

## Cale Sampson

### "Cale Sampson"

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[Intro] Lets take it back in time man Here's a glimpse into my childhood [Chorus: 2X] I want you to see everything that I've been through before [Verse 1] When I was just a little kid I lived in a fantasy 'Cuz I needed to escape all of the insanity Had to find a medium, a mode to express The heavy load on my chest that made me totally stressed Eight years old with no siblings or father He never bothered to help me and my mother get started Every six months there was a different apartment Shame from being poor almost left me broken hearted No joke, crooks would try to crawl through my window In the middle of the night while I was sleeping in limbo Paralysed by fear, still I had to get up And try to scare them face to face 'till their asses give up When mom's was at work, I'd hear bangs at my door And look through the peephole at gangs in the corridor I saw hookers, drunks, arrests, and drug raids All the finer things in life witnessed at a young age Can't even tell you all the times I got chased By glue sniffing scum targeting me as prey And one time I remember I just barely got away When I snuck through that door and slammed it right on his face I've seen suicide, homicide, friends die of aids Stuff that makes you awkward so I just don't ever say it For your sake, that's why I write it down on these pages Then release it in studios, ciphers, and on stages [Chorus 1] Judge a book by it's cover (What's inside) My name's Cale Sampson, I've got nothing to hide And I ain't gotta be nice, you don't know where I've been If you can't tell who I am, or recognise what I've seen "I want you to see everything that I've been through before" - 2X [Verse 2] In grade one, they thought I was a problem kid So they sent me twice a week to a child psychologist Who wrote her honour's essay on the mind of little Cale And published in some academic journal is my tale When I'd go to set the table for breakfast or supper There would be cockroaches crawling all over the kitchen cupboard In my cereal bowl, plus inside my shoes When I'd try to put them on in the morning for school And not to mention, that I've got an older brother Who I've never met before born to

another mother Probably never see him 'till the day my father dies Man he lives in London England where he's struggled all his life Most of us have had it rough, ain't looking for no pity Moved across town to the other side of the city To start fresh again, where I didn't know no one It's where I discovered music and these rhymes started from [Chorus] [Verse 3] I was nine years old when I wrote my first rhyme Inspired by these dreads in my lobby freestylin' Didn't care I was young, or the fact I was white Little did I know how that moment would change my life With words of encouragement they told me to write Could have shattered my dreams, instead they helped me get tight And a couple years later after I moved away I saw their video on TV, then they faded away ("Put your guns down, put 'em down!") that's right Cale became a monster when placed behind a mic While all the other kids drew pictures in class I would stand up at the front during show and tell and rap Been working ever since through tears, sweat and blood I've crawled through mud, now all I feel is love So anyone that's doubted me and wondered why I do this Hope you've found a medium that's equally as therapeutic [Chorus] [Outro] Yeah, so now you know It feels good to get that out And even if I could I wouldn't change anything I'm thankful

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