

Pegz

"Forsaken"

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Yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]

Dear brother, what a strange disposition
I relate to the rhymes on the pages you've written
Especially that line bout one of eight siblings
Hope ya follow ya dream and stay out of prison
A lot kids wards of state, slaves to the system
Letting emotions dictate how they're living
And I know what ya saying bout making a difference
But it's hard to change the fact entertainments a
business
And the bullshit can test a cat's creative conviction
When all ya gots these words translating your vision
Don't be discouraged by the haters and critics
The pains another source of inspirational lyrics
Never say that I'm gifted, my dedications religious
I don't need it explained, everyday is a privilege
A lot of good people have never made it to hear this
Dear brother, hope this letter raises your spirits

[Hook]

It don't make no sense, it don't make none
Some get a break and the rest are forsaken
It don't make no sense, it don't make none

[Verse 2]

Dear sister, I got ya burnt CD
And felt the urgency when I heard you speak
Especially that song called "Earn your keep"
Did you really have a sister that worked the street?
Yeah I know what you mean bout words are cheap
But sometimes they cut deep like surgery
And I tried to believe that we learn to breath
But the, truth burns like the third degree
I get a lot of demos, but you're the MC
To make 3 minutes feel like eternity
Wearing your heart on your sleeve with uncertainty
And there's no-one else I prefer to succeed
I hope ya, nurture the dream, murder the beat
And change every stereotype we learn to perceive

Dear sister, you're disturbing our sleep
Dear sister, we all got dirt on our feet

[Hook]

It don't make no sense, it don't make none
Some get a break and the rest are forsaken
It don't make no sense, it don't make none

[Verse 3]

This is dedicated to the next generation
From the school of hard knocks with the best education
Sorry bout the time it took to reply
Don't ever, think I forgot or pushed you aside
You can, read my mind with a look in the eye
But I got no good advice a book couldn't provide
Everybody's gotta survive a crooked design
They couldn't divide us with a butcher's knife, ay!
I could have been another kid from the flats
Addicted to smack, no-one was gonna give me a hand
Had to stand on my own two, stick to the plan
When shit hit the fan, like the pyramid bank
Had to recognize, realise, remember what it feels like
Unemployed on the dole, trynna keep the skills tight
Trynna keep the dream alive before the will dies
See you at the end of the line

[Hook]

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Some get a break and the rest are forsaken
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