

Strikey

"The Racist Bully"

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verse 1:

It was a normal day at Ravenscroft high school in year nine,
I studied everyday had S.A.T's coming that July,
And making my family ever so proud settled in my mind,
But racism happened, my fellow students had crossed the line,
And bullying started its nothing new was a matter of time,
By dumb arse girls wearing make up thinking they are fine,
And followed by guys thinking there ghetto listening to grime,
And teachers are useless accusing people of the wrong crime,
I tried my hardest making friends I know it took time,
It was a ladder going up so I needed to climb,
Was climbing high until the time I saw a warning sign,
2 faced people back chatting about me like I mind,
I still remember till this day some things I can't define,
They pointed and started laughing at me because I weren't there kind,
At times I'd run into the toilet crying on my file,
Wishing the day would end the two five one bus make me smile,

verse 2:

Another normal day at school this time in year ten,
The difference in year's means this time I had some more friends,
I started learning street slang and talking about my ends,
It was the time to write lyric so picked up a pen,
And started to write, my feelings down in a certain way,
Could only get noticed if I did practise every day,
But times were hard coz people laughed at everything I'd say,
So I was back at square one just tryna pass the day,
I never gave up, until this day I stand with dedication,
Nothing is easy I took the fame with humiliation,

In that situation I started using imagination,
So I had the confidence to rhyme inside any occasion,
It was about the time where respect for me was due,
I came from being nobody to popular inside the school,
Then skatzo introduced himself and liked the things I
do,
And then I instantly joined the final mentality crew,

verse 3:

By year eleven my status had rapidly grown,
And started street battling inside the social groups IÂ'd
own,
I came to far to give up then some said IÂ've flown,
To being a man some realised from my speaking tone,
But jealousy started not at the school but on my way
home,
The clothing that I wore made sure IÂ'd never walk
alone,
Would always get jumped when they see me on my
own,
I understand the reason why they took me off my
thrown,
Because I was different, and didnÂ't care what people
had said,
Even when receiving messages saying that IÂ'm dead,
I always stayed strong making sure I never bled,
Going threw 6th form this time thinking with my head,
- After seven years I left that school within July,
I wouldnÂ't be here today without that school but
despite,
Everything thatÂ's happened I can think to myself and
cry,
That growing up at school, was the hardest time in life.

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