd write in bed
which developed into tears and an ending that read..

Chorus

Check the rhyme
and check the rhyme one time
now check the rhythm
its the life of mine
Check the rhyme..
and check the rhyme one time..
I feel delivered..
when this life aint mine

Verse 2

As the story unfolded, the plot did thicken
when michael played with dirt that soap
couldn't rid him
hanging with a crowd, that clouded his decisions..

they doubted he was Christian by the way that he was
living
but not a misfit, to most your average Joe blow
minus a bit of lying or a run in with Po-Po (police).
and time to time put his mind in slow-mo
puffin marijuana till motivation was no-show
then took his mental photos and wrote em in a notepad.
utilizing metaphors and rhyming his vocab.
unsigned, hella broke, and still at his folks pad
he crawled back to church home turf since dads
gonads
Mike knew life meant more than getting by
living for fame, money, girls or getting high
he heard good deeds could never get him to heaven
but only through grace .and the son that God sent in
and thatÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢s when, he felt shivers set in
palms sweating, off his feet it swept him
a concept so deep he couldnÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢t sleep
he fell to his knees, as tears hit the concrete..
and it wasnÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢t concrete where mike was
headed next
but in faith he stepped as he developed this text..

Chorus

Verse 3

Now this concept not complex
but in context a contest,
a constant conflict with conscience to conquest
the accomplice promoting Mikes destruction
peddling greed, self righteousness and corruption
but Mike couldnÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢t win or even be that
good kid
he needed help, to find out how he could live
he wrestled pride, until a few left hooks hit
and accepted Christ, and everything he could give
but Michael didnÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢,ÃƒÂ¢Â¢Â¢t care as people
smirked and stared
some gave him props but inside Michael always
cheered
he knew his choice was right,
and at times thought twice,
but he believed the word cause the word it brought
light,
and he got it, he'd always be a man of sin,
but as long as Christ atoned, Mike was free within,
so he grabbed a pen, without hesitation,
and called his friends bout plans, that he'd be
breaking,
and wrote this story, he kept in his head
entitled, "this life aint mine" and it read

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