

Haranga Mgl

"Hostilities in Me"

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[VERSE 1: Penhead]

It seems I have to chase paper
To truly be a player
Seen in the streets of South Acres
Young buck, wasn't gullible
Backed out a scuffle or two
One day I knew I'd be untouchable
My grade school days left me troubled
I got swooped when I rumbled
And became scared to throw my knuckles
Did you have the days you feel like no one loves you
This place is the jungle, the streets inferno
Has temperatures to burn your cajun black
Caged in a trap waitin to snap
Losin control, cruisin low with LB in the flow
Comin to get me to smoke
That's my folks, he knows my pain
Remember when I dove in the flames
No gold chains, just anger
Slowly turnin into a gangster
Dealin with all the heartache
Watchin my niggas be incarcerated
Can't take it but I face it
It's a challenge, though
My style is authentic, I'm still in the cut
You could say a diamond in the rough
Tryin to come up as a young buck
I was pissy drunk in the club
With blunts in the club
Love Harrisburg niggas for that
My people period
Through the years I became fearless
Ms [Name] used to talk to me
Our conversations would usually dawn on me
Tellin me to stay away from foolishness
Before I was on some Nelson Junior shit
Her words inspired my music
Lewis trained my eyes to see the games people play
I can see if cats is real, I can tell if they fake
So watch what you say assumin shit's sweet
Niggas can't see the hostilities in me

[CHORUS]

Things ain't always what they seem
There's a reason why I'm smokin weed
Things ain't always what you think
See the hostilities in me

[VERSE 2: Mr. Blackston]

Dear God, am I that bad of a man?
Do I deserve all this misery I've had in my hand?
Don't I deserve all the blessings that I've never
received?
All the people that I loved that just never believed
All the times that I could have been Satan's willing
apprentice
He sings relentless in the form of a merry temptress
Kids at home, do not attempt this
I'm a professional with strong defences
Look through my lenses, know what revenge is
It's what you feel when living in trenches has knocked
you senseless
You wanna teach these niggas and wenches what hell's
stench is
I know I'm bitter, but endless tears make my heart
wither
Starin for hours in a dark river
Dreamiin of leapin off the deep end
My soul's weak as weekend to weekend
Inside the wind I hear my destiny speakin
Tryin to reach this dream the best in me seekin
But my stress seems to steepen
My face is smilin but the rest of me's weepin
Cryin like a bitch at times in the darkest of hours
Pain and liquor's all that Marcus devours
But I gotta hold my hand toward the skies through
hardest of showers
My soul's a flower in the forrest of cowards
Cause the hostilities in me

[VERSE 3: Penhead]

Fuck the world, who was there when I needed them?
Dreamin of a way to leave my life and escape
Seein my mother get abused by my father
He had a drinking problem, now I think about it
It left a pain in me, what could I do in family feuds
The baby of four children, livin with four women
Three sisters and my mom who had to work two or
three jobs
To make sure the bills got paid
Dad would wear his gambling face
Every day of the week, weekends was spent (?)

Guess whisky was more important than his son and
daughters
Still remember him on a rampage
Bein disturbed out my sleep by the rage
No awakening from this nightmare
In my bed I hear the door being kicked off the hinges
I'm having mixed feelings now that I witness
My father being arrested, now junior's left neglected
In this cold world with no male figure to show me the
ropes
(?) five-o
My eyes was exposed to harsh realities early
Why does a God show mercy
So I'm left with nothing
Still poor, still strugglin
With a lot of pain inside of me
Nobody there properly to father me
So now the hostility's in me

[CHORUS]

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