

Scribe, Remember

P-MONEY FEAT SCRIBE

Try to remember when life was slow,
Try to remember when you were young, and
Try to remember when life was slow,
Try to remember when you were young.

You used to be my man, we ran the streets, had a plan to make two-fifty grand
, start a rap band, rock the land from here to Japan.

I used my knowledge to expand my thoughts,
caught you trying to sabotage, betrayed me with a kiss,
you used to smile as camouflage.

We used to spar in your garage when we was little - now I write riddles and string together rhythm
like skittle sticks. I picked you up, she was thick in the middle.

Betrayal ain't new to me, in fact it's the only thing that's true to me.

I'm soon to be gone, since I grew to be strong,
what you're doing is wrong, and so long as th'mic in my palm, going out like Genghis Khan in this tr
taking it right back to the essence, count my friends as blessings.

It didn't take me long to write this song, I learned a lesson.

Dressing mics like a phenomom, hanging like gardens to a Babylon.

But you need the power to keep moving on, I'm-a lift you upon my
shoulders, and in the end forgive you.

Watch who you trust, 'cos your friends could be your enemies,

They just pretend to be to hide their true identity,

Life is love, that's the way that it was meant to be,

But love is gone, once erased from the memory.

Try to remember when life was slow,
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Yo, yo...

She was like the warmth of the sun

, didn't think it could be done, she led me to believe she was the one who'd love me to the end,
a friend I could depend on, life got complicated,

I knew it from the start, she'd be the one who broke my heart.

My life it fell apart, emptiness took her place,

but it was the taste of hate, that made me recognise her face.

Love was gone, without a trace of ever being felt, it wasn't love that helped me when I was down ar

I couldn't cope, my only hope was rope around my neck - the only way to escape the things you ca

A lesson learned, don't give your love away unearned, 'cos time turns, and hearts burn -

can never be returned. To sender When I think about the bitch I can

remember, times that I reached out for her Summer and December.

Defend her and represent her to the end, but had to make a promise

to my heart that I could never love again.

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I was a kid and I was full of life, I didn't know.

Things like hate didn't even have a chance to grow.

My parents didn't know 'cos there's no way that I could tell,
them that their angel secretly lived in a private hell.

Yo, I could smell the alcohol upon his rotten breath,

I prayed for death as he laid his hands upon my breasts.

I cried and screamed and said "You're not allowed to do these things";
but he was mean, he told me if I told he'd break my spleen.
I was a queen but subjected to being disrespected, I was infected with
this hate without an antiseptic, and disgusted with this man with whom
my Dad had trusted. I tried to fight it, yo, but in the end I had to hide
it, deep in my soul. What part of 'no' didn't he understand, 'n' or the 'o',
or was it simply 'cos he was a man.
I could have ran and escaped to a foreign land,
but I stayed, and today it makes me who I am.

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