

# Goapele, It Takes More

He was fourteen years old  
all his life he never left  
the west side (oh)  
I walked past him everyday  
heading downtown  
always on the go  
he was the kind of guy you never gave your real name to  
so young but still trying to game you  
But what he was going through  
I never knew

Its such a same  
how people change  
and I never really knew his name  
But it takes more than two to raise a youth  
and for that we all did lose  
Because if one of us had noticed you  
How I wish I was there for you  
I was busy filling my own shoes

All his life  
he heard "You won't amount to nothing"  
Low expectations  
In need of money  
few too many choices  
and no patience  
So what do you know  
for a good cash flow  
you can always sell  
it's easy to fit the role  
But when your living the fast life  
he considered all times a go

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Is that how he came around  
for his child he'll know now  
'Cause he left him with bruises  
his words just abusive  
The love he didn't show  
And what his boy was going through  
He had never imagined  
But when love turns to hate  
It's the worse out of passion  
His son was bold  
And by then it was too late  
From his friend they get console  
Then his hands, his shoes  
The life or death they couldn't hold  
Oh- two seconds cold  
He was fourteen years old  
Locked up until he's old

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