

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