

A Broken Silence "By Your Laws"

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VERSE 1

Got three kids, just finishing the third of his three bids
Sang thief's theme's... but said when he returns he'll
get decent
Police said don't ever come on back to this district
He's kids can only have contact on the weekend
The distance is killing him, he'd die for those boys
Now his wife want divorce, his whole life is destroyed
There's no respite for my boy, just years of turbulence
Some start as burglars
Then they get shoved with peers whose murderers
They turn you to the dark art of streetlife
It's where that stairway to heaven's
A much larger and steep flight
And each night the mission is the same
Get your fist upon some change, keep your pistol on
your waist
Now his twisted in the game
And it's a bitch to get away
Cause paper's needed
Out today, but his mental state craves for freedom
Trying to slay them demons that pushed him to these
measures
Got a fam that needs feeding, He wasn't looking for no
treasures,
Just something better, but with all that pressure
saying...

CHORUS

Iv been trying harder not to fall
Cause what I'm striving for it isn't in my sight no more
Can you hear the cries my lord we trying to live by your
laws X2

VERSE 2

Got three kids and two jobs
Was a believer in true love
Got a man that went away cause he didn't see that
Judas
Her food does not grow on trees so she at hooters
Gotta make that mulla
Her sons sixteen he needs a tutor

Never was a boozier but now she drinks liquor in her
room
Cause this the type of shit, they don't equip you for in
school
Thinking her Mr is a fool
She files for divorce, cries to the lord
She's pissed off from the side of her porch
Rewinding thoughts to when she was her daughters'
age
Before the disorder came, dreamed of important aims
Wanted to study but her buddy's had distractions
galore
Could of been a help to her hubby practising Law
Trying to draw good from the struggle, look right threw
the trouble
But life in this jungle insights you to tumble
Her bundle of joy wants toys, needs a sweater
She rips her ex's mail up and says, my boys can't eat a
letter
They need something better, but with all the pressure
saying...

CHORUS

Iv been trying harder not to fall
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