

Mattafix, In My Life

Yes, yes, greetings.
You see from you over my tation,
We look back pon history and find a mission.
In my life.

There are certain,
Things that you don't know about me.
My whole life searching for the right words and they fail me.
So what are we into?
Am I in to deep to run to these man glances?
I think I'll take my chances thank you.

No way,
Will the voice of the fire in my heart be mute.
Some say,
That I try to hard in my youth.
Some day,
These words will be the proof,
I only tell the truth to you and anyone else who
Is in my life.

In my life me haffi deal wid nuff trouble and strife.
In my time,
In my time me haffin go out and tek whats mine me nah go wait in line.
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I am hurting,
But I wont close the curtain,
On this sweet show for those who are hardworking.
Don't let love abuse you,
I've seen what you've turned into.
Take advantage when opportunity advances.

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A place where the softly spoken are beaten and broken,
And rows of prose are written and it shows.
Wheter the buildings have feelings in those many walls and ceilings and stairways revealing,
A place where divided together once resided,
Where machines collided with warriors who guided and inspired movements that decided freedom
And wondered like you and I did.
And even with my open eyelids I'm still blinded,
I find it hard to see the reasons behind it.
So you tell the intelligence go to hell with their insolence.

I blend rough neck elements with eloquence.
Its evident and it soon becomes clear,
The price of success is too dear.

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