

I Octane

"I Cry"

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Them see I a cry, see the tears inna me eye,
And them still a pressure I and I
Them say I a bawl, and them still a beat me mouth fi
bawl

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Imagine two friend a par, and one can't pay fi meat
And one a rasta, so one can't pay for leaf
And when night a fall, want place to sleep
Not even piece of bread fi nudge 'gainst me teeth
Oh god, them want man fi thief
Fi police come shoot me, they want man fi bleed
Earth them want man fi leave,
Into the the cemetery

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Right now, frowzy a mi cologne
Ca' me can't pull a gate and go inna yard and call it no
home
But still me nah rise up no chrome
And buss mi dome, and make no skin a left no bone
But when me rise up in the morning under "Mr. Cho"
What me a eat for breakfast, if you smell that you
vomit.

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Troyton, I wonder if them,
When me done express myself as a man,
Them a go set a better plan.

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