

Keith Murray, Child Of The Streets

(feat. Man Child)

Yo, the fruit don't fall far from the tree
Yeah, uh

[VERSE 1: Keith Murray]

My grandfather use to tell me
This place ain't got nothing to offer you
Don't you see all the changes everybody going through
This family got problems and they do too
But everybody wanna tell you what they think you should do
He said watch them so called friends and them girls too
Sonny do you like they did Jesus crucify you
As he sat there in his chair looking out the window
I'm thinking when you can't get away where do you go?
(Inside your mind) man child never had a chance to be young
Either you selling drugs or out there on the binge strung for some
There's only two places to go the morgue or the Pen
For some school is an option entertainment to alternate them
Then they'll try to exploit you discriminate you
Use you as a tool make money and live in luxury off you
And we so confused we wanna believe in something
So they promise us the world but give us nothing

[CHORUS: Man Child]

I say we can be all in this together
Yeah, will you end up like, your family tree
Tell me what you gonna do what you gonna do
What you gonna do
Your mind ain't too far from the sky

[VERSE 2: Keith Murray]

The death of a loved one remind you of yourself don't it?
Knowing you could be next at any given moment
Like Twine I used to call him a brother of mine
His pops was a drunk and his mother was blind
He use to stay at my hose sometimes my moms didn't mind
We was just nickel and dime hustlers wasting time
Living in the streets targeted and forced to kill
Dualistically we learned how to lie and steal
Gangsters of the future modern days thugs
Seem like me whole hood is covered in blood
Traveling a ruff life in the eye of the storm
Now I wear their life stories tattooed on my arm
Psyc's grandmother passed away on April fools day
Then her funeral was on her birthday shit is real
My man had four baby moms and two on the way
And trying to make a living for them passes away in vein
God bless him, ask Skeeta

[CHORUS: Man CHild]

Child of the streets well, well, well, well
Will you end up like your family tree?
Tell me what you gonna do 3X
(Child of the streets, understand the habits
Behind the child of the streets)

[VERSE3: Keith Murray]

They try to fuck my fame up tear my name up
Turn around and sue me fuck my little bit of change up
I knew it was going to be some shit to get me for some cream
I saw it in my subconscious world like a vision
At first it hurt me like a knife in the heart
But by nature I continued to live out my part

As art imitates life and life imitates art
Don't respect the streets and they tear your ass apart
It's important that my understanding understood
But it's more important that it's understood in the hood
And to all the females in the Pen stay strong
Any day in jail girl is a day too long
And for those who had to do what they did to slide
Now running like a fugitive to save the live you live
Put in a box saw my step pops
He said boy Keith what the blood clot how much time you got?

[CHORUS: Man Child]
Child of the streets little sister
Tell me where will you lay your head?
Child of the streets little brother
Where will you make your bed?
Yall tell me what yall gonna do
What yall gonna do
Tell me what yall gonna do
Tell me