

Charles Hamilton, Tears Of Fire

(Feat. Crooked I)

Verse 1:(Crooked I)

I'm the product of a cheap condom accidents happen
My dad never knew he had a bastard kid rappin'
Sad when I met the man, imagine him laughin'
Sayin' I wish I could've wiped you off the mattress with napkins
To him, my whole life is only worth a lame joke
To me, him and Marvin Gaye's father are in the same boat
All I had was mama, all we had was drama
So I'm a armed robber who needs body armor for all my karma
It's hard for me to breathe, I'm that gone
No woman can be my backbone, that's what part of me believe
'Cause soon as they get close, it's like pardon me I leave
Cupid shot at my chest but my heart was on my sleeve
In the dark I'm on my knees, prayin' to understand stuff
Suicide rumblin' in my head as I stand up
Gun in my waist tumblin' down my leg through my pant cuff
I'm reachin' for it, I'm thinkin' please ignore it
(I'm sick of me...)

Chorus:(Charles Hamilton) Niggas feel you over here my nigga, word

Niggas hear you over here my nigga

They see you over here, they need you over here

Niggas wanna be you over here, my nigga

Tears of fire

Niggas feel you over here my nigga, word

Tears of fire

Niggas hear you over here my nigga

Tears of fire

Tears of fire

Verse 2:(Charles Hamilton)

Yo, Crooked, look at this shit that I put up with is it a crime?

To love your niggas and wish they were fine

At the same time, you ain't fine, reason would be the fallout

Boy, call out the names, of people that brought out the flames

That I cry, no enjoyin' my haze

Get the choices to get played

They be in your face like oil of olay

But no, goin' away for the poisonous taste Of your boys when they annoyin' and they know it's okay

To, fire late, a toy in the cage

What seems wack, until you lean back and get it nigga

The cage comes second when you buy the figure

So for that money, I'm a violent nigga

Vibin' wit'cha from a minds distance

By the way, respect is riches, I'm mindin' my business

Die quicker than the buzz, of a nigga doin' drugs

'Till he's hit by a truck, listen to us mothaf**ka

Chorus:(Charles Hamilton) Niggas feel you over here my nigga, word

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