

The Game, My Love For You

My Love For You
My love for you
is like a angel flying true the skye
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 Aliah 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 remints, 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 payd 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 Lincon 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 ????? 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 aks 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 skye
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!