

Franklyn Music

"One Mic"

Visit "[One Mic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm a blackman
Some people just tell white lies
Fiends with crushed dreams who feed off White lines
People drunk, off the breezers and White wine
White ace cans lace the street in the night time
It's deep Cos nuff peeps I see with my eyes
Seem to run see, but there's no White line
The race never ends
Fate never bends
I think deep so I'm writing on these White lines
At times I sit back
Watching from the sidelines
At night when it's pitch black
In my own quiet time
All I see is Crime and violence
Tired of the Red and blue lights and sirens
Tryna get this revenue
So they move green
So they can stack the pink notes in their blue jeans
Trust me it's too deep
This is what I see at night when you sleep
And it gets to me
I can't lie man it sresses me
To the point that stress is me
I get vex to the nth degree
Cos we've seen many deaths
But we don't get the message
Please can't you see that repping streets
Is so peak
And our hearts need rest, and see there's no peace
But na I won't preach
I'm just a farmer, I'm tryna sow seeds

All I need is one mic
All I need is one mic
All I need is one mic
(Forget everything else)
All I need is one Christ

There's Bare red letters in the yard with mum
And the landlord's threatening to kick them out

So Kierons scared to ask his mum
For the things that little kids think about
He grows up but there's still no luck
Mums still broke and there's still no funds
Dad was killed, he got shot down
And that Filled his blue sky with grey clouds
He was born with jaundice
With yellow eyes
But over time they turned green
Now he works overtime for those ps
So he can have clothes and ice and wear gold and Nike
And a White polo that's so clean
And drive a 5 door polo, It's so deep
His family are so mean
They show no love so he knows no peace
He hates school
His attitude's so blasÃ©
The only class he's involved in is class A,
He moves brown and he's dealing the coke
He will lay a dude down for the Silver and gold

All you get is one try
All you get is one life
All I need is one mic
All I need is one mic

I don't care if this gets one hit
Or a huundred thousand
Cos I done this for the hundreds of thousands of
people
Dying
Weeping
Crying all over the globe
No hope for their souls
But I hope that you know that we got a job to do cos if
we don't contribute
We constitute the problem too
This is my contribution... be part of the solution...
When I pick up the pen to write
I write fire cos it helps me to vent my mind
And express from the depths of my chest
I rhyme
Cos when I pick up the pen, all the stress subsides
But I'm begging, Christ
Protect me from the death please
Let me hide my eyes from the evil and pain
Day in and out I'm seeking your face
It's you and my rhymes that are keeping me sane

One Mic

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

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