

# Q Strange, Why i'm fucked up

[Chorus]

People wanna know why I'm so fucked up  
Could it be because of the way I grew up  
I didn't have much and times were tough  
And I deal with this pain as a grown adult

[Verse 1]

Grownin' up was rough even though I had love  
I came up in an environment with violence and drugs  
My mom was an addict I was too young to see this  
I be playin' doctor with the hypodermic needles  
She told me not to touch'em they were for her boyfriend's medicine  
I guess his sickness was addiction like hers it was heroin  
I'd see the bruises on her face she'd tell me that she fell  
Innocence prevailed and I believed her fairy tales  
Sometimes I hear him hit her and I'd hide under the covers  
Listen to the terrifying screams from my motha  
Vowing that one day I'd be big enough to beat him  
And now I am I hope to god that I don't ever meet'em  
My father bailed out when I still a little infant  
I see'em now and then but didn't know him what's the difference  
He was an alcoholic anyway or so they say  
So I guess I didn't need him in my life anyway  
My mom got clean and sober when that boyfriend shit was over  
Just a matter of time before it came back and took over  
Growin' up in the projects on food stamps and welfare  
Kids crackin' on my sneakers never had a new pair  
Mom did remarry though when I was thirteen  
But it seems that her dream man turned out to be a dope fiend  
Another one, shootin' up and gettin' fucked up  
And then yall wonder why I never been drunk or do drugs  
And then in High school I fucked up I didn't pay attention  
Fuck detention and suspension, I ain't doin' this I'm jettin'  
At 16 my whole world came to a halt  
I lost my mother to the devil and I felt it was my fault  
She was all that I had, now I'm sittin' all alone  
16 years old trying to make it on my own  
Ain't never graduated cuz I didn't even bother  
Man I coulda been somebody if I tried a little harder  
Workin' full time for a minimum wage  
Wishin' I was on stage it wasn't just a faze  
Dreaming of being the next rap star sensation  
I broke the hell out and took a permanent vacation  
Depression hittin' harder yeah I even thought of suicide  
Its do or die, and I ain't doin' shit so I don't even try and  
Gettin' high is all the peeps around me seem to do  
And I ain't goin' that route, so I always stay true  
But now life is good I gotta wife that I love  
And a son in my world and I ain't fuckin' this up  
So there you have it now ya know why I'm so fucked up  
And how a troubled child grows up a troubled adult  
But now I gotta chance to do things right for my son  
Keep him safe from these drugs and these thugs packin' guns  
I'll make it in this world and I ain't going to go and quit  
Channel all this negative into positive shit

[Chorus] - 5X