

Franklyn Music "Sad Story"

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She was.. kinda bright
With the nicest eyes
Born in 95
She was kinda shy
With good grad
And she was never the type that liked
The hood raves
Na; She was clever and liked to write
Despised the hype
Was more of the quiet type
stayed home while everybody on roamed on the roads
Ainâ€™t rolling on road with her friends from school,
She would rather say no, she would roll on her own
And she never had to stay for detention
But she was insecure, was craving attention
Hates her reflection
Ashamed of her chest
And she wanted a change so she changed her
direction
And She was never a bad child
In fact, she would always stand out
But she strayed,
And went very insane,
Then she went and switched lanes
And then everything changed

Chorus (X2):

Sad story;
Sad story.
It's such a sad story;
Just another sad rap story.

Daddyâ€™s little angel
Dancing with the devil
Started missing school
She was a classed a rebel
She was far from a dumb child but
But parred with the wrong crowd
Didâ€™t know the ropes so she hung with the wrong
crowd
Walked out the yard with her bum out

Started bringing boys to the yard when her mumâ€™s
out
Then they started to call her phoneâ€¦
Well you should know how the story goes
Woah
She was smart but sheâ€™d rather give brain
Itâ€™s bizarre, cos her father did pray
Mum tried show her the way, she couldnâ€™t save her
And the cane wasnâ€™t able to tame her
Wow
And She was never a bad child
In fact, she would always stand out
But she strayed,
And went very insane,
Then she went and switched lanes
And then everything changed

Chorus (X2):

Sad story;
Sad story.
It's such a sad story;
Just another sad rap story.

And then things start to get serious
No class so she missed periods
Soon sheâ€™ll have her son in her life
And she couldnâ€™t look her mum in the eyes
Cos she just wanted to cry
Oh what a surprise
She felt like she just wanted to die
Cos she had not been wise
She plotted her own demise with her constant lies
Uh and itâ€™s paining me to say
It getâ€™s crazier cos she
Got a baby on the way
And thereâ€™s drama
With her unborn babyâ€™s father
Cos sheâ€™s sick and tired of persuading him to stay
She says that God will make a way
As she meditates, praying that the pain will fade away
But it doesnâ€™t, and she only blames herself cos she
went and strayed
And sheâ€™s hesitates to change her ways;
Tears on her face as she makes her way to the clinic,
and shes looking timid, and afraid
Wishing that she never did it or at least was clever with
it
Sitting in the station as she waits
And From life there was so much to attain
If she didnâ€™t throw it all away

She gets tired of all the thinking
And In a livid instant she jumps in front of the train

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