

Game, The "My Love for You"

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My love for you
is like an angel flying thru the sky
like a bird in the wintering
your love for me
is so deep, and sorta like a black rose cracking the
ceament
My love for you
lives on like the memory of Aaliyah singin a last song
and your love for me
I'll never die like a black child struggling the ghetto to
survive

My heart goes out to the beautiful woman that raised
me
20 years after the wats riot early 80's
pops on drugs, moms couldn't take me in
had a daughter already said she was to young to feed
another baby
and shit got crazy, then 2 years came went
baby's just growing away, we cant even pay the rent
no hot water, I reminiscent, tears runnin' down my face
as i hold my daughter
you spent years by the fire place, I was in the garden
every sunday at the church
bible study at the cartends, I was hard head
back then I was selling crack
when your heard earned money payed for basketball
practice
always at the game on time, yelling at the coatches
wondering why your babyboy's sitting on the pon'
even thou life get's hard sometimes, I keep my head
up
and i can make the sunshine in just one rhyme
walk with me.

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And now the lanes at the 57 Lincoln continetal, peddle
to the floor
looking for the highway to heaven, remember when
your babyboy was 7
we had good times like i was Jay Jay and you was Fleur
the Evans
I should have listen to the revron, now i drain my pain
in this 40 ounce
and these born ass records, disrespecting your house
living reckless, look at me, inside your jewlery box
about to pown your necklace, every night you were in
the window, lookin'
but what you do when your grandson's crooked, and he
to old for whoopin'
used to tell me i was smarter than that, took me down
to the compton, swapt me
bought my first starter hat, pulled over a red jacket to
match
a pair of Levis, a number 8 Jordan's with the all black
straps
when you died my soul crack'd, can i get a soul clapp
I'm walking without a heart, can somebody hold that?

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I got alot of things i wanna axe the Lord
like why i cant see my grandmother face no more
and why i cant seem to live without her
and if i pray could he send her back to me one day
cus heaven to crowded, everytime i think about it
i'm missin' your smile, can barely cough
my angel is gone, im heartbroke, drowning in my own
tears
somebody trow me a robe or spread my wings so i can
fly

im ready to die
migh cry but im still a man, might be a man but i still
cry
big mama my angel in the sky
if u wanna feel my pain, then close your eyes, hold
your breath
now thats to close to death, open your eyes
see the light now, and if you love your grandmother
like i love mine
go tell her right now, i know how this might sound
but my plan is to show you that i understand, you are
appreciated!

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