

Pictureplane

"The Return"

Visit "[The Return](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And they say they know me
'The fuck outta here
Only god knows what I been through man
So if you wanna talk
Get your facts straight first
And if you really wanna know
Let me ask you somethin

Have you ever walked in the shoes of a giant?
Or had to fill the position of a boss
Before you were even a client?
It's no wonder growin up under the roof of a tyrant
That I would be the poster boy for defiance
Now I'm the voice of the silence
Fuck bein quiet
I've seen 20 years worth of violence
I'm tired
It's a burden for me to open my eyelids
Not an undercover cop
But it's safe to say that I'm wired
I can't even get a grip of my life with pliers
I'm fucked up in the head
Close my eyes cause I see demons 'round my bed
So depressed open 'em up hoping I'm dead
Thought the fame would make it better
But it only fucked me over
Never used to touch a bottle
Now I'm hardly ever sober
People wanna be my friend?
But where the fuck were y'all when I was 10
Eleven and twelve gettin bullied
And beat up in the gym
I couldnt ever get a girl
Now all a sudden I'm the man
Students try to get back cool with me again
Fuck em all
Because guess where they gon' be
When my records stop playin
Gone with the wind
Off of the records I'm saying
That Kells fell off

I knew it would happen
Stop hatin
Cuz a month ago you was all over my jock
Sayin that I'm that motha fucka
But now I'm whack motha fucka?
My opinions changed but you cannot change facts
motha fucka
If you want bullet point than call me a gat motha fucka
I lay my whole life out like a mat motha fucka
And I've experienced some things that would stop you
from meetin
My schitzophrenic cousin tried to end my life while I'm
sleeping
My bummy unlce wanna call now that he sees me
succeeding
My momma left me for a teach
I lost my dad to the preaching
Half my friends are buried 6 feet
All the rest in the precinct
Literally watched my grandmother die from diabetes
I guess my prayers were answered
When my aunt got cancer and beat it
Now I wanna get her outta job
Give her the garden of eden
I did a lot of bad shit
God got even
But for the price I had to pay
I wish I'd stop breathing
My girl sat in the bath tub
8 hours bleedin
Hearing the doctor tell us our child's heart stopped
beating
Fuck a million
I wouldn't take a doller for a life
But I will do what's in my heart
And trade this dollar for a mic
I wrote this song in hopes
That it could help someone get through the night
But no intentions of gettin paid
I'm just doin what is right
I do it for the fans
No the real fans
Who stuck wit me through the storm
Cause they understand
That there's a genuine pain
Behind the words I'm sayin
And they embrace me
So I thank y'all for stayin
Ain't it crazy?
That passion is my achilles heel
Either that or keepin it way to real

But they don't know how it feels
To feed off the energy of a crowd
Step on stage and they get loud
And dad, Imma make you proud
I know we don't speak right now
But I think turning new leaves what we need right now
I love you
And you may not see right now
But I'm beggin for forgiveness
I'm on my knees right now
You saw your son as a dropout
Stuck around when I ran
Saw your son as a felon
Now see your son as a man
See your son be a father
To a beautiful child
Or just see your son dad
See me smile
Who woulda thought what started at the bottom
Would someday grow
From 3 people in the crowd
Unpaid shows
6 people in the room
1 meal a day
Another opening act where no one knows my name
Saw the demos that I passed out
Layin on the ground
Saw the rappers I befriended copyin my style
Saw opportunities passed
While these fakes got rich
Now I can't stop speedin
Like my brakes ain't shit
For 6 months I went through hell and back
Right at the height of my success
All of a sudden doctors said I couldn't rap
I had a polyp on my vocal chords
Left with a choice
Stop now or possibly lose my voice
But I woke up every mornin
And recorded till my throat swelled shut
Coughed blood up after every show
Cause it hurt that much
I went weeks without even saying a word to myself
No health insurance so the bills piled up on the shelf
Rap for my daughter and my fam
And every single fan
I pushed through it now I'm back for y'all again
As for my competition
This the begining of the end
But right now this is my return
Amen

Kells

And they say they know me
'The fuck outta here

Visit [Pictureplane](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.